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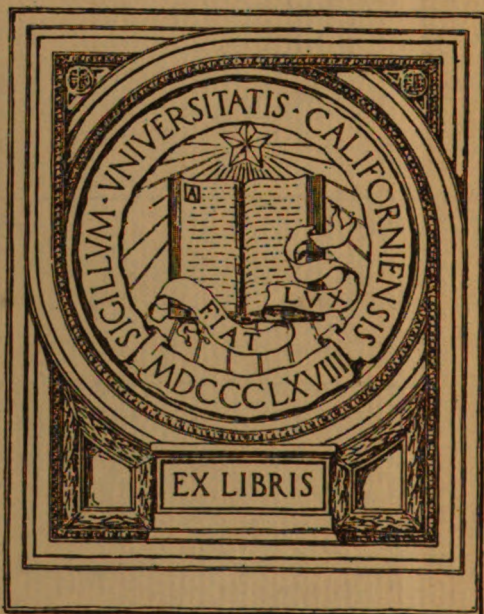
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THOMAS CARLYLE

Philosophic Thinker,

Theologian, Historian, and Poet.

BY

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

||

"AND WHEN THIS COMETH TO PASS, (LO, IT WILL COME,) THEN SHALL THEY
KNOW THAT A PROPHET HATH BEEN AMONG THEM."

Ezekiel xxxiii. 33.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN, TO BEGIN WITH.

THOMAS CARLYLE, Thinker, Poet, Historian, and Prophet, in every sense the most remarkable man of letters of the England of our time, is yet a writer of whom many readers desire some compact and distinct information. The impressions concerning him, and the influence of his writings, are very various, very prejudiced, and for the most part entirely incorrect. His writings are not to be summed up in the space of a brief review ; and if this little volume shall serve as a kind of index, pointing modest and not too-well-informed readers to the leading characteristics which may be expected in that long row of closely-printed volumes, and thus prove an incentive to their closer and more continuous study, its chief end will be answered.

Thomas Carlyle has reached the patriarchal age of seventy-nine ; it is so many years since he was born in the parish of Ecclefechan, a little village of Scot-

land, only a few miles across the borders, not far from Carlisle. There his father was a small farmer, and his family probably such as is so distinctly impressed upon the memory of the reader from the old farmhouse scenes in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." Carlyle's father was an elder of the Kirk, and it is not wonderful that it was his earnest wish to see his son a minister. It was to this end he went to study at the University of Edinburgh, but there he brought disappointment to his parents' hearts. A friend of mine tells me that his father, also a small farmer near Ecclefechan, was wont to mention how one day passing through Ecclefechan Kirkyard, he saw the father of Carlyle in great grief there, sitting on a grave or a stone; a letter had just been received from young Thomas containing his final determination not to enter the ministry. In what terms the decision was couched the present writer has no knowledge; but so far as distinct impression goes, it seems that the young man could not see his way clearly to take upon himself the work of the ministry, and it was entirely of a piece with that loyal and truthful magnanimity of character which has characterised him through life. It will be remembered that his severe condemnation of John Sterling very greatly arises from his having taken upon himself to preach and minister before he ~~could~~ believe. There was a fine cluster of young men in the University at that time; especially notice-

able it is that Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving appear to have been fellow students and closest friends,

It was just as Irving was about to leave his University, and to step forth on his wonderful career, that he writes the letter in which he hints strongly the character of Carlyle in relation to himself—"Carlyle goes away to-morrow, and Brown the next day. So here I am once more on my own resources, except Dixon, who is (better) fitted to swell the enjoyment of a joyous than to cheer the solitude of a lonely hour. For this Carlyle is better fitted than any one I know. It is very odd, indeed, that he should be sent for want of employment, to the country; of course, like every man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled, and much improvement to be wrought out. 'I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no one can do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my conduct to remodel; and with all I have my health to recover. And then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm, and if she cannot weather it I shall steer west, and try the waters of another world.' So he reasons and resolves; but surely a worthier destiny awaits him than voluntary exile. And for myself, here I am to remain until further orders—if from the east I am ready, if from

the west I am ready, and if from the folk of Fife I am not the less ready. I do not think I shall go for the few weeks with Kinloch, and I believe, after all, they are rather making their use of me than anything else, but I know not ; and it is myself, not them, I have to *fend* for, both temporally and spiritually. God knows how ill I do it ; but perhaps in His grace He may defend me till the arrival of a day more pregnant to me with hours of religious improvement."

Quite in keeping with Irving's estimate of his friend are Carlyle's tender words of appreciation of Irving—"But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with. I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find. The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago, in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character, and promise. He had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical, a whole wonderland of knowledge ; nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end, looked out from the blooming young man. The last time I saw him was three months ago in London. Friendliness still beamed in his eyes, but now from amid unquiet fire ; his face was flaccid, wasted, un-

sound ; hoary as with extreme age ; he was trembling over the brink of the grave. Adieu, thou first Friend ; adieu, while this confused Twilight of Existence lasts ! Might we meet where Twilight has become Day ! ”

— Leaving the University, he appears to have acted for some time as tutor, and he very soon girt himself to the work of a writer, contributing between 1820 and 1823 many papers to Brewster’s “Edinburgh Encyclopædia ;” but it is especially remarkable that he who is only known to us by his works, so radiant in imagination and daring speculation, gave early promise of high attainments in mathematics. De Morgan, in his “Budget of Paradoxes,” refers to Dr., afterwards Sir David, Brewster’s English edition of Legendre’s Geometry, translated by some one who is not named. De Morgan says : “I picked up a notion, which others had at Cambridge in 1825, that the translator was the late Mr. Galbraith, then known at Edinburgh as a writer and teacher, but it turns out that it was by a very different person, and one destined to shine in quite another walk. It was a young man named Thomas Carlyle. He prefixed from his own pen a thoughtful and ingenious essay on ‘Proportion,’ as good a substitute for the fifth book of Euclid as could have been given in the space, and quite enough to show that he would have been a distinguished teacher and thinker on First Principles ;

but he left the field immediately." This essay on "Proportion," however, which the present writer has never seen, is said by those whose judgment is sufficient on such matters, to be the most lucid and succinct exposition on the subject ever published. But relinquishing mathematics, he betook himself with intensest earnestness to the study and exposition of German literature. In 1824 appeared his translation of "Wilhelm Meister." His *Life of Schiller* was favourably reviewed by Goethe, and the young pupil appears to have completely intoxicated the old master ; and no wonder, for he doubtless recognised the man who was to be his most lucid and affectionate expositor. Goethe is said to have had a bust executed of his young disciple, that he might always have the image and the likeness before him of the living face so far separated. Carlyle was happy in his marriage ; he is understood to have married a young lady drawn to him by affectionate and revering homage for his genius and character—Miss Welsh, the only child of Dr. John Welsh, of Haddington, a descendant, too, of the great John Welsh. After his marriage he resided some time at Edinburgh, and then at Craigenputtoch. It was a solitary farm-house on a small estate in his native district.

The following interesting letter, in reply to one from the illustrious Goethe, inquiring after his occupations, &c., and which appears in the collected edition

of Goethe's works, gives to us a pleasant picture of Carlyle's life at this time :—

" Craigenputtock,

" 25th September, 1828.

" You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, had we built and furnished a neat, substantial mansion ; here, in the absence of a professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden ; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blos-

som already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation ; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forbode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own ; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance ; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth ? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights, I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must

let time work. Yet whither am I tending? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you. The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an essay on Burns. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest ranks of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any that lived for centuries. I have often been struck with the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light."

Carlyle's works at this period of his course are very noticeable; he was indeed laying the foundation of that ~~mighty~~ prophetic character which by-and-by swelled into "inspiration gathered from distress." But those works are principally found in the volumes of his *Miscellanies*, and they are characterised indeed by all the deep insight, the wide-glancing luminous

genius of his later pieces ; but they breathe quietly ; they even seem like the productions of a self-contained and quiet spirit living in some secluded happy home : take his ineffably beautiful paper on Burns for instance. To the same period, also, we have, no doubt, to assign the creation of that wonderful pillar of fire and cloud, "Sartor Resartus," although published afterwards, and first in *Fraser's Magazine* ; and scarcely could the veritable fire or cloud pillar have created more astonishment than did this most singular phenomenon create among minds equal to feel the astonishment of it. It opened up a new universe of thought ; it was written in altogether a new language ; it was the birth of Jean Paul Richter and Fichte, but in one book, and that book with a wild individuality altogether its own. Shortly after this Carlyle appears to have come to reside in London, and in London he has held one residence ever since, No. 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Here, it is said by residents in the neighbourhood, his gaunt figure, attired in a brown coat, with dark horn buttons, large slouched felt hat, and enormous walking-stick, is well known. From the period of his residence in London, Carlyle appears to have forsaken the calmer walks of philosophic meditation and exposition, and his histories and all his other books have been as flames of fire kindled for the purpose if possible of lighting society forth from its fearful condition of anarchy, revolution, and bewildering sophisms. For

many years he has been simply the most noticeable man of letters in our empire, and the sacramental manner in which he has devoted himself to his own work has commanded uniform reverence even from those who have been unable either to approve his teachings, or, which is perhaps the same thing, comprehend his meaning. When his life shall be written it will be an interesting one, for he fills out life on many sides; any stray letter he happens to write, however short it may be, is sure to contain some pithy thing worth noting. In conversation he appears to have received the mantle of Coleridge, and to possess an infinite and inexhaustible power of many-coloured talk,—very remarkable this, when it is remembered how he shrinks from any appearance in public; such appearances, however much they have been desired, have been very rare indeed. Margaret Fuller, afterwards the Marchesa Ossoli, has almost satirised in her description the conversation of Carlyle, as he has also satirised the conversation of Coleridge. It strikes us, however, that graphic as is her description, it must in some points be somewhat unjust.

“Of the people I saw in London, you will wish me to speak of the Carlyles. Mr. C. came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. The first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humour—full of wit and

pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch—his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening, he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light-witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you (Emerson) he spoke with hearty kindness; and told, with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer, or artisan, in the country, who on Sunday lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the essays, and looking upon the sea.

“I left him that night, intending to go out very often to their house. I assure you there never was anything so witty as Carlyle’s description of —. It was enough to kill me with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that;—he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion.

"The second time, Mr. C. had a dinner-party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of man, author of a 'History of Philosophy,' and now writing a life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in his more acrid mood, and though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said.

"For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmaster had taught him that it was great to do so, and had thus, unfortunately, been turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, been turned from his vocation. Shakespeare had not had the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose, and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after awhile. The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the French Revolution of the *sea-green*. In this instance it was Petrarch and *Laura*, the last word pronounced with his ineffable sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not ever help laughing when *Laura* would come ;

Carlyle running his chin out when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor Laura ! Lucky for her that her poet had already got her safely canonised beyond the reach of the Teufelsdröckh vulture.

“The worst of hearing Carlyle is that you cannot interrupt him ; I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down. True, he does you no injustice, and, with his admirable penetration, sees the disclaimer in your mind, so that you are not morally delinquent ; but it is not pleasant to be unable to utter it. The latter part of the evening, however, he paid us for this, by a series of sketches, in his finest style and raillery, of modern French literature, not one of them, perhaps, perfectly just, but all drawn with the finest, boldest strokes, and, from his point of view, masterly. All were depreciating, except that of Beranger. Of him he spoke with perfect justice, because with hearty sympathy.

“I had, afterward, some talk with Mrs. C. whom hitherto I had only *seen*, for who can speak while her husband is there ? I like her very much ; she is full of grace, and sweetness, and talent. Her eyes are sad and charming. After this they went to

stay at Lord Ashburton's, and I only saw them once more, when they came to pass an evening with us. Unluckily Mazzini was with us, whose society, when he was there alone, I enjoyed more than any one. He is a beauteous and pure music : also, he is a dear friend of Mrs. C., but his being there gave the conversation a turn to 'progress' and ideal subjects, and C. was fluent in invectives on all our 'rose-water imbecilities.' We all felt distant from him ; and Mazzini, after some vain efforts to remonstrate, became very sad. Mrs. C. said to me, 'These are but opinions to Carlyle ; but to Mazzini, who has given his all, and helped bring his friends to the scaffold, in pursuit of such subjects, it is a matter of life and death.'

"All Carlyle's talk that evening was a defence of mere force,—success the test of right ;—if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks ;—find a hero, and let them be his slaves, &c. It was very Titanic, and anti-celestial. I wish the last evening had been more melodious. However, I bid Carlyle farewell with feelings of the warmest friendship and admiration. We cannot feel otherwise to a great and noble nature, whether it harmonise with our own or not. I never appreciated the work he has done for his age till I saw England. I could not. You must stand in the shadow of that mountain of shams, to know how hard it is to cast light across it. Honour

to Carlyle! *Hoch!* Although, in the wine with which we drink his health, I, for one, must mingle the despised 'rose-water.'

"*Paris, December, 1846.*—Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse; only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men,—happily not one invariable or inevitable,—that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe, and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice, and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sounds. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others. On the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought. But it is the nature of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing; but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror; it is his nature, and the untamable impulse that has given

him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere; and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith, the Siegfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you, if you senselessly go too near. He seems, to me, quite isolated, lonely as the desert, yet never was a man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds them, but only in the past. He sings, rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced, now and then, to let fall a row. For the higher kind of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops a minute to laugh at himself, then begins anew with fresh vigour; for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as Fata Morganas, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly. Allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now,

nor needs it ; his works are true, to blame and praise him,—the Siegfried of England—great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil, than legislate for good."

This is all very well, but instances are not unknown to us in which in society a grim kind of humour pervades his mind. A friend of ours, an eminent man of letters, was invited to a solitary sort of tea with Carlyle, and an eminent publisher, we need not mention his name, let us say Macpherson. Said Carlyle, "I heerd, Mr. Macpherson, that yeer a famous hand for a good old Scotch song; suppose you give us ane." Macpherson was not at all indisposed; he proceeded with a most radiant self-sufficiency, Carlyle sitting all the time as still as the Fates, not an expression in the whole body of him. At its close he said, "I varry truly say, Mr. Macpherson, that I've heerd every word of it." It was certainly a grimly humorous way of disposing of the matter without any fulsome adulation. Shall we say that this also was a voice out of the Eternal Verities?

The most notably public event of Carlyle's life was his election to the Lord Rectorship of his University of Edinburgh in 1865; in 1866 he was installed. It must have been a wonderfully painful effort to him, so nervously diffident and indisposed for all public

speaking, to have to stand before the concourse in the Music Hall in Edinburgh thronged in an especial manner by the representative intelligence of his own country. He acquitted himself like himself. The man who may be said to have cast a glance into everything and to have sounded the principles of most things, and many of whose miscellaneous papers are fine scholarly elucidations of the most difficult pathways of human thought, when presented by the old friend of his earliest manhood, Sir David Brewster, to the audience, tumultuous with its passionate excitement of admiration, slipped off his Lord Rector's gown of black and gold, and talked only to the young men, the students, and talked in the tenderest, homeliest, and most fatherly affectionate manner; leaving all problems of philosophy and all the difficulties of the age behind, he spoke only to the great consideration that every one had his own way to make in the world and in life. It was a most instructive piece, but its great charm was in its unmatched simplicity. The address was far more holy than many a sermon, and with all its humour it might have been preached as a sermon in any church.

It is a very fine thing to realise the grand old Titanic intelligence, with all its mighty multiplicity of gifts, its keen worldly shrewdness and mighty insight, saying to the young men, "And don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world; you will rarely

find any any one designedly doing you ill ; you may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you more or less, but you will find that to be because the world is travelling in a different way to you and rushing on in its own path. Each man has only an extreme good will to himself, which he has a right to have, and is moving on towards his object." And what a fine suggestive word that is, "I find that you could not get any better definition of what holy really is than healthy, completely healthy, *mens sana in corpore sano*." And just as noble, "Don't be ambitious ; don't be at all too desirous to succeed ; be loyal and modest. Cut down the proud towering thoughts that you get into you, or see that they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now."

But it was while receiving the ovations consequent upon his position in Edinburgh, while drinking, as we may suppose, a little drop of real joy in the gratitude offered him for a life-work, not, so far as we have been able to see, in any way too well rewarded, that the great sorrow of his life and his age fell upon him. His beloved wife had been unable to accompany him to share his triumphs in Scotland, but she was taking her drive in Hyde Park, when her little dog, running by the side of her brougham, was run over. The dog was not seriously hurt, but Mrs. Carlyle was excited ;

she took the dog into the carriage, the coachman drove on, and when the carriage door was opened, it was found she was dead. Here was dreadful news for the great, tender-spirited, and solitary old man. What a return from Scotland and the scenes of his triumph, and then what a return back to Scotland again, accompanied by his brother, Dr. Carlyle, Mr. John Forster, and the Honourable Mr. Twissleton. The body of the dear companion of so many years was conveyed to Haddington Cathedral; there the daughter sleeps in the same grave with her father in the ruined choir; and there Carlyle has placed the following inscription on her tombstone:—

“Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801; only child of the above John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegell, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.”

This is sufficient as an introduction to this volume ; he who may not hitherto have been aware, now knows who and what manner of man this Carlyle is. But the object of the writer is not to detail the circumstances of Mr. Carlyle's life, of which, indeed, he knows nothing more than what every one else so minded may be acquainted with. Its object is quite other ; it is to be as a friendly guide and introduction to the books he has written : these the writer thinks he does know ; and then he does revere the man, the writer of them, as the chief of our later English poets, the most earnest and prophetic of our great English preachers, the mightiest of all historians, and the last of the Puritans. To make these verdicts good will be in some sort the object of this present volume.

Everything about Thomas Carlyle is interesting, and if it were the business of this book to draw out any account of the man, this might be done from many sources—authentic anecdotes are not wanting ; but the simple object of this introduction is only to say a few sufficient words to create in the reader's mind a pleasant confidence in the man. Such, for instance, as the following letter may produce : it is addressed to a young man desirous of hints towards self-improvement.

“ Chelsea, March 13th, 1843.

“ DEAR SIR,—Some time ago your letter was

delivered to me ; I take literally the first free half-hour I have had since to write you a word of answer. It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little ; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed ; this reason, namely, that it so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another ; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking. As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things indirectly or directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable : 'Read the book you do honestly feel a curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicate that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities : ' that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men ; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one

which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what is for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—what is your true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between the true desire and false. The medical man tells us we should eat what we truly have an appetite for ; but what we only falsely have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true ; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectioneries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food ? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

“Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men have had in them—what actions past men did : the summary of all books whatsoever is there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding

of anything we can expect to find in books. Past History, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad, beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell. Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right; he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling,—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement!—it is emblematic of all things a man does. In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not by books alone, or books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, then and now, you find either expressly or tacitly to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They

are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them. With many good wishes and encouragements,

“I remain yours sincerely,

“THOMAS CARLYLE.”

Carlyle has been often “interviewed,” and those who have interviewed him have sometimes, in the most gross and indecent way, hurried off to put into print their description of the man, and their reports of the fragments of conversation and opinions they had elicited from him. The following is not one of the very best, but it is descriptive. It appeared some time since, when he was in the more thorough vigour of his physical powers, and will, perhaps, convey some idea of the man. We extract it from a well-written sketch of “A Walk about London,” in a very remote number of the “Lady’s Book.” The glimpse it gives of Carlyle’s personal appearance is vivid:—

“A word about Thomas Carlyle, who is probably an object of greater interest to Americans than any other living author. I received a very characteristic note one evening from this great literary nondescript, in-

forming me that I 'would be very welcome to him the next day at two, the hour at which he became accessible in his garret.' His home was more than two miles from my lodgings in Trafalgar Square, and I took an omnibus nearly to the place. He resides in a neat little two-story brick house in Chelsea, one of the environs of London on the banks of the Thames. His housekeeper showed me at once to his 'garret,' and a very respectable garret it was, too; the ragged poets of the Johnsonian age would have danced to get in such an airy, well-furnished apartment.

"He received me very cordially, and I sat down and began—shall I say it?—to stare at him; for I assure you Carlyle is a man to be stared at—such another is not to be seen every day. Just imagine a large, robust, broad-shouldered Scotchman, with grey eyes, dark hair, attired in a long black coat, such as is generally worn by the Methodist clergy, and poring over a German tome, and you have a considerable idea of our 'great brother man.' If you had not heard his name you would know him as soon as he opened his lips, for he talks just as he writes. He gives you the same assortment of obsolete terms, picturesque phrases, outlandish epithets, and long German compounds, all mingled in a singularly uncouth, but, at the same time, singularly impressive style. I have been frequently asked if Mr. Carlyle's

style appeared to be natural or all acted. I am disposed to think it was at first an affectation, but he has used it so long that the mannerism has now become natural.

"After enjoying a delightful conversation with him, he took up his hat and cane, and we walked up to London. All the way he talked in his own peculiar style, with a humour and a broadness of Scotch accent that kept me laughing in spite of myself. He frankly confessed himself entirely ignorant of America, although his miscellaneous works were first collected here, and he has now five readers on this side of the Atlantic to one in England. In fact, I found him but little read there, and, on mentioning his name once at an English table, my neighbour turned and asked me who he was. Another man present replied, with a sneer, 'That Chartist he means.'

"About the time when I saw Mr. Carlyle, the outbreaks in the manufacturing districts were exciting great alarm; and after he had descanted at some length on the Manchester operatives, whom he styled 'great dumb Saxons, full of old Norse ferocity,' I spoke of the happy condition of the labouring classes in our own democratic country. 'Oh, yes,' said he 'you may talk about your de-mo-cracy, or ony other cracy, or ony kind o' political rubbish; the true secret of happiness in America is, that you have a good deal of land with very few people.' His remark was, in

the main, true ; and the great mass of evils in England, with her bread taxes and sliding scales, and parish workhouses, and trades unions, are directly traceable to her enormous population. I was especially struck, during Mr. Carlyle's conversation, with a short reminiscence of his early admiration of Robert Burns—how he used to creep over into the churchyard of Dumfries, when a little boy, and find the tomb of the poet, and sit and read the simple inscription by the hour. 'There it was,' said he, 'in the midst of poor fellow-labourers and artisans, and the name—Robert Burns!' At morn, at noon, and at eventide, he loved to go and read that name, so dear to every lover of nature, and so especially dear to a peasant boy of Scotland like himself.

"I endeavoured to protract our conversation by walking as slow as possible; but when we had arrived at the Green Park, he was called in another direction by an engagement, and I bade him a cordial farewell. As he walked away, I looked after him with deep admiration, not unmingled with sorrow—of admiration for his heroic independence of thought and action; for his keen insight into the workings of the human soul; and, more than all, for the stern, unbending resistance to the oppression of his fellow man."

To this the present writer may add that he has never seen him, has only venerated him at a distance; to his own mind, without a question, that Thomas

Carlyle is the chief prophet and man of letters of this day ; an edifice to which all the Stuart Mills, Sir William Hamiltons, Tyndalls, Huxleys, and Tennysons, and even the Brownings, his nearest compeers, are as separate stones, or they are like to be found as statues in the various niches of the great Valhalla of his mind and writings.

CHAPTER II.

CARLYLE A HIGH PRIEST OF LETTERS.

IT is said of Europe's greatest Emperor—Charlemagne—that when he lost his beloved bride, Frastrada, by death, for some time he would not allow her remains to be interred; and when, swathed in purple, gold, and jewels, she was borne to her tomb at Ingelheim, then the King continued inconsolable, till an Archbishop Turpin suggested that the wedding-ring—the ring of his bride—which fascinated the King, should be taken from his finger, and he cast it into the rushing Rhine. But when the poor old King went and sat disconsolate on the banks of the river, and watched the place where the ring sank into the stream, wave after wave flowing over it, his Queen was not restored to him, and, to his grief for her loss, he now added grief for the loss of the ring by which he was wedded to her. From the affairs of state, from all occupations of pleasure, of business, he hurried to the banks of the stream, silently to watch the roll of the waters over the place where he lost the ring. And so, like a solemn, stricken, silent monarch, Carlyle sits watching

and looking into the great stream of Time, like a weary-hearted king, who has lost his heart's world, as in a mute haze of wonder. He is like a man who may have lost his bride, too, his faith in circumstances and things, but to whom the past and all its suggestive meditations are laden with the burden of a deep consciousness of the possibility of faith and trust ; albeit all is turned into a consciousness of isolation and bereavement and woe : so he sits and sings, and sighs over the

“Tender grace of a day that is dead.”

Separated from other men by the greater intensity of his moral sufferings, he is the Hamlet of the age ; it is his power to feel more, which provokes the indignation of men. We have read most notices of him and his writings, and the adverse scorings read to us like the laughter which might rise from merriment at the spectacle of almost infinite wonder and despair. For here, in this man, whatever amusement his style of thought or expression may afford to others, we have one whose business in life is no amusement ; to him his task is one of real, deep seriousness. He is no amusing novelist—no caterer for an evening's light entertainment. He is one of the few men who have in our day attained to a high position, but who, receiving their position like a Providence, perform its duties in the spirit in which we break our sacramental bread. Mr. Carlyle leaves to many men who shall be nameless

the mere money-making religion of literature. Those gentlemen, indeed, are at no distant remove from Mr. Barnum in their ideas of the great duty of making a name a marketable commodity. To turn our wares to good account, and make them yield the highest rate of interest, is a doctrine most sound for the merchant; but our moral conscience sets a higher standard than that of mere money value on the productions of the literary man. Mr. Carlyle has never possessed the power of turning all he touched with his pen into gold, but he, with a name which might easily make him the possessor of thousands, has preserved his dignified literary obscurity, holding his place as one set apart to impress the age with his thoughts, not to cover the walls with his name. Leaving to others to be the showmen of the age, brave Diogenes Carlyle sits in his den, in Chelsea, like a literary anchorite as he is, with an eloquence, passion, and invective keen as the livid lightnings which shot round the chained Prometheus—he will not sell himself, body and soul, to the gaping vulgar. He, like Helps, and Tennyson, and Browning, reminds us that the priesthood of letters has its sacred seclusions as well as its public duties; and so he nurses his great soul in silence.

And this we call the true priesthood of letters. “I say,” says Carlyle, “of all priesthoods, aristocracies, governing classes at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that Priest-

hood of the Writers of Books." It is consecration to the spiritual work of the world, it is the chivalry, the knighthood of letters. There are those who, in their devotion to literature, are like the Tèmplars in the days of old, and they unite in themselves the character at once of priest and soldier. To be such it is necessary that a man should be not merely a lover of letters, a writer of books, a noted man in the republic of scholarship ; he must follow his vocation as that to which he is called ; he must take it up either for triumph or for martyrdom, like a true soldier, consecrated and set apart to do battle with the hosts of evil. There are very humble men in the priesthood of letters, and there are very lofty captains. It is not merely the following of a literary profession which can entitle to a place in it—it is the spirit in which it is followed. It is a devotion to Divine ideas. It is not so much the possessing an idea, it is the being possessed by an idea, and that idea one of the great world forces and lights. It is devotion to the service of human souls, to rouse and animate human hearts, to increase the number of true believers, and to put to flight the rabble rout, the paynim host of darkness and of falsehood—this is the consecrated work ; to obtain some true knowledge of the world, the universe, God and man. In truth, we fear there are those in this host who sometimes will not very closely bear looking at—editors, scribblers, tale writers, song writers,

fictionists; but the venerable majesty of law is sustained by a staff in whose ranks we notice some very questionable men, and the ministry of Divine truth sometimes devolves on men whom we can by no means admire. But, in the main, we do recognise a company of men who are sworn to stand by the cause of God's truth, who will use their pens faithfully, not servilely, divinely, not infernally; who will stoutly stand to it that God is in the world, has not left it, and will not leave it; who never give up humanity for lost; who do battle for purity; who feel their infirmity and their feebleness, but still resolutely stand to it that they are the men through whom God's will is proclaimed to and known to the universe; and by them His inextinguishable lustre may be known to the world—Divine thought consciously or unconsciously speaking through them. Who will estimate what such men keep alive in the world—what faith, what imagination?

In primeval ages all men are believers. In the later ages, when faith and imagination die out from the multitude, what would be the condition of society without a lettered class—without a race of teachers? We do not know that we can dare to call the host of writers an army of black seraphs, as it has been called, but certainly the priests of letters are the untoured monks of the age. Black friars flitting to and fro over the land, in the old time, were a small company compared to them; and to their power, how

can we compare the poor ignorant hosts of the middle and dark ages? A faithful man of letters may be almost ubiquitous for good in our time. Wealth, position, rank—who would not gladly relinquish all these to be a conscious ray of light to “minister to a mind diseased,” or a conscious flash of lightning to scatter the mists, or to strike down a hoary wrong? This is then to be a priest of letters—one of those spirits whose existence is the surest promise to the world that as God has raised one man, so He will, by-and-by, raise the race. His words are often mysterious, yet how powerful, like the text of the Koran, the mysterious words on the Turk’s sharp scimitar; and yet how swift flies the scimitar and executes the deed of death. So is it with literary power—of the highest order. You cannot account for it, but it is. How sacred the pursuit to sway the minds of mankind by knowledge of their Divine intentions and perceptions. To the priesthood of letters, at night, the sacred genius of wisdom comes, when the world is asleep; lays the aching head in her lap, and cools and kisses the burning brow, and inspires to fight off sleep, even though it be at the purchase of death. Consecrated at once to love and knowledge, such men are not to be despised, but loved and venerated for their works’ sake. Sometimes they “stoop in the dark tremendous sea of cloud,” but if they are faithful, “God’s lamp pressed close to the breast” pierces the gloom. The splen-

dour which was always visible to their own souls by-and-by makes them visible to the souls of others. A nation without its priesthood of letters may have wealth, and power, and stately buildings, and vast colonies, but it is a Nineveh, a Babylon, an Egypt, or a Yucatan; after all it is an anthill in its curious contrivances—a beaver's hut, a bee's cell. Priests of letters, ministers of ideas, imagination, and religion, these raise a nation; this is the prophetic fire; this is the true ever-burning vestal flame. Without it a nation is a crypt. Let us guard sacredly the rights of letters.

We set before ourselves the task of elucidating the character of the writings of the man we believe to be one of the greatest of these priests in this country or in our age. George Stephenson was not more surely one of the greatest material, than Thomas Carlyle is one of the greatest moral, forces in the England of our times. No name has provoked so much sneering, laughter, scorn; but no name has provoked so much dissertation, argument, and criticism. We believe that all persons who know this great man, this Titan, feel for him, even when dissenting most from his premises and conclusions, affectionate awe. Even in those who most decidedly object to his teaching, the teacher is regarded as one who is made venerable by what he has seen, and sacred by what he has suffered. He is no mere literary man; he has influenced the pulpit,

the newspaper, the platform, the press. The words of his strange Scandinavian, his Scaldic letters, have flamed through all students' hearts. Almost all our greatest writers admit their indebtedness to him. He is the highest embodiment of literary power we have in this country. He has within him the strength of a century of writers ; it would be difficult to say what he does not know ; he has marshalled around him the scholarships and the questionings of all ages. From his small and unpretending house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, he has shaken the thought of England and America, and stirred in all readers the deep foundations of mind. For a competent soul to read his works for the first time, is to awake to a new existence ; it is like first love ; Venus crossing the disc of the sun—warm, delicious, inspiring, anxious.

CHAPTER III.

HIS STYLE.

✓ THE writings of Carlyle we will call Babylonian bricks—the ideas and the words are huge and shapeless, and cyclopean ; indeed, we may call his books the cyclopean order of literary architecture. What else could we do but this? Genuine productions these of this wild age—this age in which the feats of science rival the grand antediluvian ages of nature, and in which man, by following nature and imitating nature, has subdued nature. A literature in ancient Babylon was impossible; so of ancient Egypt, where they published their periodical literature on mummy papyri, and on sarcophagi and Rosetta stones. We never, until the age in which we live, emulated the ancient vagaries and grotesque magnificences of the world's patriarchal times. True, in those old days the Temple sprang up on the lofty rock, and the mighty bull struggled at Nineveh from the stone. But if any man contemplates this age keenly and intently, with the certainty that while the human mind has made the age, the age not less certainly acts on the mind, what must be his impressions? It has been said the nation, the world,

is shod with iron. Have not human achievements touched the confines of miracle—miracles beheld nowhere so amazingly as in the truly wonderful agglomerations of a great city? Carlyle's writings are to us the literature of an age of great cities—an age of great cities where, in addition to the stupendous shapes of science, Titanic speculations flit to and fro like vast ghosts, worthy of the vast regions they populate and overcrowd. Or, as in Etruria, you find the cyclopean temple and tomb, while forms of wonderful life, three thousand years old, startle you by the pathos and tenderness of nature in the marvellously preserved pictures of those times; so in the huge books of our author, shapes of beauty start up, like Olympia bewitching the knights in the wilderness.

In an age of anti-macassars, if we may say this inoffensively, we are surely not astonished that Carlyle should be unpopular with some. When we have not only anti-macassars in our drawing rooms, but when we have a whole Anti-Macassar style of literature, just as useless, and just as ingeniously ridiculous, we do not wonder that the Bearskin style of writing—the strange comminglement of softness and strength—does not take. Still, every strong mind makes its own language, for language is the robe of thought. Characters marked by strong originality and force have an invincible mannerism not always pleasant to ears accustomed only to the smooth flowings of polished imitators.

Certainly, of all men who have innovated upon what are regarded as the legitimacies and proprieties of language, Carlyle is the most daring. With other men it was the bending of the branch or the twig, frequently for the purpose of lending additional grace to the clustering foliage. But gracefulness and Carlyle parted company years since, if, indeed, they ever met. He breaks through the established usages and mannerisms of composition; he does not bend language to his will, he breaks it as we break a crystal, a petrification, or a spar, and ten thousand undreamt of combinations of wondrous beauty and strength flash upon the astonished senses. Carlyle's style may be well compared, not to the polished marble, where every vein is exhibited in smooth and exquisite beauty—say rather to the rough granite, full of sharp and salient points, brightening with many a micaceous fragment. He very often makes a dash—a note of interrogation—to subserve the purpose of words. He is not satisfied with mere language; he makes his syllables leap up into vivid life before the eye; language writhes, gesticulates; it is frequently dramatic—graphic is far too weak a word to express its power. Never was there a man so determined, at all hazards, to express his meaning; he never hesitates. Carlylese is the appropriate name to give to his style. It is perfectly individual and idiosyncratic; and it is compounded of “English, Scotch, German, Greek, Latin, French,

Technical, Slang, American, Lunar, or altogether Superlunar, Transcendental, and drawn from the eternal nowhere. He uses it with a courage which might blast an academy of lexicographers in a Hades void of vocables." You quarrel with it. Well, but you may tighten your style till you strangle your meaning. Yet Horne, in his "Spirit of the Age," has described this as "gaunt, ghastly, grotesque, and graphic." Very alliterative this, but not untrue.

And this is everywhere the great ground of quarrel with Carlyle. People say they cannot read him; and certainly his language is not to be mastered in a day by those who have been unaccustomed to the fountains from whence he has drawn his inspiration. It is the language evidently of a mind labouring and struggling beneath the idea conceived in one language, and to be altered in another. Yet in almost every great thinker and writer, has not this innovation characterised the pen? Is there a name of the first-class of men in our literature that is not the index of innovation? This was the charge so haughtily hurled at Wordsworth, and still repeated with octogenarian wisdom and sagacity by those who are unable to apprehend his glory. Was not Shakespeare an innovator? Has he been forgiven yet for his violation of the unities? Was not Voltaire's criticism upon "Hamlet" even this—that "it was the production of a drunken savage"? and Hume was not more compli-

mentary. Was not Milton an innovator in the structure of his verse and in the management of his epic? Was not Johnson an innovator, and an innovator such as we are by no means inclined to tolerate? Is not the style of Thomas Carlyle a reaction from Johnsonian rotundity and Addisonian smoothness? And who does not perceive that no literature can be classical while it is in the course of composition? We have no desire that Carlyle should ever be regarded as classical. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness" can never be classical. Even Sir Thomas Browne is not, nor ever can be, classical. Thomas Fuller is not classical, nor Spenser, nor Quarles, nor George Herbert. The truth is, if we stand by the mere elegancies of literature, we shall lose some of the noblest types of English composition. And, indeed, whatever other ages may have thought, and whatever may be thought by eminent authorities now, it is surely time to declare there is no reason why the models of ancient composition should be eternal. No model should be slavishly followed; the living spirit should breathe through the reverent uplooking; the expression of the writer's soul clearly, forcibly, should be a far more important matter than the approximation to any copy whatever, however faultless and pleasing.

Further, has it not been said, times beyond number, that the highest literature of any age mirrors the age

itself ; not merely in the graphic description, not merely in the character moving before the eye, but in the diction employed? Carlyle's mind has well expressed in the kind of language employed, the general spirit of our age—an age of excitement and variety, an age almost ubiquitous in its knowledge—all strange things coming forth, and demanding that they shall be *named*—things scientific and shamish—things Pagan, and Christian, and nondescript—things from all kingdoms, and from every conceivable world. Carlyle's language is encyclopædical ; and he expresses a meaning—and, we will dare to say, a meaning legible and plain—about all things. He speculates far, indeed, into all realms never made popular before. He traverses oceans previously sailed over only by an occasional Madoc. Like a Columbus, he describes the headlands, and the soundings, and the outlying islands, and makes the way clear for a thousand little barks to put out upon the same rough sea. Let it be granted that he is sometimes wanting in perspicuity ; first let it be inquired how far this is traceable to ourselves, or to him. As well compare the map of Columbus with one of Wyld's, and say—see, the thing is imperfect. And, again, are other metaphysical writers, not of Germany, but even of England, so lucid and transparent? Is it not a fact, that when Sir William Hamilton published, thirty-five years since, his “Essay on the Unconditioned,” it

opened so new a field for thought, that even many philosophers and thinkers were unable to read it from the nomenclature? But nowhere shall we find the great battles between the reason and the understanding so clearly arbitrated, and the phenomenal philosophy so lucidly explained, as in Carlyle's "Miscellanies." And let it be remembered, too, that he is the first great writer who has ever stepped forth in a spirit of kindly and noble criticism, to make the speculations of the great schoolmen upon a vast variety of themes plain in a few papers to the universal reading world.

No writer so reminds us as Carlyle does of what we read of Wolfdietrich in the *Heldenbuch*; that when in a passion or angry, his breath grew flame red-hot, and would take the temper out of swords. If we cite any illustrations of this, which we will call his flame and wrath power, it shall be especially with reference to the matters immediately in hand: thus he says:—

"National suffering is, if thou wilt understand the words, verily a judgment of God—has ever been preceded by national crime. General suffering is always the fruit of general misbehaviour—general dishonesty. Consider it well. Had all men stood faithfully to their posts, the evil when it first rose had been manfully fronted and abolished, not lazily blinked and left to grow, with the foul sluggard's comfort, 'It will

last my time.' Thou foul sluggard, and even thief! for art thou not a thief, to pocket thy day's wages, for this, if it be for anything, for watching on thy special watch-tower that the good city suffer no damage, and all the while to watch only that thine own ease be not invaded, let otherwise hard come to hard, as it will or can? Unhappy! It will last *thy* time—*thy* worthless sham of an existence, wherein nothing but the digestion was real, will have evaporated in the interim. It will last thy *time*, but will it last thine *eternity*? Or what if it should not last thy time (mark that also, for that also will be the fate of *some* such lying sluggard), but take fire, and explode, and consume thee like a moth."

● The mightiest illustration of Mr. Carlyle's power in this direction we find in those strange wild Pythonic utterances which have moved all men almost to anger—the Latter-day Pamphlets. Our language has nothing like them. Almost all political pamphlets have been written, through the ages since the press has been a power, to serve a party or to procure a place. These are the indignant and usually most just warnings of a prophet from his cell. It is strange, too, that Mr. Carlyle reverses all other men's methods in this. Most men begin with passion and end with calm. Calm and Carlyle never could have been found together. Even in all his productions purely literary

—his essays on Schiller and Goethe, and on German literature in general—there were the evidences of a stormy nature, that would not be contented with the mere literary side of things; and when he came to regard the tendencies and characteristics of the age, then all the pent-up power of his being evidenced itself. After all, Carlyle's writings illustrate what is, we suppose, a very common feeling, only existing in him to an amazing degree, namely, the mighty unrest in the mind, arising from the feeling that we could cure prevailing evils—if we possessed the proper position—if we only stood where the cure could be applied. To walk through Bedlam, or Hanwell, and to feel as we walk from ward to ward—"I could restore all these disordered minds," and to be prohibited from making the attempt. To walk through workhouses and deserted villages, and to feel, "Yes, I, too, could, would they but trust me—I could be the captain and commander here; I could marshal all this into place and instead of its lying here putrifying and staining the soil, I could give efficiency and purpose to all this." Oh, the thought has come to us, to all, to all thoughtful men—we do not mean mere quacksalvers, cagliostros, demagogues, democrats—but to prayerful, thoughtful men, the thought has come: "Ah, me! if they would but try this, this would restore the balance of things." We all need to remember again and again Luther's advice to Melancthon, when he was

too solicitous about church affairs in his age, "Philip Melancthon would do well not to attempt the government of this world any longer." And that passing meditation which we have on record of the Emperor Maximilian was very good: "Oh, eternal Lord God, if Thou Thyself shouldst not be watchful, how ill would it be with Thy world, which is now governed by me, a miserable hunter, and by this drunken and wicked Pope Julius."

Into this estimate of style also falls that most singular method he has of compounding epithets. They have often been grouped in some measure—such, for instance, as "gig-respectability," "able-Editors," "Gospel-of-Mc'-Crowdy," "Phantasm-Captains," "Godfrey's-cordial-constitutions," "Apotheosis of Attorneyism," "Strumpet-ocracy," an epithet applied to the reigns of Charles II. and Louis XIV. and XV.; "National-palaver," "Supreme Scoundrel," "Phallus-Worship," Criminals belonging to the "Devil's Regiments of the Line." Political economists are "Professors of the Dismal Science," "prevenient Grace and superprevenient Moonshine," "Heavyside, my solid friend," "Crabbe the Editor of the Intermittent Radiator," "The Smelfungus Gazette," "Stump-orator," "Attorney-logic," "Pig-philosophy," "shams," "cants," "flunkeyisms," "fugle-motions," "make-believes." Such are specimens of the altogether multitudinous compounds which meet us in these singular

writings ; and one writer applies to Thomas Carlyle with much more justice the language Thomas Moore used of the late John Galt,—

“With a rabble of words at his command,
Scotch, English, and slang in promiscuous alliance,
He at length against syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the nine points of speech at defiance.”

And George Gilfillan in his “Gallery of Literary Portraits,” adopts the Carlylese dialect to describe it, speaking of it as “fuliginous flaming prose-poetry, mock-heroic-earnest, a satiric-serious, luminous-obscure.” Indeed whatever may be said of it there is no mistake here, no prettiness, no beautiful selection of tropes and figures selected upon the most approved principles of *Belles Lettres*. The message he has to give is given, every syllable of it, in the most downright unmistakable language ; as when he says, “No lie you can speak and act but it will come after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature’s reality, and be presented there for payment, with the answer, No *effects* ; pity only that it had been so long in circulation, that the original forger were so seldom he who bore the final smart of it.” Thus much of Mr. Carlyle’s style, unquestionably, like all true styles, the very idiosyncrasy of the man.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT OF "SARTOR RESARTUS" ?

THERE are still some persons (and those by no means wanting in intelligence) who say, What does he mean by "Sartor Resartus," or the Tailor Re-fitted? What sort of fantastic allegory or parable is this? or has it any congruity, or coherence? is it more than the wildest series of Ephrem Syrus-like rhapsodies? is there any unity in it at all? The reader may be sure that there is unity in it. In many a way genius has been fond of spelling out the life of the soul in allegoric pictures, such as that of the Shepherd of Hermas, Pilgrim's Progress, and their like; "The Tale" of Goethe,—"the deepest poem of its sort in existence, the only true prophecy emitted for who knows how many centuries?"—says Carlyle in his notes to his translation of it,—is also of this order; and when we get an inkling of its meaning, it carries us along after it, hovering along on wonder wings; an amazingly suggestive piece, and carrying our conception of Goethe's prescience and far-reaching faith and knowledge higher, one almost dares to say, than anything else he has said to us—higher even than Faust—

although one's human interest is not a little daunted by talking snakes and chattering will-o'-the-wisps; a profound piece of work. Perhaps the finest thing our literature has done in this allegorical way for a long time, is George Macdonald's "Phantastes," a book whose title gives no idea at all of the deep human but allegorical wisdom running along through its pages, until near the close, where surely the dreamer fell fast asleep. To the order of "Sartor Resartus" belong many of Jean Paul's pieces, and especially those broken, spasmodic, symbolic hints, the foot-notes to the chapters of *Walt und Vult*.

But "Sartor Resartus," the story of *Diogenes Teufelsdröckh* (Devil's Dirt), what of it? Surely the hero's name is not a promising one for any mortal, yet, has it not been said of man, with alliterative truth, that he is a compound of dirt or dust and deity? And this is the story to show how the poor soul, environed in, and begrimed by devil's dirt, foul, deadly sensualisms and materialisms, acquires altogether a new suit of clothes, and passing through its everlasting No, and its centre of indifference, becomes invested by an entirely new suit of noblest clothing, and in natural supernaturalism wears the very garment of God, and finds life to be an affirmation not a denial or a doubt; and from the birth in the little village of *Entepfuhl*, or the Duck Pond, which very narrow

hamlet may stand as typical of the little region in which every man begins his experiences, becomes at last heir to and inheritor of the Universe.

So that it is a real Pilgrim's Progress this of "Sartor Resartus," a story of a pilgrim who through many scenes, and every variety of all but unutterable sorrows, through which the child of painful thought and wild passion passes, claims at last his birthright as a living immortal soul. For years, it is said, "Sartor Resartus" wandered up and down England in search of an expositor, and for the greater number of readers, perhaps, it is not in a much better plight now; but take it up at any time, turn to any page, and you shall find the light which searches and the wisdom which informs. But there are depths and heights in it; there are relations to wide fields of German thought and every kind of speculation in it; and there are crowds of passing allusions, for which assuredly an ordinary reader would be thankful to find an expositor. Would not a reader like to know in what direction to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo* (nobody knows where), or possibly to call upon, and have transactions with, *Stillschweigen and Co.* (the respectable firm of Messrs. Silence and Co.)? And what, perhaps a reader says, does the man mean by that crucial moment in the history of the hero of which he records—"It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new birth or Baphometric fire-

baptism—perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man”? And what does he mean by “having an altercation with the devil instead of beginning honestly to fight him”? And again, that tenderly told moment of which he writes, “Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss.” Surely it is as he writes,—“this strange mystic Teufelsdröckh gives us a diagram of the universe, not altogether dark to us.” So sits he “as in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream grotto; boundless, for the faintest star and remotest century lie not even nearer the verge thereof—sounds and many coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the unslumbering, whose work both dream and dreamer are, we see not; except in rare waiting moments suspect not; creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow, but the sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us; then in that strange dream we clutch at shadows as if they were substances, and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake—this dreaming, this somnambulism, is what we call life.”

We do not know how to speak of “Sartor Resartus.” Our literature has not a more extraordinary book. It is full of barbaric and wild incantations; it is a mosaic, fashioned from the rocks of a wizard’s cave; it is full of such wild, distorted visions as might throng through the brain of a blind giant in a dream. We are willing to believe that the key-note to this

book was struck by the genius of Richter. While we read it, we seem to thread the intricacies of an enchanted forest, where the black boughs make a perpetual night, and the winds sink down to a low, creeping, ghostly music, and Walpurgis witches hold their Sabbath.

There is nothing in Carlyle's other works which has not its seed in this—its words fly hurtling through the air like the darts of Apollyon and Christian in fiery conflict ; it is foot to foot the fierce combat of scepticism and belief, or rather of which to believe. -The words of the book sound like the ring of the hammer on Vulcan's forges. The light of the book is often lurid like the wild light from a Vulcan's cave. Its words flow in the strangest style ; hymns of devotion alternate with screams as of a stormy Marseillaise ; and the wail as of some holy nun in the world's most solitary glen or cloister is succeeded by the wild war of fiery cities.

Unlike any other book of genius, it finds, in the perfect want of unity, its highest unity. It is an enchanted isle, where shaggy Calibans and musical Ariels move round us, and cool, and charm, and terrify us. In it we listen to the "pipe of Pan to shepherds," and to the disdainful scorn of the cynic, and the hallowing love of the Christian. Gleams of ethereal tenderness, and spasms of madness, go floating up and down ; and scenery the most wonderful lies

side by side with passions the most woeful. It seems a revelry of all strange and incoherent things; but even when we master the thought, it is by no means the chart of a little pond or inland river. It has been to ourselves, to thousands besides, like some great mountain chain forming the watershed, it may be, of two continents, holding within itself mighty river systems, vast lakes of doubt and gloom, and irrigating rivers of cheerfulness and faith. This book—this “Sartor Resartus”—deals with the whole wide, vast universe of men and things. One of the most marvellous of books. “Mysterious and audacious nonsense,” says one critic. Very well, leave it alone, then; plainly it is not for you.

Meantime should its gorgeous robing of mystery be the foundation of your contempt or your reverence? Have not all greatest books (and all works of the highest order of Imagination are the greatest, as the Imagination is the greatest faculty) that which most confirms to us our destiny of immortality, and our kindred with spiritual being and existence? Such books must have a meaning deeper than appears at the first reading. Poets especially are “greater than they know;” for, as their fingers moved over the paper, there was a power acting through the pen they could scarcely control, there was a wind which blew along the charmed lines. How clearly the truth seemed to reveal itself! How rapidly it used the human forms

for the various purposes to which it was delegated ; but all greatest books need expositors—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare—however little the exposition effects. It is quite true that not one in five thousand can well tell what to make of this book, which it is an era in our literature to have produced. We read it still again and again with renewed feelings of wonder ; nay, the awe of the book seems to grow upon us. It begins mysteriously enough : “ Considering our present advanced state of culture, it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise, that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of philosophy or history, has been written on the subject of clothes.”

What are these clothes ? Through the strangest, wildest night visions we have soon to pass ; truly we are entering upon the history of clothes ; but what clothing ? *Man*, the tailor indeed. It is in fact the most effective deliverance upon transcendentalism, and he who is not disposed to risk the breaking of his teeth in the cracking of the nut, had better leave it untouched. This book, it has been said, is mammoth milk, and to read it is like dining on the flesh of unicorns. It is the story of the act distinguished from the thought, when we read that time and space are the garment of God. The great tailor is only the Earth-Spirit in “Faust”—weaving in creation the living visible garment of God.

"In Being's flood, in Action's storm,
 I walk and work—above, beneath;
 Work and weave, in endless motion—
 Birth and death,
 An infinite ocean;
 A seizing and giving,
 The fire of the living,—
 'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
 And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

Existence separated from phenomena—that old riddle. "Sartor Resartus" is another effort to solve it. Shall we ever succeed? To George III. the question presented itself as startling, How did the apples get into the dumpling? and truly that is very suggestive; but this is the question, How did I get *here*? How did I and the like of me get into this earth?—this bodily environment. The body is only an organic filament, gathered round *the me!* like the paste round the apple, to speak still from the figure of George III.; but if so, is it not also true of all the forms and so-called substances around us? The great thing is the underlying fact: clothes, decorations, and ornaments; social ways and institutions; manners and customs; morals, languages, symbolisms—these are all only the *forms* of thought, the *clothing* of thought. All visible things are emblems. Of what are they emblems? where is the power that uses the emblem? *Matter* exists only spiritually, and is dependent on spiritual conditions, and to represent some idea and *body* it forth. The whole

external universe is only a clothing: "The heavens and the earth shall fade away like a vesture." In this remarkable book names are the most important of all appearances; hence, too, action is *the true vesture of the soul*. "Not what I have, but what I do; that is my kingdom." Thus, too, we rise from the kingdoms of *sense* to the kingdoms of *fancy*, for which planets and solar systems will not suffice; "the man really is the spirit he worked in," "not what he did but what he became;" thus infinite is the width of the subject. All symbols are properly clothes—all forms whereby spirit manifests itself outwardly to the sense or inwardly to the imagination are clothes: the Magna Charta, the pomp and the authority of law, the very Thirty-nine Articles, are only the wearing apparel of a religious idea; and from all this the outcome is, that *only the time-shadows of things have ever perished*—the real being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and for ever.

This is transcendentalism—this is that curious kingdom of the objective and the subjective which is now so often upon our lips, sounding like a new nomenclature in philosophy; and these terms rightly understood do undoubtedly open the most important windows in metaphysical science and thought; but we must distinguish and discriminate the two. Think, for instance, of the sense of sight; *light* or

colour is the proper *object* of this perception ; that which is called the objective is the light, the subjective is the seeing.

The reader will remember how, in the fairy tale of Tieck, the wizard Archivarius imprisoned the unfortunate student Anselmo in the glass phial ; how great was his astonishment when in an instant he found himself on the mantleshef of the wizard, one of an unfortunate row of imprisoned spirits in a similar condition ; the difference between the student and his comrades was simply in this : that they thought they were diligently walking about the city streets and walls ; he knew that he was imprisoned. Nor was he the less imprisoned because his prison was transparent ; it was only glass, but he could not escape. He beheld a wide, vast objective ; but his subjective was rimmed and ringed in by that transparent and glassy bondage of care. Thus, is it not true that we are all the student ? And all the phenomena about us, what are they but a glass phial in which we are imprisoned ? Hence, in proportion to the thickness or thinness of our prison is our environment. Say rather, that we who are here, exist in the world as in a diving-bell, in a deep atmosphere. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." What are time and space ? We say they rim us round—they are but a glass phial ; but they are conditions from whence we cannot escape. What are all the vestures

which colour and form, and all the properties of matter, spread round us?—a glass phial. “The curtains of yesterday”—says our writer—“drop down; the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but yesterday and to-morrow are both one.” The great discussion of the objective and subjective is only the dispute between the glass bottle and that which is imprisoned within it, and was first made plain to us years ago when we read the simple, wonderful word in “Hamlet,” which, perhaps, will be as well remembered by each of our readers as by ourselves. It is when Hamlet welcomes Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to Denmark, and says :—

“What have you deserved of the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

“*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

“*Ham.* Denmark’s a prison.

“*Ros.* Then is the world one.

“*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons—Denmark being one of the worst.

“*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

“*Ham.* Why, then, ’tis none to you; for there is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me Denmark is a prison.

“*Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it so; ’tis too narrow for your mind.

“*Ham.* O God! I could dwell in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad *dreams*.”

CHAPTER V.

"SARTOR RESARTUS" CONTINUED—CARLYLE A TRANSCENDENTALIST.

NOW these dreams are "the stuff we are made of," and are the very proof of a being beyond the Nutshell or beyond the phial. This, which is the clothes philosophy of "Sartor Resartus," is the very doctrine of Transcendentalism, so much abused and condemned, especially by poor puzzled folk who are afraid to get out of the nutshell. But, indeed, we are all Transcendentalists when we believe that we are a real, self-existent, independent, immortal soul; a pure being, separated from the mere phenomena around us. Here is the voice of the higher consciousness—the consciousness which not only looks down to the understanding, but hearkens to the Divine intuitions of the pure reason; for it is most true that while man has a faculty by which he stands on the firmest earth, he has another faculty by which he looks up to the not less firmset, although mysterious heavens.

Man is in prison; the understanding bolts, locks, and turns the key upon his prison-house, until the reason rises to open the windows, and to look with-

out. Thus, as in Wieland's Legend of Phosphorus, Phosphorus was an angel, but, marvellous to say, the angel became proud, and so he became for his pride a true sphinx, half beast, half angel ; and the Lord cast Phosphorus into a prison called Life, and gave to him a garment called Earth and Water, and bound him with four azure chains, and poured out for him a bitter cup called Fire ; and he was originally doomed to have no recollection of his birth-place, or the name of his Father ; and Thought was given to him to be to him a whip, and Weakness was given to him to be a bit and bridle ; then with the elements rising all round him, there he was to remain until a Saviour should rise out of the waters. Many means, says the legend, did the Lord take to speak to the poor Phosphorus imprisoned in the cell called Life. He sent His messenger Disease, and she touched the prison of Life, and straightway it became thin, and lucid, and crystalline ; and He sent by His messenger the Oil of Purity, to cleanse the head and bosom ; and He sent the Pillow called Patience ; and at last poor Phosphorus looked out from his sad home, and he saw, written on the Azure of Infinity, the long-forgotten name of his Father, and his birth-place, gleaming like light of gold.

Yes, we are, indeed, imprisoned in the mechanism of our being, as in some glass-bell encircling us. The soul looks forth, however, on a fair country outside,

and pines and yearns, and in its scanty atmosphere is ready to perish. But courage, the bell is but glass ; and the bell is not *we* or *I*. A bold stroke from the hand of Death, and thou and I are delivered. We know there are those to whom all this is unintelligible ; but let us not be charged with vanity if we say it is intelligible to some of us ; while for their benefit the incredulous sceptics may remember the story of Anson's sailor, when Lord Anson published his voyage round the world, who said, "What a liar that captain of ours is ! I went with him all the way, and I declare all the way it was as flat as this bit of earth here." To the race of flatheads the world will always be flat ; it is only the Transcendentalist who believes it to be round.

And thus, indeed, God is constantly seeking to liberate man from the prison of death, or life, in which he is confined. But the especial means, no doubt, is by Revelation and by Sacrifice. These are His own especial plan. In saying this we do not ignore the mysterious intuitions of men—great lofty souls in all ages, heaven-endowed ; the faculty of pure reason was opened so within them that they were able to perceive truth. And let no man suppose that we thus jumble together all religions. We believe in Transcendentalism with Carlyle ; that is, we believe that the senses, and that which they reveal, certainly are not the whole of man. We are Eclectic, too ; for we be-

lieve that the pure reason is as much the inner sense of the Hindoo, or the North American Indian, or the Arab, as it is ours ; but it is only an organ. And as, in order that man may know the truth, he needs more than the senses can teach, so for higher truth he needs more than the pure reason can unfold by its power of inner light. He needs a revelation and an awakening from God.

And in Carlyle, as we have already said, and we have seen, there has been the clear perception of the awakened reason in many races, but by no means the identity of all religions.

Some of our readers must have heard of the Javelin of Pythagoras ; that dart of wondrous virtue, by means of which he passed in a moment over wide rivers, and through inaccessible mountains, and calmed the tempest, and drove away the plague, and appeased the scourges of heaven. This javelin made its possessor ubiquitous, for by means of it he was seen on the same day in cities hundreds of miles apart. This was ever considered only the wild dream of tradition ; but in truth is it not so with the discoveries of genius ? Do not science, and thought, and imagination confer Divine powers on man ? Do they not, as we have often said, annihilate time and space ? If the steam-engine be as Chamisso, the German poet, has defined it—a warm-blooded animal without eyes—when we meditate upon man, the creator of this warm-blooded

animal, what must we think of him? and is not the power marvellous by which such creations are possible?

To all men—to the meanest human intelligence not less than to the mightiest—life has given four great hopes:—to overstep the limits of the real, the actual, the ordinary; to achieve happiness on earth; to live beyond the tomb; and to understand the marvellous creation in the midst of which God has placed us. The first of these great desires proves itself by the universal hunger and thirst in all minds—even the minds of savages—to claim an alliance with ghosts and departed spirits; but if we think for a moment, it will then appear that this desire is united to the last, and that to overstep the limits of the real, and to comprehend the mysteries of this marvellous creation by which we are surrounded, are very greatly one. Consider how the whole world is peopled by elves and fairies and strange supernatural beings. You may regard the whole world itself as a haunted chamber—a great ghost room.

“Superstition, superstition,” says the sceptic—well, call it so if you will—does that explain the mystery? Are we any nearer to the why and the wherefore of this strange phenomenon because a sceptic gibbers and calls the instincts of the world's primeval races by ugly names? Or, suppose we say that if ghosts are the superstitions of children, and of the childlike,

then as frequently philosophies are the superstitions of men, the great fact being that both superstitions and scepticisms are subjective, and within the man himself, depending altogether upon the eyes of the man imprisoned in the bottle ; and, further, the great fact which we behold in the beliefs and the disbeliefs of man being that he will not let the invisible alone. He argues against what he instinctively feels and knows, or he bows to the awful forms which beckon him, not the less surely because shapeless and undefined. The popular imagination has placed man in the centre of an invisible world, which alternately aids and menaces him ; the philosopher places man in the centre of invariably-operating laws. Alike in either, the fact is that man the peasant or man the *savant* does transcend the limits imposed upon him by time and space. The great truth is, that man does create his own conditions, or, at any rate, there is that within him which does so. We speak of the poetry of science ; we speak, too, of the poetry of motion ; and what do we not ally with poetry ? Well this, on many tongues, is, no doubt, mere verbiage and sentiment ; but, translated, it means, this, that there is an ideal aspect and archetypal form to all fact. In this we behold the effort for the liberation of spirit from the hard pressure of the merely phenomenal. We call this the spirituality of the universe, and there would be great danger that this might only be, in

the end, a tinted pantheism if we did not constantly feel that this spirituality is not in the object, but in the subject; not in the dead phenomena, but in our living and immortal selves. It is thus, while we do not transcend the sphere of our own consciousness, our consciousness does transcend the sphere of visible and mortal being. The child shivers at the ghost story and the haunted room; we do not see any great difference between the emotion of the child and the tingling thrill of man, the dweller by the threshold of futurity, haunted and stricken by the furies of horror and fear. This is Iamblichus's principle of the soul superior to all nature, through which we are capable of surpassing the systems and orders of the world; this is the *λογος* of Marcus Antoninus and the Quietists—"the luminous sphere of the soul when nothing is in contact with the soul itself, but when, by its own light, it sees the truth centred in itself;" *h. v.* this is the pure reason of Kant; this is the idealism of Berkeley; this is the "new simple idea" of Jonathan Edwards, different, as he says, from anything to which their minds had been subject before; nay, this is the common sense of Reid, which transcends the limits of the actual, and, in the consenting voice and will of all mankind, finds a living testimony of unity. It is this homage paid to the intuitions of mankind; it is the ascent above the hard realities of life into the kingdom of pure truth, that invests the writings of

Carlyle with the charm of mystery, and, at the same time, of majesty.

Thoughts and questions like these compel some attention to the question often proposed. *✓ Is he a heretic?* the reader asks; and if so, in what is he heretical? Reader, what is a heretic? The Apostle Paul declared that for his part he was one. "After the way ye call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." The question whether *he* be a heretic depends on the previous question, What is *our* "doxy"? Or we may ask, was Locke a heretic? One thing is clear to us, that Carlyle stands by the side of faith in the great battle between the understanding and faith. The course of philosophical tendency from Locke to the present age has been a downward tendency. We said that Carlyle must be tried and tested by his mission as reacting against sensationalism. Especially every word, idea, and movement is to be tested by its tendency, its great development, its ultimate consequences. Sometimes, indeed, this seems dishonest and unfair, and a writer may stand indignantly up from his shrouding pages and say, "Prove me; I never intended that. You have wrested my words and have given to them a bias never contemplated by me." But, in fact, we cannot save ourselves from tendencies. Teachings and doctrines will develop themselves, and the questions of an apparently noble thought in the kingdom of meta-

physical abstraction have been most dangerous. The influence of the seventeenth century was, we believe, disastrous enough. "Following Locke's footsteps," says Carlyle, "the French had discovered that as the stomach secretes chyle so does the brain secrete thought." The celebrated pamphlet, "Christianity not Mysterious," expressed, indeed, the very measure of the faith of the age. There was neither disposition nor power to ascend beyond the reasonings of Locke in philosophy, or Paley in theology; and we believe the results of both of those teachers' lessons have not been wanting in disastrous consequences. Bishop Berkeley has never been fairly dealt with, and by Dr. Reid, in his *Common Sense*, he has been grievously misrepresented. He, in fact, saw the consequences of sensationalism clearly, and he has made in our English metaphysics the one distinguished stand against the consequences of a popular, plausible metaphysics. Hume, it is said, replied to Berkeley by his "*Treatise on Human Nature*," and carried forward his principles. Persons who say so do not know Berkeley. Say, rather, Hume fell into the trap Berkeley laid for men of his cast of mind. The consequences of Locke's doctrines were anticipated, and protested against by the celebrated John Norris, of Bemerton, as soon as the "*Essay on Human Understanding*" appeared. And the same reservation with which we commend the doctrines of Locke, in that work of

amazing clearness and acuteness, must also attend us while we commend that genuine and most legitimate child of Locke, Paley's "Natural Theology;" that admirable, and interesting, and instructive book is also to be tried by its development. Natural theology is eminently a delightful study; in itself it can never be a satisfactory study. For if all our knowledge is only obtained by sensation and reflection, how from nature shall we obtain our idea of God? And how from nature do we obtain our idea of the unity and personality of God? And now, indeed, it is felt by many thinkers, that the ground occupied by Locke and Paley must be given up as *they* intended it should be occupied.

But, surely Carlyle is a Pantheist. Well, we believe it is usual to call him one; but, in brief, who and what is a Pantheist? One who denies the existence of a personal God as an infinite personal will, character, and consciousness, one "high over all, blessed for evermore, doing according to His *will*" in all the universe. The Pantheist also denies the existence of the real individuality of man. No; there is no proof of this in the writings of our author; on the contrary, the absolute righteousness, justice, and goodness of God is stated with extraordinary strength and clearness; and the individuality of man is stated with not less strength. We know that once, in conversation with John Sterling, poor John exclaimed, "That's

flat Pantheism," and Carlyle replies, "Well! if it's *pot*-Theism, what then, if it's true?" And such speeches cause a man to be suspected; but a Pantheist never, that we are aware, claimed him, and we fancy it not very possible to make out such a creed from the study of his writings. What is Pantheism? The god of the Pantheist is an immense ocean, in which are many phials full of water moving to and fro. These phials, wherever they go, are always in the same ocean, in the same water, and if they break the water contained in them is united to the whole of that ocean of which they are portions. We believe we have stated the Pantheist's creed correctly, but every soul sees that the individuality of man is not in the phial that environs him, but in himself. We see no traces of such doctrines in Carlyle. True, we believe that to him the material creation is an *appearance*, but then it is also a typical shadow by which God, a dread personality, manifests Himself to man, and Carlyle himself declares in the very words that he believes himself encompassed by the Godhead, and that "in Him he lives and moves, and has his being." Listen to him.

"In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what 'the fool hath said in his

heart.' It is what the wise, in all times—were wise because they—denied and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again that there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below ; the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in the support of an unjust thing ; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting a-head of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, 'In God's name, No!' *Thy* success? Poor devil, what will *thy* success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded ; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark, all cold, and deaf ; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again, to all for ever. What kind of success is that?"

We have heard of an island—a forbidden land. The access to it is, indeed, difficult. It is an island like some solitary stranded vessel ; around it chafing and foaming black billows, and roaring breakers ; and crags, wild and fearful, looming up all around. None, it is said, ever reaching it come back in safety to the fair firm earth. It is a land of spectres and enchant-

ments, and is covered with wild forests, and marshes, and black mountains ; but lit up, too, with many a graceful glen and fair scene of beauty. The worst of the place is, that it gives a drowsy, sleepy, hazy unreality to all life ; and that while on the island, and beneath the opiate, it destroys all life for the future. None ever escaped from it to the real world again. It is the very picture of the study of metaphysics, from which scarce one from a thousand who ventures ever returns safe and sane to the world of real life. The sense of the practical seems to be lost in the wild study of the occult and forbidden.

But some men have reached the island and returned in safety. Bishop Berkeley did : has Thomas Carlyle done so ? And yet their voyages have alike been in the most occult places of the island—to the region of *transcendentalism*. This word is everywhere spoken against. Why should it be so ? It is as innocent a word as *metaphysics* ; the two words are really, etymologically and actually, synonymous ; and the instant man becomes thoughtful above, beyond the objects of the sense, he becomes a metaphysician ; and it is not possible to be a true metaphysician without being a transcendentalist ; we are this the instant we ask ourselves such questions as those which occupy the front rank in all metaphysical systems, those questions which refer to the certainty of human knowledge ; and how do we know that things are what

they appear? Here the excursions of philosophers and metaphysicians have been most amusing. Without doubt Thomas Carlyle reads things from the transcendental development. As we remarked, we are quite unable to perceive that this militates at all against the Christian view of things; certainly not as Carlyle renders it. He does, indeed, open up the question of Reason and Faith, as the whole of this discussion naturally does. But we may remind our readers, that throughout metaphysical science now, the term *reason* is reclaimed to its most ancient and original signification, and by it we usually understand the exercise of that faculty which is indeed faith. Some writers have affected to perceive no distinction between these two, *reason* and *understanding*. At any rate they do represent faculties in us which we perceive to be distinct. The *understanding*, as the very term implies, is simply that faculty which opens the doors of sensational demonstrations. The *understanding* is, properly, what Locke has described the nature of man to be—the province of the senses and the reflections which come to us through the senses. But is this the whole of man? Will sensation, and the reflections of mere sensation, give to us the “thoughts which wander through eternity”? Clear views of the Divine Being, and all efforts which conduce to them are most desirable; the science of Natural Theology is a most delightful and necessary

study ; it is full of beautiful lessons, and may awaken feelings truly religious and Divine ; but is this, which limits itself necessarily to what I am able to see, the whole of religion ? Is this the mode in which Christian truth speaks to me, and is presented to me ? Am I not (to drop the more dignified pronoun) conscious of something within me that transcends sensation, and is not produced by reflection—that is, by what reacts upon me from some previous impression ? Yes, I am certainly conscious of much that has not come to me through mere sensation and reflection, and I believe that which is best in me transcends their sphere. I have the sense of *freedom*, I have the sense of the *Infinite*, I have the sense of *moral affinity* and relationship. And call it scepticism, call it Pantheism, call it heresy, call it by whatever ugly names you please, it cannot be guilty of worse crimes than the boasted orthodox sensationalistic belief which makes God an engine, and impels souls by steam. The *reason* and the *understanding* are two great powers in man. The *understanding* assures me of the existence of the real and the visible ; I touch it by my hand, I behold it with my eye. The *reason* assures me of the existence of the dread *invisible*, and affirms for me the existence of underlying law and fact. The *understanding* compels and coerces my conduct by the obvious routine of events and consequences. The *reason* determines

me by the still more imperial voices and demands of conscience. *The understanding* tells me of God as the great Architect, and Designer, and Fabricator of this great round of things ; by Him, indeed, "all things subsist." I see what the rolling star and lily's leaf proclaim—His power, and order, and beauty. *The reason* finds Him higher and deeper, beholds Him not merely moving an engine, but feels Him as a presence in the depths of the soul.] While beholding a shadow of Him, invisible to the life of sense, He folds all things as in a robe or beneath a wing. *The understanding* says, "See Him !" *The reason* says, "He is very nigh thee, even in thy heart." *The understanding*, therefore, is in danger of losing sight of God ; *the reason* ever hears the word behind it. *The understanding* has less conception of Immortality than of Deity, and finds itself posed ever in the attempt to comprehend it. *The reason* feels that it is existence; and, therefore, duration. Finally, *the understanding* must be limited to time, and measurement, and space ; but *the reason* will step beyond its prison in time and space, and live in the consciousness of pure being and loving. This is a faint, very faint, and feeble shadow of what, did space allow, we might more truly illustrate. And thus we see that the *understanding* is related to the arithmetic of nature ; but the *reason*, to the geometry of things. *The understanding* is synonymous with perception,

and walks by "the light of things seen and temporal." *The reason* is the intuition of things, and walks by the light of the "unseen and eternal."

This is the domain of what is called the pure reason, and now we have what is, in fact, the fountain and spring of the systems of modern philosophy which has been esteemed so dangerous, *Eclecticism*, which affirms not merely the unity of truth—for of that there can be no doubt—but ignores revelation, by creating a number of revelations, and stamping them all with an equal credit ; the danger here arises from the not perceiving or holding as Christians hold that the reason, like the understanding, can only be an organ ; and Cousin in France, and his followers, and Hegel and Schelling in Germany, and their followers, have equally with the sensationalist, shown what man becomes when he "forsakes the fountain of living waters." The sensationalist looks on the earth, and the things of the earth, until he sees nothing else, and from the Deist becomes, as was natural, an Atheist ; while the transcendentalist and the eclectic, lifting up the life to mere abstractions, and living on emotions and volitions, at last bestride a gossamer, and dissipate themselves in the thin air of empty space. To man, everywhere, revelation is necessary, indispensable ; and while in the ancient day the miracle spoke to the understanding of man, and the prophecies and parables to the reason of

man ; and while it is quite true that the voice of God is now more especially addressed to *the reason*, and *the understanding* is constantly fighting against the word so spoken to the conscience and the heart, it must never be forgotten that man needs now everywhere what God has given, not merely a subjective word for one faculty, but an objective one for the other.

The following passage is a very noble and comprehensive summary of Carlyle's principles of metaphysical science. He says, referring to many of the matters in dispute which have passed in review before us in his exposition upon Hume and Kant:—

SUMMARY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE CLAIMS
OF REASON AND UNDERSTANDING.

“The Germans take up the matter differently, and would assail Hume, not in his outworks, but in the centre of his citadel. They deny his first principle, that Sense is the only inlet of Knowledge, that Experience is the primary ground of Belief. Their Primitive Truth, however, they seek, not historically and by experiment, in the universal persuasions of men, but by intuition, in the deepest and purest nature of man. Instead of attempting, which they consider vain, to prove the existence of God, Virtue, an immaterial Soul, by inferences drawn, as the conclusion of all Philosophy, from the world of Sense, they find these

things written as the beginning of all Philosophy, in obscured but ineffaceable characters, within our inmost being; and themselves first affording any certainty and clear meaning to that very world of Sense, by which we endeavour to demonstrate them. God *is*, nay, alone is, for with like emphasis we cannot say that anything else is. This is the Absolute, the Primitively True, which the philosopher seeks. Endeavouring, by logical argument, to prove the existence of God, a Kantist might say, would be like taking out a candle to look for the sun; nay, gaze steadily into your candle-light, and the sun himself may be invisible. To open the inward eye to the sight of this Primitively True; or rather, we might call it, to clear off the Obscurations of Sense, which eclipse this truth within us, so that we may see it, and believe it not only to be true, but the foundation and essence of all other truth, may, in such language as we are here using, be said to be the problem of Critical Philosophy.

“In this point of view Kant’s system may be thought to have a remote affinity to those of Malebranche and Descartes. But if they in some measure agree as to their aim, there is the widest difference as to the means. We state what to ourselves has long appeared the grand characteristic of Kant’s Philosophy, when we mention his distinction, seldom, perhaps, expressed so broadly, but uniformly implied,

between Understanding and Reason (*Verstand* and *Vernunft*). To most of our readers this may seem a distinction without a difference; nevertheless, to the Kantists it is by no means such. They believe that both Understanding and Reason are organs, or rather, we should say, modes of operation, by which the mind discovers truth; but they think that their manner of proceeding is essentially different; that their provinces are separable and distinguishable, nay, that it is of the last importance to separate and distinguish them. Reason, the Kantists say, is of a higher nature than Understanding; it works by more subtle methods, on higher objects, and requires a far finer culture for its development; indeed, in many men it is never developed at all; but its results are no less certain, nay, rather, they are much more so; for Reason discerns Truth itself, the absolutely and primitively *True*; while Understanding discerns many *relations*, and cannot decide without *if*. The proper province of Understanding is all, strictly speaking, *real*, practical, and material knowledge, mathematics, physics, political economy, the adaptation of means to ends in the whole business of life. In this province it is the strength and universal implement of the mind; an indispensable servant, without which, indeed, existence itself would be impossible. Let it not step beyond this province, however; not usurp the province of reason, which it is appointed to obey, and cannot rule over

without ruin to the whole spiritual man. Should Understanding attempt to prove the existence of God, it ends, if thorough-going and consistent with itself, in Atheism, or a faint possible Theism, which scarcely differs from this ; should it speculate of Virtue, it ends in *Utility*, making Prudence and a sufficiently cunning love of Self the highest good. Consult Understanding about the Beauty of Poetry, and it asks, Where is this Beauty? or discovers it at length in rhythms and fitnesses, and male and female rhymes. Witness, also, its everlasting paradoxes on Necessity and the Freedom of the Will ; its ominous silence on the end and meaning of man ; and the enigma which, under such inspection, the whole purport of existence becomes.

“ Nevertheless, say the Kantists, there is a truth in these things. Virtue is Virtue, and not Prudence ; not less surely than the angle in a semicircle is a right angle, and no trapezium. Shakespeare is a Poet and Boileau none, think of it as you may : neither is it more certain that I myself exist, than that God exists infinite, eternal, invisible, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. To discern these truths is the province of Reason, which therefore is to be cultivated as the highest faculty in man. Not by logic and argument ~~does it work~~ ; yet surely and clearly may it be taught to work ; and its domain lies in that higher region whither logic and argument cannot reach ; in that

holier region where Poetry, and Virtue, and Divinity abide, in whose presence Understanding wavers and recoils, dazzled into utter darkness by that 'sea of light,' at once the fountain and the termination of all true knowledge.

"Will the Kantists forgive us for the loose and popular manner in which we must here speak of these things, to bring them in any measure to the eyes of our readers? It may illustrate the distinction still further if we say that, in the opinion of a Kantist, the French are, of all European nations, the most gifted with Understanding, and the most destitute of Reason ; that David Hume had no forecast of this latter, and that Shakespeare and Luther dwelt perennially in its purest sphere."

"Sartor Resartus" suggests another point of observation ; Dr. Hutchison Stirling has said, "The essential secret of Hegel, and to him of the universe, is, '*Omne trinum perfectum rotundum*;' all good things are three—three is the sacred number, the fundamental figure, the foot that scans the rhythmus of the universe, the ultimate cell, the multiplication and accumulation, of which was built the All." It would seem so. Hegel's language confessedly, upon the admission of all his most initiated disciples, is barbarous, paradoxical, unwieldable speech ; the three words which make up the trinity of Hegel's system,

and like three weird sisters start up in all the dry and dreary places of his logic with a

“ Double, double,
Toil and trouble,”

are “Being, Nothing, and Becoming.” These are God’s three thoughts in making the universe ; for Nothing involves Being, or Nothing can be thought without the thought of being. Being absolutely abstract is an absolutely necessary thought, but it is characterless, it is nothing—think, Being, it introduces Nothing—think, abstract Nothing, it introduces Being ; but Nothing passing into Being is origination. Being passing into Nothing is decease, and both are Becoming. Now we do not see really that more is implied in all this than that pure Being and pure Nothing are therefore identical—than when we say that pure Being is not conceived in sense, which is only a philosophic form of saying God is a spirit. Dr. Stirling will have it that the system of Hegel is like the three legs of the Isle of Man ; throw as you will it keeps its feet ; turn it, toss it, it is ever the same and triune. More humanly and more approximately to Carlyle, Fichte, in his “Destination of Man,” divides the life into three chapters, Doubt, Knowledge, and Faith ; these do exactly answer to Carlyle’s Everlasting No ; the state of Doubt in which that which is holiest in us becomes a prey to scorn : Knowledge, the Centre of Indifference, in which we find the loosening the bonds

of necessity by annihilating all existence: Faith, the Everlasting Yea, in which we find that the organ by which we apprehend reality is not knowledge, because knowledge can only demonstrate itself; it is Faith which assures us that as there is no killing principle in nature; death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form, and thus Death is the ladder by which spiritual vision ascends to a new heavenly life. Thus "Sartor Resartus" can never be regarded in any other way than as a handbook to faith, excepting by those who are alike unversed in the documents of Conscience or Revelation.

One writer, whom we can scarcely call wise, institutes a comparison between Wordsworth's "Prelude" and "Sartor Resartus," and speaks of them as the two most interesting and faithful records of the experience of men of genius which exist. The comparison is suggestive not because of its justice, but because it so eminently suggests a striking contrast. The Parthenon of Greece and York Minster are not more unlike; not more unlike are the Psalms of King David and the First Epistle of John. Truly to "Sartor" nature is a Divine tormentor; although he speaks with passionate love of her mountains and infinite scenes, they agonise him. Wordsworth lives with nature, as has been said, in a perpetual honeymoon. Both are intensely self-conscious, both have an in-

dwelling demon ; Sartor's is exceeding fierce, Wordsworth's exceeding lovable ; Sartor's experience has been frightfully unhappy, Wordsworth eminently felicitous ; both have passed in their Pilgrim's Progress through the Valley of Humiliation, Sartor having a foot-to-foot battle with Apollyon there, Wordsworth listening to the happy shepherd-boy singing his pleasant songs ; both have gone through their Valley of the Shadow of Death, Wordsworth apparently fearing no evil, Sartor haunted by all the horrible shapes which could throng all the dreary and desolate way. The story of Sartor, again, it has been said, is like a reminiscence of Prometheus bound on his rock, that of Wordsworth is like "the pipe of Pan to shepherds ;" both of them are sworn pilgrims of Faith, but to Wordsworth it seems so easy to believe, so hard to doubt, to him "the world is full of blessing ;" to Sartor, on the contrary, it is harder to believe although by no means easy to doubt ; and the world to him, and the universe, and the human soul, are all thronged by terrible miseries and arch enigmas.* It is often the case that by thus putting a pair of eminent teachers together, we find how one illustrates the other. Wordsworth's works are eminently the story of the experiences and introspections of a great soul,

* In some of the points of this contrasted analogy, the author is indebted to a paper published upwards of twenty years since, "Wordsworth, Carlyle, Milton." Author unknown.

our English Job, but without Job's sorrows, reading the moral significance of all natural things ; Sartor is like Job, perplexed indeed by the great mystery of natural things and human life, but yet with an Elihu voice, a rich soprano of consolation, singing above, and overbearing the discords of the storm by a harmonising music.)

CHAPTER VI.

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"SARTOR RESARTUS" STILL—CARLYLE AND GERMAN
LITERATURE—GOETHE AND HEGEL.

To some critics the one great crime Carlyle has committed in literature is this—he has carried the genius of Germany and its literature, like the old man of the sea, upon his single back, and set it down in this country. Some even think that this German genius, like the old man of the sea, has strangled his own natural life. In doing this he has wrought a work of wonder; he has not confined himself to the translating any author; he has translated, but he has transferred, and in such a spirit of free and imperial genius, that when you take down his works you may say, "There—*that is Germany!*"

But whence, we may ask, this hostility to German literature? It is a literature to us the most rich and noble we have ever received from any land. It is the parent and the fosterer of all the wealth of our own language, and those who are the most ungrateful to it are yet constantly beneath the influence of obligations derived from it. The German literature which is spoken of as the very fountain of scepticism, is also

the very fountain of faith—it is the language of Luther. Ages even before Luther, in this language was penned the noble poem which takes a place with the “Iliad”—the “Nibelungen Lied.” It is the language of the “Heldenbach;” what wealth of European genius lies in it. We talk of the Infidel literature of Germany; what right have we to talk so, when we would not wish to be measured by the character of our own? Germany has produced no writers so dangerous as Hume, or so scurrilous as Paine, or so licentious as Reynolds, or so despotic as Hobbes. Should we feel that justice had been done to us if we were measured by the heartless and elegant diletantism of Shaftesbury, by the ribaldry of Chubb or Tom Brown, or the flippant wit of Gibbon; by the atheistic pandects of Buckle or Baden Powell, or the scientific vagaries of the authors of the simiatic school of literature? The scepticism which we meet in Germany is of a piece with that which has given to the system of Berkeley its wondrous fame; it has upon it everywhere the stamp of the hand of faith, and in its highest literature we find only the unbelief in falsehoods that it may believe in truth. We believe there is no mischief in the writings of Hegel, or Von Bohlen, or Paulus, or Strauss, equal to the flippancies of Bayle, or to countless authors of the French school; but, indeed, the blackest nightshade of scepticism to the world is Hume, he kills belief in its spring. As

has been remarked, his is a crusade not against a belief, but against the belief in any belief.

And that Germany—is it not a fascinating region? Can we have the heart to speak ungratefully of the kingdoms in which the greatest battles of Europe, of the world, of all ages, have been fought; the lands of the Rhine; the lands of feudalism and chivalry; the lands from whence came the seeds of the noblest revolutions in Europe—our fatherland; the lands of the Press, of the Reformation; the lands of Lessing, and Herder, and Hoffman, and Schiller, and Richter, and a thousand illustrious names? And its literature rises like a sublime, unfinished Cologne Cathedral; growing through generations infinite without a plan; like a brooding, shadowy myth; its architect and its plan lost in oblivion! Yet, we would be rather content to receive any inspiration from its mysterious, and shapeless, and infinite images, than from the cold proprieties of Horace, the elegant circumlocutions of Cicero, or the flowing stream of Virgil, or even the strength of Tacitus.

The mind, apparently, which has exercised most influence over Carlyle, is Goethe's. Singular, for at first sight there are few points of likeness between them; in mind, and character, and writings, they seem to be altogether un-like. Concerning Goethe, we are not to say much; that he stands at the head of the literature of his day, we do not doubt; but it

is a bad eminence ; and we can express no other opinion than that it is won by the possession of a more iron will, and a colder heart, than was ever vouchsafed before to the lot of mortal, in company with a genius so signally fertile, an eye so gifted, and a tongue so eloquent. Calm ! we are told ; and we can readily believe that it is that very calm which awes the heart of our fervent and passionate Carlyle ; a spirit that preserves itself, albeit not in a godlike repose ; and repose is much, but not all ; it is not the *absence* of emotion that exalts the martyr above the stoic or the stone.

The great Goethe !—even so ; we do not doubt his greatness for a moment ; while we confess “ we had rather be a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ” than make that greatness ours. We confess that Carlyle’s admiration for Goethe once in our lives somewhat interfered with our admiration for him. We can account for his admiration ; we can even for a moment sympathise with it ; for we do regard Goethe as the highest embodiment in a human form of the evil principle the world has known. He was a terrible being ; some of his works seem to us the true hell-broth of literature ; his “ Elective Affinities ” has been described, and well described, as the physiology and psychology of lust ; this, and other of his works, have this great crime burnt in on them, that they deprave the instincts at their very spring. The

reader must permit us to give our own definition of him as the wisest old fool the world has known. "Old Humbug" and "Old Heathen" were the terms by which the sensual old gentleman came to be designated in Germany, and we need not be as savage and unsparing in criticism as Menzel, to perceive that he really was an old Pagan. What an instance of this is that recited by Eckerman. Goethe had received from a young artist a present of a piece of statuary, a model of Myron's cow, with the sucking calf. "Now, here, said he, we have a subject of the highest sort; the nourishing principle that upholds the world and pervades all nature is brought before our eyes by this beautiful symbol. This and others of a like nature I esteem the true symbol of the omnipresence of God." Truly an old Pagan like those described in Ezekiel's vision, "*Men with their backs towards the temple of the Lord, and their faces towards the East.*" True, he was as wise as a serpent; but he was cursed with a loveless, lampless, lustful heart, incapable of heroism, or sympathy with it. But he saw all things, and saw all things by their own light. Never in any man was fulfilled more actually the grand condition and doom of the fall,—"*Ye shall be as gods!*"

Why then, it will be said, do you pitch your admiration so high for Carlyle, if he so admiringly lingers round the works of Goethe? It is a fair question.

But we will not confound the disciple with the master. The Paganism of Plato was certainly as deeply marked as the Paganism of Goethe ; but we will not involve all who have derived light from that arch, and most subtle, and most majestic intelligence, and who are fathers in the Church, and masters of sacred erudition, with the paganisms and sensualisms of Plato. Moreover, our admiration for Carlyle is almost in proportion to his possession of qualities the opposite of those possessed by his master Goethe. *Carlyle* is in earnest—*Goethe* was eminently the arch-priest and apostle of the indifference of our age. *Carlyle* is objective, and he brings his words to bear eminently on the business of life, and the fears, and hopes, and sins of society. *Goethe* was a vast subjective spider, sitting in his chamber at Weimar, spinning his sophisms and falsehoods, and acutenesses, from his own nature—careless of all beside his web, careless of the fly to be caught, or not to be caught, in the meshes of it, careless of his nation's bleeding wounds and sorrows ; a mere cold-blooded aristocrat. *Carlyle* is intensely interested in man as man—the sorrows of man, the being of man, the woes, the wails of man ; he has a nature of passionate tenderness ; there is not the slightest life that lives, but he could say, how awful this is to me ! *Goethe* is exceedingly interested in men and women as pieces of machinery, and wonderful combinations of art. If a woman loves him,

admires him, worships him, he would encourage the passion, that he may watch the curiosity of it, and when the curiosity is over, fling the broken toy—no matter where—into a suicide's grave. The most immeasurable human joy or woe would, we believe, only elicit a "Dear me, this is very interesting"—"truly extraordinary!" *Carlyle* is a prophet; his words are as broken, and wild, and vehement as the lightnings which might have shivered on the harp of Isaiah; and when men say, (Where is his plan?—what his method, his system?)—we say, what, and where is the plan of any prophet? His soul storms out its grief, its wonder, and its dismay, in a wild discord, and the mystery of time and the age sits on him like "the burden of the Word of the Lord." *Goethe* was a seer—most true, he was a seer—but the wondrous gift of second sight awoke within him no pity. Men praise the transpicuousness of his style; but we may notice, that almost always what is called a pure and translucent style is the associate of a cold heart. Hence the style of Hume—the style, we must say, of Southey. It is much easier to express ourselves clearly when we feel coldly. Spiders, and prisons, and flowers, and lovers, and impassioned patriots, and villanous kings, and the past and the future, and woman's heart, and man's, and nature's, were all clear to the measure of his seeing, to the eye of *Goethe*. His capacity of

passion expended itself in "The Sorrows of Werter"—he saw the deep of the heart without diving, but his translucent Mephistophilean style is only like the tropical seas revealing to us beneath their calm and clarity the many deep sea monsters and the sea-snake. Finally, as we have already gathered, *Goethe's* conception of the Divine in the universe is limited by the mere necessities and conditions of things; he beholds only in God, fate; and his religion is but submission, and his sorrow despair. But *Carlyle* not only perceives a Divine force in the universe, but a Divine will, and a benevolent and loving will; he does pay homage to Christ and to Christianity—he does not patronise Christianity; to him it is a Divine word; the Divinest that ever has been uttered, and, as he has most distinctly stated, the imperishable word and will of the Supreme. *Goethe*, therefore, as all such men do, passed his time in the round of elegant luxuries; he was the child of a palace—true, of a German palace; still, a luxurious Sybarite, consistent every way with his philosophy. To him, apparently, all the woe in the the world was not. *Am I not comfortable?*—why do you annoy me by talking to me of sorrow? You speak to him of the world's struggles—of life, of grief, of pain. He gives you his reply; the words are his own:—

“ All this is neither my coat nor my cake,
Why vex myself with other men's charges ?
The fishes swim at ease in the lake,
And take no thought of the barges.”

“ Fie on the foolish excuse ! Was the rice soup burned ?
Was the wine not
Good and strong ? Were the pease not young and fresh,
and, like sugar,
Sweet the carrots ? The goose and the herring, in what
could you blame them ?
Better lamb could you find, and with bright bird-pepper
besprinkled ?
Surely the salad was good ; the vinegar, was it not pungent ?
Sweet as balsam the oil, and sweet the cherries ; the butter
Sweeter than kernels ? And say, O were not the radishes
tender ?
What ! and the nurturing bread, so white and so light ! It
is shameful,
God's good gifts to reject, and to call the rejection good
breeding.” *

Here, in short, is the faith of Goethe, and this is all he beholds in life and time.

Carlyle, on the contrary, practises the heroic lessons of self-denial and self-reliance ; he will not put his genius out to market or harlequinade through the world in a Court dress ; to him we see that it is a problem most strange and mysterious that a man knowing all that Goethe knows can yet be contented in the round of luxurious and comfortable appointments, and so he flouts to scorn the idea of happiness as the end and aim of life ; he will feel for the world,

* Carlyle's Translations.

but with "a melting heart, *not* previously borrowed from the circulating library ;" he does not call that a well-governed state, where, because the wolf eats the lamb, the kite the dove, and the fox the cock, therefore all things are said to be in order. This artless constitution, it seems to us, was the very ideal of Goethe. But while he can feel he does yet regard misery as the very essential condition of our being. The whole world to him is indeed a grave, dark dispensation of sorrow, not even cheered by heaven's stars. You remember Carlyle's exclamations, "There are tears due to kings, and all men ; it is deep misery, sin and misery."

We believe it is usual to speak of Carlyle as a man without hope ; to us, on the contrary, he is eminently restful and cheerful ; still we do not wonder that Goethe exercised more fascination over his nature than Scott. Mr. Peter Bayne thinks that he under-rates Scott, but surely the boundless insight and knowledge of Goethe, and Scott's entire unrelatedness to his age, may account for all.

A friend of ours some years since, a friend of Mrs. Carlyle's, called upon her in the old house at Chelsea ; there was a portmanteau in the hall, and it was addressed "Thomas Carlyle, passenger to ——" Our friend said to Mrs. Carlyle, "Mr. Carlyle is leaving home." "He is," said his wife ; "he is going away for some days, but he can't make up his mind

where to go to." The friend was greatly struck by that portmanteau, it seemed very much like Thomas Carlyle, passenger to the Infinite No-body knows where; that is, perhaps, the impression which many not very well-informed readers have arrived at about his mental travels. The impressions of such readers are erroneous. In his expositions of the great masters of German literature, Carlyle makes no reference to perhaps the most astonishing phenomenon of all, Hegel. Hegel, it may be said, he has not expounded; the truth is, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" is, so far as our poor thought is able to understand it, Hegel himself. It is the universe conceived as thought. Quite suggestive of this are the terms in which Mr. Carlyle speaks to Dr. Hutchison Stirling in 1868, when one of the candidates for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The letter is written in the warmest terms of friendship, and, among other things to his friend, Carlyle says, "To whatever I have said of you already, therefore, I now volunteer to add that I think you not only the one man in Britain capable of bringing metaphysical philosophy, in the ultimate, German or European, and highest actual form of it, distinctly home to the understanding of British men who wish to understand it, but that I notice in you farther, on the moral side, a sound strength of intellectual discernment, a noble valour and reverence of mind which seem to me to

mark you out as the man capable of doing us the highest service in ethical science too; that of restoring, or decisively beginning to restore, the doctrine of morals to what I must ever reckon its one true and everlasting basis (namely, the Divine or supersensual one), and thus of victoriously reconciling and rendering identical the latest dictates of modern science with the earliest dawns of wisdom among the race of men."

Now this is a very significant extract. Hutchison Stirling has a name perhaps not very extensively known beyond the circle of readers of the most unpopular metaphysics, and among them he is best known by his two bulky volumes, "*The Secret of Hegel*," the most deliberate, faithful, and painstaking attempt to make Hegel accessible to English thought and common sense ever made. Stirling is a devout Hegelian; he regards Hegel as the Aristotle of our age; and this is the man Carlyle thinks the one man fitted for the chair of moral philosophy. Indeed, what Stirling has said of Hegel is true of the author of "*Sartor Resartus*." "Thought, to this author, is the real contents of the universe; its writer has wrested himself from mere mortal place—he beholds himself like a planet circling round a centre; in his own nature he mirrors that centre, and then he forcibly places himself in the centre, taking, as it were, the position of God, the Maker,

the Infinite Thought, and sees himself as circling round himself."

To those who are able to comprehend the inner secret of "Sartor Resartus," it will, perhaps, appear that it is also with the author as with Hegel—that, like a very Vulcan, he has gone down into a dreadful stithy of thought, there to forge and fashion a shield for the Venus of Faith. The book with the odd title, like one of Jean Paul's, is like some vast palace of an Oriental dream, an endless succession, court upon court, chamber upon chamber; the altogether grotesque beginning conducts us to the end of the universe; we are as in the presence of some huge fantastic dream-palace, marble and gold, jasper, amethyst, and ruby, and the old prophets are asleep with their signet rings, and they murmur in their sleep as he touches the ring; and there are monsters of many shapes and proportions, winged and unwinged; and winds sigh along the ghostly, barren, and incoherent courts; and, at the end of all, is the Vulcan's forge and cave. And now he comes back from this den, this centre of a *subterranean* or *hyper-terranean* world; comes forth from that secret chamber of his, begrimed with smoke, smelling of sulphur—and no wonder, for he has had a real hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot conflict with the very Devil of non-existence; the heavens have been darkened by the arrows poured from the quiver and the bow of the sooty old Apollyon.

"Sartor Resartus" is, perhaps, not quite the textbook for the infant classes of Sabbath schools, nor is it exactly the thing we would put in the hands of young curates as a model for village sermons; but the substance of all the best things these persons can say is in it—it is a shield for Faith. Has not Carlyle, too, fathomed the universe? It is to the Understanding the universe is unfathomable. "I have swept the heavens with my telescope," says Lalande, "and have found no God." And our readers know M. Comte's pleasant deliverance to the same effect. What would Carlyle say to either one or the other? "Fools! Did you expect God to be an optical object? did you expect, my altogether-pleasant and entirely-too-comical friends, did you expect that you could discover Him by glasses? Understand me, my pleasant boobikins, your eye and your telescope are both finite instruments. God, you are to understand, even according to your conception of such to you all impossible Being, must be infinite. How, then, ye ninnyhammerish ones, can the Infinite God be seen by your eye or glass, and, more especially, when the very eyes of you are only spectacles, behind which there is no eye? But will you, oh, my stupid brethren! try another process, not by the sensuous eye of the body, nor the imaginative eye of the mind. Let us set up the scaling ladders of thought. God we cannot *compre*hend, but we are able to *apprehend* thought, and as

spirit to know spirit, and as thought to know thought." And so, like the Prince in Andersen's fairy tale, who, in sleep, fell on the back of the winged creature, and was borne so through the universe to see the world from which he had been snatched, we are borne along, to see the finished form, the First of Things, and *the-at-once-into-existence* of this whole world of thought.

For time and space have ever been, as all readers must know, the puzzle-boxes of philosophers and metaphysicians. A single ray of light upon these, and what mysteries, apparently unfathomable, would clear up. Yet time and space are simple quantities; or is time itself real being? Is it only in our thought? Perhaps the reader will remember and feel that there is truth in the genuine Arabic sentiment:—

"Where is space? In the eye. Where is time? In the ear.
Light bringeth that one there, sound bringeth this one here.
Close eye and ear, and you are out of space and time,
In contemplation, rapture, prayer, and dream sublime."
You build the world according to your pleasure all:
It rests on time and space: through you these stand and fall."

Have they an objective and external existence? Time and space were called by Leibnitz the idols of modern Englishmen. Is there Divinity in time and space? To many minds they have been eminently suggestive of Deity, and demonstrations of the existence of God.

have been founded on hypotheses regarding their nature. Why? Not because of what they are in themselves perhaps, but because of their infinite suggestiveness. Does not Carlyle say, "That which I see but cannot see over, is as good as infinite to me"?

As we said before, the problem of "Sartor Resartus" is the problem of Hegel, even the old, old problem, existence separated from phenomena; "the hidden secret of the universe is powerless to resist the might of thought;" it uncloses itself before it, as a pool of water reflects the world above; or, let there be no above, but let the pool still reflect as before, the pool then becomes in itself reflection and reflector, subject and object—man. Restore again the above which we withdrew, the above which was reflected in the pool, the mighty blue gulf of the universe, and call that the reflection of a mightier, to us invisible, pool, which is thus also reflector and reflection, subject and object, but as pool of all pools—God. This is the pleasant way in which the Hegelians would talk; and thus, through long processes which cannot be followed here, they think they discover the pass-key, the happy secret by which they rise to the Infinite Eternal Reason, and find especially how this Eternal Reason is God, how God sublates Himself, parts with a portion of Himself for the sake of His creatures, so awakening within us our sensations of objects through an action which

has nothing sensuous in it. So that again we may take an Eastern couplet and say :—

“ Nothing is the mirror and the World the image in it ;
God the shower is, who shows the vision every minute.”

It has been said that in time and space we have indeed ample receptacles ready to admit a being who cannot be defined by the rules of the logical reasoner. Thus Hegel and Stirling have said a great deal on time and space as the *becoming* of being, that is, quality translated into quantity ; but time and space are given as infinite ; *we* know them as infinite, *we* perceive them as infinite, since, put us anywhere, we know no limit to either, although they are pure quantities ; the one is *when*, the other is *where*, and each is *every* and *any*, that is, each is infinite ; they are universals ; infinite space has many finite spaces, and infinite time has many finite times. Thus, then, the often quoted sublimities of time and space need the qualitative infinite to make them divinely sublime ; in a word, *not eternity but consciousness,** not quantity but quality, must be our thought of Infinite Being ; that is even a shallow astonishment which builds sublimity upon the immeasurable number of the stars, and the immeasurable spaces, and times, and distances, and periods ; the infinite in quality transcends the infinite

* And here Thomas Carlyle, “ Sartor Resartus,” and Hegel, too, present an invincible armour of proof against Mr. Matthew Arnold’s “ Literature and Dogma.”

in quantity. There is evidently progress in this world, but progress is a thought, and cannot exist in outward matters ; this alone is a guarantee of the ideal fundamental of the intellectual, the spiritual nature of the absolute of the world. Robert Hall, who was a keen metaphysician as well as an imperial orator, once—so the circumstance is recorded by Mr. Morris, one of his biographers—in reply to a question whether in a future state the powers of the human mind would not expand and be enlarged to an indefinite extent, started with amazement ; he had been sitting quite reserved and silent, suddenly he cried out, “What is that, sir, what is that?” The question being carefully worded and deliberately repeated, Mr. Hall quickly replied, “Why so, sir, why so? Why suppose the human mind indefinitely enlarged more than the human body? And if the body is to undergo this frightful increase, then we should have a man whose nose would perforate the sun, his chin stretching across the Atlantic, and battles fought in the wrinkles of his face. He must be a fool, sir, that can believe that.” The question was settled much after Dr. Johnson's dogmatic fashion. We do not see very clearly the necessity of Mr. Hall's conclusions, but it has often seemed to us that time and space, and the thoughts of marvel they suggest, have often been made almost ludicrous in their qualitless and indeterminate iteration of immensity. Possibly to some

readers such words as we are now indulging in may seem a mere superstition of abstraction, to others they will seem to present the earnest wrestling ground of the human spirit, an argument for the absolute existence of the almighty and infinite thought, and for the immortality of the soul. We are reminded of one of the most sublime passages in Mr. Carlyle's "*Sartor Resartus*," the burden of which surely is, that there is no death in the concrete; what passes away passes into its own self, the consciousness abides, the essential being *is*; as Hegel or Hutchison Stirling would say, the *Isness is*. Again we say, how clearly and finely is this stated in the following notably splendid passage:—

EVERY MAN A REAL GHOST, TIME AND SPACE
ONLY THOUGHT FORMS.

"Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving cause to its far-distant Mover. The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? O, could I (with the Time-annihilating hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-

domed City of God ; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

“ Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic ghost ? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one ; but could not, though he went to Cock-lane, and thence to the church vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish doctor ! Did he never, with the mind’s eye, as well as with the body’s, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved ; did he never so much as look into himself ? The good doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish ; well nigh a million of ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time ; compress the threescore years into three minutes : what else was he, what else are we ? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance ; and that fade away again into air and invisibility ? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact* ; we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions ; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity ; and to Eternity, minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls ? And again, do we not squeak and

gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon, too, and his Moscow retreats and Austerlitz campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the Earth openly at noon-tide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

“O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful, to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood, with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and

war-horse are a vision ; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance : fool ! the Earth is but a film ; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's ? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not ; a little while, and they are not—their very ashes are not.

“ So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmeric night on heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends : one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one, hunter like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow :—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane ; haste scornfully across the astonished Earth ; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist

"We are such Stuff as Dreams are Made of." 109

Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff

*As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"* *

* Or as Jeremy Taylor somewhere beautifully phrases it, "His light burns awhile, and then it burns blue and faint, and Man goes to converse with Spirits; and then he hands the taper to another."

CHAPTER VII.

IS CARLYLE CONSERVATIVE OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH?

BUT what is the Christian aspect of these wonderful writings? Are they conservative of any great truths? Are they indulgent to any great errors? If they are dangerous, where lurks the danger? As they are unquestionable in power, what is the character of that power? What does he inspire us to do? What does he invoke us to leave undone? It is true that all literatures, all age tendencies, all heroisms and philosophies, are to be tried in the long run by their relation to Christianity. Christianity is the true conservative power of literature; it is the leaven of life. In all books, especially ethical, where *it* is not, the mass turns to putrefaction and decay. Are these books Christian, or are they not? We unhesitatingly *now* declare our conviction that on the whole they are. Still we know how serious are the charges preferred against them. But let us not be partial, let us inquire. Very distinctly, indeed, has Mr. Carlyle himself said that Christianity is indestructible; to be an everlasting fact for all ages. He has said, "The

Christian Religion, under every theory of it, is the crowning glory; the life and soul of our whole modern culture." He repudiates with scorn the likeness of the Christian Religion to the Greek Philosophy, or to any other philosophy, "being," says he, "of a totally different nature." "He," says Carlyle, "who compares the Christian Religion with such standards, may lament that, beyond the mere letter, the purport of this Divine humility has never been disclosed to him; that the loftiest feeling hitherto vouchsafed to mankind is as yet hidden from his eyes."

We do not know what Mr. Bayne means by "Carlyle's asking us to obliterate all the stars of the Christian heaven by a word from his lip."* Mr. Bayne, indeed, tells us that "never sceptic saw so far into the meaning of Christianity,"—"that never, in whispered insinuation or sidelong sneer, has he done the slightest irreverence to the Divine One whom Christians worship." What does Mr. Bayne mean? We are sure he would not willingly misrepresent a writer for whom he has always entertained profound esteem and affection. Mr. Carlyle says, "The Hebrew Bible, is it not before all things true as no other book ever was or will be?" Is this perhaps one step towards "blotting out all the stars of the Christian firmament"? And when does he represent his

* "The Christian Life," by Peter Bayne, M.A., p. 18.

poor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh as finding peace in [his Pilgrim's Progress? Even exactly at the point where the dreamer Bunyan represented his as attaining to rest. When is it he attains to the Everlasting Yea, and what is it he says? "For this a greater than Zeno was needed, and He too was sent. Knowest thou that Worship of Sorrow? The Temple thereof founded some eighteen centuries ago now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures; nevertheless venture forward—in a low crypt, arched out of fallen fragments, thou findest the altar still there, and its sacred lamp perennially burning." This, in his earliest great work, reiterated in all his subsequent works, is certainly a singular way of "blotting out all the stars of the Christian firmament." | Thus, we must venture to remind Mr. Bayne that Carlyle's quarrel has never been with Christianity in any form, but with the vulgar orthodox sensationalism which has usurped its throne, and dares to assume its name. Nor must it be forgotten that those who are most bitter against him measure out the evidences of their faith by the pound, count them out by number, and laugh to scorn the idea of their being among "the things not seen."

Always let us remember what Carlyle has so well and truly said—"A man's religion consists not of the many things he is in doubt of and tries to

believe, but of the few he is assured of and has no need of effort for believing."

Again, we say, let us not be partial, but inquire. And before all, remember that his work has been reaction—reaction especially against the *Gallomaniac* tendencies of the last age. His work has been reaction against *Voltairism*, and *Encyclopædism*, and *Rousseauism*, or, which is the same thing in our times, against Tyndalism, Alexander Bainism, and Matthew Arnoldism. Look back a little to the last ages, and even to the present, in circles and fields where the thought has not been educated, and where moral culture has not been permitted to develop a different state of inner life. The transparent ubiquitousness of the French school did unquestionably produce a disposition to ignore the wonderful, and even the adorable. Our forefathers believed the regions of nature to be everywhere haunted by spiritual existences. We, on the contrary, were taught to believe in a world and a universe carried on by machinery. The French school of philosophy "changed the infinite, creative music of the universe, into the monotonous clatter of a boundless mill, which, turned by the stream of chance and swimming thereon, was a mill of itself, without architect or miller ; properly a genuine self-grinding mill." You may call this theory of the universe, Atheism, Chance, Fate, Pantheism. In any way

our writer has waged war with it, seeking to rout it to the death; doing his best to extinguish that "old mode of obtaining a great reputation by demonstrating how the globe was constructed, or by discovering a new species of bug." From its spirit came the extinction of reverence, the assertion of self, the proud and flippant disposition cynically to sneer at every incomprehensible thought, or object, or subject; and the natural consequence was the subversion of authority in families and in kingdoms. This has been the result of that *Gallomania*; we are the subjects of it ourselves; unfortunately the system of Locke, as a philosophy, prepared our minds for it. The writings of Carlyle are a reaction against that, and against the worst forms of rationalism. Strange things are said of Carlyle. At one table, an eminent author mentions that his name transpired, whereupon some sprightly intelligence said, "Oh, ah, yes; you mean the Chartist." Chartist, indeed! We were ourselves at a meeting the other evening, when the conversation turned upon his writings, and this charge was preferred against him, that he was an old Chartist! Truly, he has written a book called "Chartism," and few books in our language have a more despotic tone and Conservative influence. Small faith has he in government by the greatest multitude of heads, or in vote by cowardice, or even vote by ballot. At any rate, a strong Conservative

is he, and certainly not inclined to aid the battle cries of democracy, although much inclined to guide its stream. So, also, have we both seen and heard him described as an apologist for the French sceptical school. He has written on Voltaire, he has written on Diderot, the father of the celebrated French Encyclopædists; and he has written to warn, to analyse, and to condemn. But we must not waste our readers' time with refuting the follies of dunces. A Romish priest wrote a book to prove that Mahomet was *not* a Romish cardinal; we need not imitate such wisdom. Few works, few writers have suffered more from false and wicked reviewers than Mr. Carlyle. His words have been most ingeniously perverted. Some years since there appeared in one of the most eminent of our reviews* a very exhaustive attempt to estimate his place and his power. It laboured to show the Pantheistic character of his entire works; yet it said, "Mr. Carlyle does not deny a God. Far from it. His whole system is religious;" and it continued, "He lays the foundation of belief, not in evidences and logic, but in an inspiration of the heart;" and then it continues again, "Such is Mr. Carlyle's Pantheistic scheme. What is the ground of it? *Faith*, mere *faith*, not reason. Again and again Mr. Carlyle enjoins his system upon faith." We thought we had read that "we walk by

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. 66, pp. 446—503.

faith, and not by sight," and that "the victory that overcomes the world is faith." Then the writer goes on : " Mr. Carlyle has his saints and martyrs, his religion and priests, his worship, his temples ; but they are chosen by himself, and whom has he chosen ? The Romanist leaves our Lord, and chooses his tutelary saint, and his tutelary saint becomes at last a stock or a stone, a morsel of rag or a bit of bone. The Puritan leaves his parish priest and Catholic Church, and follows his own chosen preachers, and in a short time tinkers and cobblers, madmen and fools, seize on the pulpit, and still they are followed and obeyed. Mr. Carlyle, too, has chosen his idols, and of all the objects of worship to which a great and good man might be inclined, he has chosen the strangest. It is a painful but instructive spectacle." It is indeed, and this eminently wicked review of Mr. Carlyle justifies the tone it adopts by innumerable absolute falsehoods or misstatements strewn along the pages of this estimate of his writings.

Thus it must seem amazing that we maintain Carlyle's healthful activity against the prevalent infidelity of the age. But it is against that French mind his writings most immediately tell ; against that vile school whose principles demanded " An Act of Parliament to have '*not*' taken out of all the Commandments and clapped on to the Creed." It is true he has, wherever he can, a word of exculpation to utter even

for the errors of those who have followed the priesthood of letters ; and far be it from us to say that we can go with him in all his admirations and heroisms. We shall take occasion to remark upon some of his dangerous peculiarities in this direction. His power of incensing and embalming a memory at all grateful to him is more marvellous than that possessed by any other English writer. We take grave exception to many of his eulogies ; but we do see also with what scorn and pitying indignation he reacts against men who have been, in their age, the masters of diseased opinion and thought. Compare his estimates of Voltaire, of Scott, and of Fichte, how true they are, and how they aid us to realise his own position in letters. We love to see a man faithful to his idea ; and in the degree in which he is so, is he a priest of letters. A priest of letters we do not see that we can regard Voltaire as being in any sense whatever. No ! an harlequin of letters was he ; if a priest, then a priest in denying and in sneering. To that man the universe presented no Divine ideas ; he had an infinite capacity for *unbelieving* and for sneering—qualities which have never commended themselves to our mind as worthy of homage, either in him or any other mortal ; qualities that, in the degree in which they are possessed by any man, relate him to the devil, the father of all unbelief and of all sneers. It is against the creedless, artistic, flippant sensualism of the Frenchman

that all Carlyle's writings aim. His view of Voltaire, however, and of his influence, is most sound and wise. He overwhelms, indeed, the whole of those miserable books with scorn, yet he will see the genius, the adroitness of them, and in them. That Voltaire "gave the death-stab to superstition, he thinks most true;" but that with superstition religion is passing away, he thinks "a most groundless fear." The burning of a little straw may hide the stars, but the stars are there, and they will reappear. We sympathise with him when he says, "It is unworthy in a religious man to view an irreligious one with alarm, or aversion, or any other feeling than regret, or hope, and brotherly commiseration. If he seek truth, he is our brother, and to be pitied; if he does not seek truth, he is still our brother, and to be pitied still more. . There is a story of an old clown who killed his ass, because the ass drank up the moon; and the old clown thought the world could not spare the luminary, so he killed his ass. The clown was well intentioned, but unwise; let us not imitate him. Men who extinguish religion cannot drink the moon—only the reflection of the moon in their own pail of water." Sir Walter Scott had great powers, as our author has said; the one thing which strikes us in him is health, vigour, teeming fecundity, flowing forth from a soul and body remarkable for health; yet, we believe, few

would call that life pre-eminently great—it was scarcely a priesthood of letters ; there is something pitiable to our thought in his dogged determination to found a fortune and a family. On the contrary, Fichte arrests us : grand, tall, tender, stately ; the vast, wide thought ; the profound interrogation of deepest questions in the heart of nature ; a life for thought, and thought alone ; a life for knowledge, and not for fame, or for laurel, or for luxury, or even for beef and mutton : but a life for growth ; a life independent of censure ; a life almost independent of praise ; a life for conscience ; brave, silent, believing, earnest—such was the noble life of Fichte ; and such, on the whole, seems to us to be the life of Thomas Carlyle—a life not to be measured so much by the quantity of things done, though that is considerable, but by their quality ; a life to which it is of more import to tend one seed than to make millions of wax or paper flowers.

But is he a heretic? painfully, anxiously, the reader has already inquired. And here beyond a doubt our friend Riccabocca has got himself into the stocks ; literatist, hero-worshipper, nay, even politician, tolerated in all these, surely there is no escape, he is in the stocks ; he has voluntarily put himself into the place of penalty and punishment. Indeed, ever the heretic-stocks are a bad discipline to go through, and scarcely in any instance does a man who is called

to sit there rise to the place of a sound good citizen again. Society will forgive much, but society never forgives that. A man may, like Lord Macaulay, give religion the go by altogether, as a thing not fit for gentlemen and courtiers to meddle with. A man may utter doctrines in which a dangerous leaven lurks for the present unfelt and unseen; a man may be as irreligious as Sir William Hamilton and yet not be charged with irreligion. The great crime frequently is that religion is really felt and must be talked about, and is spoken of in such a way that Dr. Platitude cannot comprehend, and hence the speaker is a heretic. Why, what have we heard in Exeter Hall? A lecturer, in one of the lectures to the young men, daring to call the hoary Wordsworth,—whose life and whose works illustrated his celebrated lines—

“By grace Divine,
Not otherwise, oh, Nature, we are thine,”

a Deist! Wordsworth a Deist! An ignorant, impudent, heartless, vulgar libel! But it illustrates the ease with which vulgar ignorance will and may assail the crowned and influential living, or the cofined and illustrious dead.

Is Carlyle a heretic, or is he conservative of Christian truth? No doubt in this distracted age the question involves another, What is your idea of Christian truth? Some things which assume to be this are

strange enough among Puseyisms, Plymouth Brethrenisms, Mormonisms, Saturday Reviewerisms, and other the like dismal, black-winged, spectral birds of night, hovering hither and thither in the gloaming, and each in its own conventicle screaming most discordantly after its own fashion, in the pleasant faith that it is discoursing most excellent music. Most ominous of all, perhaps, that grim night-bird of Plymouth Brethrenism, every member of its community with a Pope in the belly of him, preaching its narrow Gospel of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness ; no cheerful view of God or Christ there ; a new form of Papistical exclusiveness growing up even in the very heart of Protestantism, and preaching and fulminating an ungracious Decalogue of laziness and lovelessness. To any form of so-called Christian truth approximating to this curious Palingenesia of selfishness, worship of paralysis, Carlyle's teaching will not be found, it may well be believed, very conservative. And the disciples of such and the like dismal and trembling deliriums of faith, have nothing for it but to hand him over to the tormentors.

Yet we live in an age of heresies. In our age all monstrous things are believed in, and all sacred things are disbelieved in. Survey the history of ancient philosophy, and add to it all the wild, wonderful hallucinations of the dark ages, and you will find scarcely a dream, or a system, or teacher, or thought

which does not find its representative somewhere in our own day. In the midst of all, yet united to none, Carlyle rises out of the wild, heaving ocean of doubt and speculation like a towering mount, nigh to land, yet rising absolutely out of the sea. There are not wanting flowers of exquisite beauty to shed their loveliness and their fragrance in the little clefts of the stern hill ; but as a sea-crag rises amidst the scream of the waves beneath, and the sea-birds above and around, to reflect the sunbeams, to receive the touch of the lightning, and to echo back the thunder, and upon the topmost peak, perhaps, to hold the kindled fuel to speak to the headlands beyond, and pour the ruddy flame of warning over the waters, thus rises Carlyle out of the literature of his times, bold, shapeless, even awful ; the Ailsa Craig or Bass Rock of Letters.

But the splendours of his extraordinary genius, the amazing profusion of gifts showered upon the man, the invariable intoxication which attends the perusal of his works, the moral magnetism which holds the notice long as by the spell of unexpected enchantment, the robust energy of that thought, the imaginative gorgeousness in which the whole language and conceptions are cast, the mould of that extraordinary diction, itself a heresy, the strong and bold pulses of human sympathy, the acquaintance with all men and things, and movements and ages—these make it the more incumbent on a teacher to guide aright

those thoughts which hover for the first time over these pages. Is there anything to reprehend here? Is there anything to desiderate here? Is there nothing here against which the kind caution is needed? On the other hand, we must not, dare not, be unjust to Carlyle. He is called by many persons an infidel; such persons "know not what manner of spirit they are of." Infidels in general disclaim him more than Christians; you do not find him in alliance with the infidel prophets of the age—they do not know very well what to make of him, but they cannot make him out to be theirs. They might say of Carlyle's works what the Popish Bishop said of the New Testament in the time of the Reformation, "I can't make anything out of it, but I see it don't serve us at all." You have an illustration of that in the way in which he has been usually spoken of in the *Westminster Review*. Extreme orthodoxy and extreme heterodoxy don't know what to make of him; only, he don't serve us at all.

The greater teachers, too, like Mansel, who have to point to the most dangerous and heretical doctrines, do not, you perceive, refer to him or to his teaching. It is deficient, but it is not false; exaggerated, but not without foundation. As we have before said, words of homage on Christ, Christianity, and the Sacred Writings are scattered plentifully over his volumes. You say it is a difficult matter to prove him a Chris-

tian from his writings. We may defy any one from his writings to prove that he is *not* one. We need not to be afraid of words and names, for they have no power to make the things they call ; but still there is abroad a dread of the spirit of heresy. We speak in no narrowness or bigotry when we say so. No! venerable shades of martyrs. No! ashes of confessors and seers. We know how possible it is to suffer beneath the brand of the name when the spirit is far from the thing. Heresy and blasphemy are words we do not like to apply to any man; we had rather find the truth in the heretic than the heresy in the truth-teller. But if we understand what heresy is, it is the spirit of lawless and irreverent thought; it is the spirit which follows with blind persistency its own will, reinless and curbless; it is the spirit which disclaims the standard of authority; it is the proud, independent Pelagian nature. We must draw the line somewhere. We draw the line of heresy *there*, when all supernatural influence exercised for the world is disclaimed. Providence, Scripture, Holy Spirit—the denial of all these involves heresy. The character given of these books by many persons is that of unmeasured condemnation. According to such persons, whoever reads these passes instantly beneath a fatal eclipse of faith; to be a Christian and read Thomas Carlyle is impossible; the mind of the reader becomes instantly entangled in a hopeless vortex, a coil of questions as fatal as the

coil of a serpent. He is regarded as the most dangerous writer living in our country at this time, he unsettles all convictions and settles none. He is, says one writer, "a blatant beast ; he is the cursing Balaam of the age. His language," says the same writer, forcibly, but not elegantly, is "the foul spittle of an angry God."

Some readers will no doubt say, "Ah, but he uses his words in a different sense to that in which I use words." That is very likely, for words are very certain also to acquire their lesser or larger dimensions ; words are very finite things, and we make them carry too much when we crib, cabin, and confine within them our infinite wants. What little words are GOD, LOVE, LIFE, but they are suggestive of infinite oceans, infinite passions, infinite capabilities. Carlyle talks of conversion, and the salvation of the soul ; be sure that these things have infinite meanings to him, although not quite according to the square and rule of Plymouth Brethrenism, and other such forms of modern atheism and unbelief. Perhaps even in turn he would say to such persons as he has written, "My brother, thou must pray for a soul ! Struggle with life and death energy to get back thy soul ! Know that religion is no Morrison's Pill from without, but a re-awakening of thyself from within." And again, in not very civil language, he satirises conceited religionists "sitting for ever with their eyes turned on

their own navel, asking with torturing anxiety, 'Am I right? Am I wrong? Shall I be saved? Shall I not be damned?' It is all egotism," he says, and very comfortably he ministers to such, saying, "Brother, as soon as possible endeavour to get out of that, rise above that; thou art wrong; thou art like to be damned!" And in other words, addressed to all miserable little religion-makers:—

"The Builder of the Universe was wise,
He planned all souls, all systems, planets, particles;
The Plan He shaped all worlds and æons by,
Was—heavens! was thy small Nine-and-thirty Articles!"

The greatest sin Carlyle has committed in the estimation of saintly persons is the writing of the "Life of John Sterling." Perhaps you never even heard of John Sterling. Such is fame, and it is a consolation that such is fame—the proof that that which gives fame exists for purposes beyond itself. But Sterling, in spite of his receiving immortality on earth at the hands of Carlyle, in the beautiful biography he has presented of him, does really deserve to be better known; for his mind was the happy workshop of many mental craftsmen, where, indeed, he attempted and performed many things, and most things except the highest.

Carlyle likens him and his genius well to sheet lightning, and expresses grief that he would not concentrate himself into a bolt, and rive the mountain

chains, instead of merely playing with the lightnings to irradiate the mountains. To us John Sterling is noticeable because he was really a type man, not a model man. He is representative of a large class of our modern men, even of those who are thinkers, readers, and teachers. If we were to describe him, we think we should call him an Artist in search of Convictions. He was a man of many faculties ; intellectually he had much of the subtlety and axiomatic wisdom and insight of Emerson, with more, much more, human clothing ; and with more, much more reverence and homage to Christian truth. He was a lustrous and ardent spirit whose intuitions and feelings almost became convictions, but they stopped short of that and became merely perceptions. What gives to Sterling's character and biography touching interest is that like thousands in our land with no belief, no absolute convictions, he nevertheless entered the Church, and became the teacher of convictions he had not felt, the publisher of a religion which is eminently the religion, not merely of assent, but of conviction. And it is this which rouses all Carlyle's irony and intensity, that while he himself had nothing which to him was absolutely belief, he nevertheless presumed to attempt to become a teacher of Belief. Hence Carlyle says of him that, "Artist, not saint, was the real bent of his being." It is certain that Carlyle has been very much

misconceived in this. The great thing he saw condemnable in Sterling was, not, as so many have foolishly alleged, that he became a clergyman, but that he determined to be a clergyman without any sense of a mission, and sought in due course to qualify himself by compelling the convictions in his own nature, and coercing them to the service he intended to impose on them.

And let us now compare Carlyle's estimate of John Sterling, his friend, with his estimate of George Fox. In point of real genius, how far was Fox beneath Sterling; in point of character, influence, might, and purpose in his history, how far was he above him. In the wild way in which things float up to you from our writer, he alludes to the fact mentioned in the life of George Fox, who, when he became savingly converted to God, foreseeing that he would be much persecuted, that he would certainly be imprisoned, moreover, that he had upon him henceforth a care for souls, made himself a leather suit of clothes, that it might abide through all rough usage. He was by trade a shoemaker, and hence the lines of the poet Whittier—

“ England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.”

You can only translate Carlyle aright by comparing passage with passage. To write consecutive, serial, dialectical essays on any subject, is not his work,

and it must be admitted that we sometimes lack that explicitness and clearness of statement which might save his name from much misconception. But we may see here the reason of his slight estimate of his friend John Sterling, a widely different character to George Fox. He has no sympathy with efforts to cure the soul by flying for shelter to books. We go along with him altogether when he expresses gladness that for Sterling a time came when "Tholuck and Schleiermacher and the war of articles were left in the far distance. Nature's blue skies and the awful eternities, and the still small voices admonitory of many things, could in the beautiful solitudes freely reach the heart. Theologies, rubrics, surplices, Church articles, and this enormous, ever-repeated thrashing of the straw? A world of rotten straw; thrashed all into powder; filling the Universe, and blotting out the stars and worlds—Heaven pity you with such a thrashing-floor for world, and its draggled, dirty farthing candle for sun! There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man; there should be other work, or none at all, for the intellect and creative faculty of man."

GEORGE FOX AND HIS LEATHERN
BREECHES.

"Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle

of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle ; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others ; namely, George Fox's making himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of Quakers, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself ; and, across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls ; who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed ; or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall ; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a Living Spirit belonging to him ; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Threadborough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful serving,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind, but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors ; for this poor cordwainer, as we said, was a man ; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as man he had been

sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

"The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to 'drink beer and dance with the girls.' Blind leaders of the blind! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what were their shovel-hats scooped out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt on; and such a church repairing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, held over that spot of God's Earth, if Man were but a Patent Digester, and the Belly, with its adjuncts, the grand Reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his leather-parings and his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than Etna, had been heaped over that Spirit; but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free; how its prison mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine. 'So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in,' groaned he, 'with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither

see nor move ; not my own am I, but the world's ; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep. Man ! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought. Why not ? What binds me here ? Want, want ! Ha ! of what ? Will all the shoe-wages under the moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light ? Only Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the Woods ; the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me ; and for Clothes cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather ?'

"Historical oil-painting, continues Teufelsdröckh, is one of the arts I never practised ; therefore, shall I not decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten more and more into day the Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in History. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cowhides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including Case, the farewell service of his awl ! Stitch away, thou noble Fox ; every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery, and World-worship, and the Mammon-God.

Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds her Workhouse and Rag-fair, into lands of true Liberty ; were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free man, and thou art he.

“ Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height ; and for the Poor also a Gospel has been published. Surely if, as D’Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and greater than Diogenes himself ; for he, too, stands on the adamantine basis of his Manhood, casting aside all props and shoars, yet not, in half-savage Pride, undervaluing the Earth, valuing it rather as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward from his Earth, and dwells in an element of Mercy and Worship, with a still strength, such as the Cynic’s Tub did nowise witness. Great, truly, was that tub—a temple from which man’s dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad ; but greater is the Leather Hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in scorn, but in love.”

And thus we may understand Mr. Carlyle’s meaning in his life of John Sterling ; he was a type of many thousands of young men in our age to whom

the receipt for doubt seems to be in feeding their doubts, courteous homage to scepticisms and doubts, by ransacking the libraries of evidences. Why this fattens and makes lusty the very devil you desire to kill ; we know that character well, the Sterling type, one in whom the brain has consumed alike the heart and lungs—pale, melancholy, brooding, except when the light and playful flames of conversation glance round the room, or when sitting alone with some beloved and cherished friend ; why, the Harrington of "The Eclipse of Faith" is just such an one—the Marsham of William Mountford's most lovely *Euthanasy* is just such an one ; but for his especial training Robert Alfred Vaughan would have been just such an one : we know them, with their dark silken hair, and dark blue eye, and face so sadly serious, like a lake among the deep hills. Such as these are the martyr students. They long to believe, but take every means to feed the fires of their doubts. As we talk with them we are astonished frequently at the wise shape their words take, astonished at the depth of passion suddenly revealed as by a lightning stroke of speech. Well, what is the mistake they make ? It is even this, that they seek resolution of doubts rather than the conversion of the soul. Yet what says Mr. Carlyle ? Distinctly enough he tells us that a philosophy of denial and a world illuminated by the flames of destruction can never be

the lot of such a nature. Nay, what in this life of Sterling does he tell us?—"A man is like a fated Orestes, whipt by the furies and madly driven hither and thither, even that he may seek some other spring, and there make expiation and find deliverance." Carlyle before he knew Sterling many years had described his life in that mystic life of Teufelsdröckh, who passed through the three great hieroglyphic stages, the Everlasting No! the Centre of Indifference! and the Everlasting Yea! States which correspond to the three states in Fichte's "Destination of Man"—*Doubt, Knowledge, and Faith*. The sorrows of the soul spring ever from the knowledge of evil, and man seeks to resolve its origin. And here we conceive, however it may be with Goethe, from whom the axiom is derived, we feel certain that it is not in the heretical sense that Carlyle teaches us that before we can solve the origin of evil we must spring from our own shadow.) Evil is a necessity to us and to our state, but it is not, therefore, a necessity to the universe or to the Divine Being. Thus, in a religious nature does the shadow of doubt darken into Disbelief, and "shade after shade goes grimly over the soul till we are fixed in the starless black!" What! is there no God, then? or only an absentee God sitting on the outside of the Universe, and seeing it go? "What do you mean by talking to me of an approving conscience?"

exclaims our writer. "Did not Saul of Tarsus, whom admiring men have named a saint, feel that he was a chief of sinners? and did not Nero meantime spend his soul and jocund spirit in fiddling?" It won't do, your motive grinding, your profit-and-loss philosophy, your word-mongering and your logic mills, your earthly mechanical for even the God-like itself! What! you would grind me virtue out of the husks of pleasure! "Oh," says Carlyle, "I have been where it would have been some comfort to have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil; but in our age of down-pulling and disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. Yes, if what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray—with stupidity and sound Digestion a man may front much.) But what in these dull, unimaginative days are the terrors of conscience to the diseases of the liver! Not on morality but on cookery let us build our stronghold; then brandishing our frying-pan as a censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things he has provided for his elect."

Here is the Everlasting No! Here unquestionably is the evil state. We cannot go through all the particulars of the moral history to which Carlyle gives the index. But we must say that if he has indicated the curse and the cause of the curse, he has also indi-

cated the cure. There are few of those awful moods of real sceptic grief into which he has not looked, and which he has not solved. He evidently himself looks over the highest forms of Scepticism the world has known. He has weighed Hume's, and found it wanting. He has weighed Voltaire's, and found it wanting. The whole of this noble man's writings are for the purpose of shielding the future ages and students from the miseries of the Everlasting No! "The day will come," said Lichtenberg, in bitter irony, "when the belief in God will be like the belief in nursery-spectres"—or, as Jean Paul has it, "of the world will be made a world-machine, of the æther a gas, of God a Force, and of the second world a coffin!" "I rather think," says Carlyle, "such a day will *not* come; at any rate, while the battle is still waging, and the coffin and gas philosophy has not yet secured itself by penal statutes, let there be free scope for mysticism or whatever else honestly opposes it." But, as we said, he carries his own Hero Teufelsdröckh through the Everlasting No!—through the Centre of Indifference. Carlyle has been rebuked for his doctrine, that in self-renunciation the question of the soul is answered. He ought not to be so rebuked, for it is not self-renunciation alone, although in this lies much blessedness. But further, what says he?—"On the waning billows of Time thou art not engulfed, but

borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure, Love God, this is the Everlasting Yea wherein all contradiction is solved, wherein whoso walks and works it is well with him."

But you will say, Has he any standpoint, and if so, where is it? We think what we have already said will be sufficient to warrant me in affirming that he has a standpoint. But here we shall find the cause of the more than ambiguity with which his name has been mentioned. We need not say that there are two standpoints from whence men reach out to the truth, an *Inner* and an *Outer*—it is not possible for the outer very firmly to be reached without digging also down to the inner. We take Luther and George Fox to be illustrations of these two modes, but it is clear that a man cannot proceed far in building his inner being without laying himself open to the charge of mysticism; and it will be frequently the case that if my inner convictions are very individual, so that you are not all able to realise them yourself, they will probably lay me open to the charge of scepticism too. The Church has exhibited always great intolerance of the men who internalised their faith too deeply, it is evident that mysticism can never appeal to a sect on its own account; a Charles Wesley, the mystic, must always have a John Wesley, the statesman; a Francis Xavier must always have an Ignatius, related to a plainer and more practical order of

intellect; and you see it is ever the plainer and more practical order of intellect which joins the architecture and shapes the edifice. (The mystic usually dispenses with symbols; he is above them, he may use them, but they are not to him what they are to the externalist. Yet how beautiful is the following:—
“The Church: what a word was there; richer than Golconda, and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little kirk; the dead all slumbering round it under their white memorial stones, in hope of a happy Resurrection. Dull wert thou, O Reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such kirk hung spectral in the sky, and Being was as if swallowed up of Darkness) it spoke to thee things unspeakable that went to thy soul’s soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church: he stood thereby though in the Centre of Immensities, in the Conflux of Eternities, yet manlike towards God and man; the vague, shoreless universe had become a firm city for him and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words well spoken, *I believe*. Well might men prize their *Credo* and raise stateliest temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for.”

For ever and ever is renewed the battle in all ages between Dogma and Doctrine—Dogma was Doctrine

once, but it is now petrified doctrine, it is a fossil not a life. It must ever be that the heart warm and alive beneath the teachings of a living spirit must be an object of hatred to one whose life is only inscribed on a parchment. Dogma always rushes too amidst the bushes of Scepticism, while Doctrine is nearer to the marshland of mysticism. Dogma is ever driven to look round about it for its support. Dogma never lives in a lighthouse; it is too high, the air too close, the outlook too extensive, and extensive outlooks are very embarrassing to Dogma. Dogma never uses telescopes, it disregards the intelligence they would bring, and it does not need such remote information. So again it must be admitted that Dogma is usually quite right, but this is not to the credit of Dogma; it is simply as a lame man might be right, who could not move, and therefore always sat in his chair at home.

Carlyle is, we believe, conservative of Christian belief. Indeed the conservation of Christian truth is not only the conservative element of all political and social truth, but of every highest form of truth; the truth of all art, of all poetry, of all that is noblest in music or in song. True, he is a Puritan, he is descended of a race of Puritans, all his writings have more or less the heat of the old Puritan in them, the glow of the old Puritan about them. His constant references to and quotations of Scripture, the strong

Calvinism which so frequently breaks forth in his writings ; and Calvinism, rightly understood, is the exposition of the conservative element in theology, the perception that the universe is a vertebral structure, that it has a back bone to it, that, as we have said already, God has a will of His own, that that Eternal will reigns and rules. He has read Carlyle to very little purpose, and very slightly, who does not perceive that these are the governing ideas of all his writings. He maintains these really, heartily, earnestly, he does not speak as from a theological chair, he has not written to compile a body of Scientific Theology, but the great broad outlines of Truth, God, the Almighty Maker and Governor, the Bible as a wonderful, altogether matchless revelation of that will, and Christ as man's highest object of Faith and rest. All these are things which are very legible, although as he says, "Christianity, the worship of Sorrow, has been recognised as Divine on far other grounds than 'Essays on Miracles,' and by considerations infinitely deeper than would avail in any mere trial by jury."

But as a summary of Carlyle's reverence for Christian truth, and as hinting with some degree of distinctness his ideas of the best methods for making it a power in the hearts of men, let us close by reading the following passage, very per-

tinent to many of the movements of the present day, describing to us

HOW CHRISTIANITY GREW IN THE WORLD.

“Or, to take an infinitely higher instance, that of the Christian Religion, which, under every theory of it, in the believing or unbelieving mind, must ever be regarded as the crowning glory, or rather the life and soul, of our whole modern culture: How did Christianity arise and spread abroad among men? Was it by Institutions and Establishments, and well-arranged systems of mechanism? Not so; on the contrary, in all past and existing institutions for those ends, its Divine spirit has invariably been found to languish and decay. It arose in the mystic depths of man's soul; and was spread abroad by the ‘preaching of the Word,’ by simple, altogether natural and individual efforts; and flew like hallowed fire, from heart to heart, till all were purified and illuminated by it; and its heavenly light shone, as it still shines, and (as sun or star) will ever shine, through the whole dark destinies of man. Here again was no Mechanism; man's highest attainment was accomplished dynamically, not mechanically. Nay, we will venture to say, that no high attainment, not even any far-extending movement among men was ever accomplished otherwise. Strange as it

may seem, if we read History with any degree of thoughtfulness, we shall find that the checks and balances of Profit and Loss have never been the grand agents with men ; that they have never been roused into deep, thorough, all-pervading efforts by any computable prospect of Profit and Loss, for any visible, finite object ; but always for some invisible and infinite one. The Crusades took their rise in Religion ; their visible object was, commercially speaking, worth nothing. It was the boundless Invisible world that was laid bare in the imaginations of those men ; and in its burning light the visible shrunk as a scroll. Not mechanical, not produced by mechanical means, was this vast movement. No dining at Freemasons' Tavern, with the other long train of modern machinery ; no cunning reconciliation of "vested interests," was required here ; only the passionate voice of one man, the rapt soul looking through the eyes of one man ; and rugged, steel-clad Europe trembled beneath his words, and followed him whither he listed. In later ages it was still the same. The Reformation had an invisible, mystic, and ideal aim ; the result was indeed to be embodied in external things ; but its spirit, its worth, was internal, invisible, infinite. Our English Revolution too originated in Religion. Men did battle in those old days, not for Purse-

sake, but for Conscience sake. Nay, in our own days it is no way different. The French Revolution itself had something higher in it than cheap bread and a *Habeas Corpus* Act. Here too was an Idea; a Dynamic, not a mechanic force. It was a struggle, though a blind and at last an insane one, for the infinite, Divine nature of Right, of Freedom, of Country."

CHAPTER VIII.

CARLYLE'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY ; AND HIS
DOCTRINE THAT HISTORY IS A GREAT WORLD-
BIBLE, OR REVELATION OF GOD. .

HISTORIANS like Thomas Carlyle remind us of the judicial power of the Pen ; in their hands it becomes the true sceptre, mightier than the sword, mightier than the globe grasped by the monarch, the symbol of dominion and rule ; it is the true arbiter. The pen confers immortality on princes when the hand is paralysed, and the ploughshare has passed over the place where once stood the throne of an illustrious dynasty. The pen will preserve the name of the prince in the literary and historic archives. The pen writes down the deeds of the great captain, whose sword swept like lightning round the nations of his day ; he is not only conquered by death, he is conquered by the pen ; his place in history waits on its award. Is it not very strange to think how we little men sit in judgment on the crimes and the careers of those who would have made us tremble, who made the whole world tremble while they lived ? Why, nothing can make

us think of the great Marlborough but as a mean, pitiful, dastardly miser, a treason-hatching traitor, who bought a place of power by the sale of his sister's honour, and maintained it by involving his country in debt that he might pocket the gains ; who sold one sovereign, and was preparing to sell another ; yes, the pen enables us to say that. Then the pen, the awful pen, sits like an avenging fate upon the memories of men, or stamps them with its irreversible seal. Is it not powerful ? Is it not as wonderful as powerful ? You see a prince like Henry VIII., with the intellectuality of a man and the will of a beast. You see a man like James II., who, in the menagerie of kings, may safely pass for our English hyena. You see creatures like Jefferies or Bonner ; these men could make, *did* make, gloried in making, poor, weak women tremble. You figure them, with bloodshot eye and white-lipped or lipless mouths, and cruel tusks and teeth, glaring and gnashing, and champing over their thwarted will, or standing, gloating over a bleeding corpse. How indignant you feel. Be quiet, be quiet, history has them all right ; they are safely bound in the chains of the pen ; they cannot, they shall not get free ; they are fast. In the day of their power how they would have sneered at the poor Grub-street crew ! Who so contemptible as the poet, the historiographer, the chronicler ? Him, neither gartered, nor starred, nor

titled. Him! conciliate him! No, away with him! Put him in the pillory, in the stocks, in prison. Away with him to the quartering knife of the hangman. See Defoe standing, in fact, in the pillory, and composing a song in honour of it. See old Samuel Johnson scourged at the cart's tail through the streets of London. See Alice Lisle, venerable and glorious matron, led to the block. See Elizabeth Gaunt, sweet-hearted woman, led to the stake for daring only to give bread to the hungry. See Bunyan in prison for twelve years, and George Fox in nearly all the prisons in England. See Russell and Sydney on the block. Be quiet, be quiet, suppress your indignation, the memory of the victim and the tyrant are both in the keeping of the pen. Your pen is the true lord keeper of the consciences of all ages. It is the pen that haunts and dogs the steps of tyrants, with the everlasting Cassandra scream of execration. The pen raises against them the avenging hiss. The pen, in the hands of one they would have treated with contempt, is their judge, jury, sentence, and executioner.

Carlyle is a historian, and one, it would seem, of a very new and singular mark, quite unlike any other with whom we have any acquaintance. His history may be most truly described as philosophy of history; to set down a simple fact, to narrate a circumstance or an anecdote, or even elaborately to sketch

a character, these are not the chief things you will notice in these pages, rather to trace great events to their springs and fountains, and to follow even obscure actions to their consequences and results. This, we suppose, is what is meant by the Philosophy of History. Although Mr. John Stuart Mill has told us that "the Science of History has only become possible in our own time," assuredly it is difficult to see exactly why this should be the case. But it has been said by some of Mr. Carlyle's critics that he comprehends only the individual, that the sense of the unity of the race entirely escapes him.* It has been said that he sympathises with all men, but still it is with the individual life of each; the great religious thought, the continual development of humanity by collective labour, according to an educational plan assigned by Providence—this great truth, it is said, he does not feel or see. The human race he regards rather as an aggregate of similar individuals, distinct powers in juxtaposition, rather than an association of labourers; with him, it has been said, the nation, the country, and even the very times drop out of sight: the nationality of Italy, it is in Dante, Michael Angelo, or Columbus; the nationality of Germany, it is in Luther or Goethe; the nationality of England, it is in Cromwell and Shakespeare. But

* We refer to an interesting, able, appreciative, but greatly dissenting paper, in the *British and Foreign Review*, 1844.

history is not the biography of great men, the history of mankind is the history of mankind, of the race, of its progress, its ideas.

It is because there is much apparent truth in this objection that we mention it, but in truth every great writer is exposed to great exceptions. Herder and Hegel, the first in his "History of Man," the last in his "Science of History," do unindividualise the study of the great world story, and they have been charged with Pantheism. Carlyle sees and feels forcibly the relationship of the separate individualities. And it is remarkable how the objection can be urged with such a book as the *French Revolution* for reference ; no doubt every nation has its mission and its centre, but who doubts also that it has its great men, great statesmen, great priests of letters, great leaders of commerce, and we see these as the long fingers of light along our highways ; there are lamps, candle and gaslight in our parlour and sitting-room, but these are individual, the highway is representative and for all ; the road were lost sight of but for the light ; blaze beyond blaze ; we only know the road by its light, we only know the nation by its great men ; for the mind of the master spirit mortices the various parts of a nation into one, and through him is expressed the national unity. The writer to whom we have referred before implies, indeed says, that our author does not perceive the indissoluble co-partnery

of all generations and all individuals, as a human race, a solidarity, and that we "being many, are one body in Christ, and every body member one of another." And that in the beautiful words of the apostle, the "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." These are curious things to say of him ; such we take to be the very doctrines of his historic faith. If he cites the individual and throws round him the incense of his imagination and affection, it is to show if nature has anywhere attained her end she has attained it everywhere, or will attain. How noble that passage with which he closes his essay entitled "Characteristics." That very passage we have heard cited as an illustration of his Pantheistic creed, and his *un*individualising temper and faith :—

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH.

"He that has an eye and a heart can even now say—Why should I falter? Light has come into the world ; to such as love Light, so as Light must be loved, with a boundless all-doing, all-enduring love. For the rest, let that vain struggle to read the mystery of the Infinite cease to harass us. It is a mystery which, through all ages, we shall only read here a line of, there another line of. Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is Good, is God? Here on Earth we are as Soldiers,

fighting in a foreign land ; that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it, seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like Soldiers, with submission, with courage, with heroic joy. 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Behind us, behind each one of us, lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest. Before us is the boundless time, with its yet uncreated and unconquered Continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create, and from the bosom of Eternity there shine for us celestial guiding stars.

“ ‘ My inheritance how wide and fair !
Time is my fair seed-field, of Time I'm heir.’ ”

Therefore, he teaches us that “universal history is the autobiography of mankind.” Concerning history he says: “Is it not a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of Infinitude, with Suns for lamps and Eternity as a background, whose author is God, and whose purport and thousandfold moral lead us up to the ‘dark with excessive light’ of the Throne of God?” But, “History needs to be compressed. Were there no epitomising of history, one could not remember beyond a week, for Time, like Space, is infinitely divisible, and an hour, with its events, with its sensations and emotions, might be diffused to such expansion as should cover the whole field of memory, and push

all else over the limits, like some foolish Mahometan Caliph ducking his head in a bucket of enchanted water, and so beating out one wet minute into seven long years of servitude and hardship."

This is Carlyle's ideal of the impersonal in history. But, again, he teaches us that history is the real Bible of the world—"the grand sacred epos or Bible of world history, infinite in meaning as the Divine mind it emblems; wherein he is wise that can read here a line, there a line." And hence he says—and we beg our readers to notice the reverence with which he treats the sacred histories of the Bible—he says—"Here, also, I will observe that the *manner* in which men read the same Bible is, like all else, proportionate to their stage of culture, to the circumstances of their environment. First, and among the earnest Oriental nations, it was read wholly like a sacred book; most clearly by the most earnest—those wondrous Hebrew readers, whose reading accordingly was itself sacred, has meaning for all tribes of mortal men, since ever, to the latest generation of the world, a true utterance from the innermost of man's being will speak significantly to man."

In this spirit was it not said of old, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand"? A law of righteousness, a Divine provision, provision, and predisposition runs through the

whole of human history ; there is the operation of absolute and infallible law, righteous law ; this is obvious to those who are patient to note and shrewd to observe, and wise to generalise. Therefore, says our writer, " Even the biography of an utter scoundrel like Cagliostro is worth reading. If we cannot have a speaker and doer of truth, let us have the pleasure of beholding a decided liar."

History is considered by him as God's ever-renewed revelation to man, English history among others. " History," says he, " was of old an epic and Bible, the clouded struggling image of a God's presence, the action of heroes and God-inspired men. These are the Bibles of nations—to each its believed history is its Bible, not in Judah alone, or Hellas and Latium alone, but in all lands and nations. Beyond doubt the Almighty Maker made this England too, and has been and for ever is miraculously present here, the more is the pity for us if our eyes have grown owlsh and cannot see this fact of facts when it is before us ! Once it was known that the Highest did of a surety dwell in this nation, divinely avenging, and divinely saving and awarding, leading by steps and flaming paths, by heroisms, pieties, and noble acts and thoughts, this nation heavenward if it would ordared. Known or not, this is for evermore the fact. Ask yourselves, what are the eternal covenants which you can believe, and dare not for your life but go and

observe; these are your Bible; your God's Word such as it may be; these you will continually struggle to obey; other than these not continually or authentically at all. Did the Maker of the universe reveal Himself to your believing intellect in scrip mainly, in cotton trades and profitable industries and gamblings, &c., &c.?" "All History, know the fact or not, is an articulate Bible, and in a dim intricate manner reveals the Divine appearances in this lower world; for God did make this world, and does for ever govern it; the loud roaring loom of Time, with all its French Revolutions or Jewish Revelations, weaves the vesture thou seest Him by. There is no biography of a man, much less any history or biography of a nation, but wraps in it a message out of heaven addressed to the hearing ear, or the not hearing; what this universe is, what the laws of God are, the life of every man will a little teach it you, the life of all men and of all things, only this could wholly teach it you, and you are to be open to learn." Such is Carlyle's estimate of History as God's ever-renewed Bible.

Thus, for instance, again to individualise in history and to select instances from our own national story, how would Carlyle or the great Hebrew historians and prophets read some such circumstances as we know, the great crucial instance, for example, of the appalling probability of the invasion of our nation by the most populous nation of Europe in that day, Spain,

a country of thirty-six millions of people, the wealthiest and the best equipped it seemed for all its diabolical purpose of exaction and persecution.

There is very much in that projected invasion which reminds us of the invasion of Israel by Sisera, and many of the words of that glorious song of Deborah might well befit our case. It is quite wonderful what a propensity there has been in tyrants from time immemorial to reckon their chickens before they were hatched ; as the mother of Sisera sang, " Have they not sped ? have they not divided the prey, to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of divers colours of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil ? " We wonder how a Hebrew would have chanted the story of those much-misguided asses, the captains and chief governors of that most imperial ass that ever was, Philip II., who had prepared his Armada as a gorgeous flotilla, for a very festival of conquest ; fitting out his large fleet with soldiers and inquisitors, who were to murder and to havoc the streets of London, and make the sack of Antwerp pale. Alas ! they calculated badly. London was all before their anxious eyes. There was velvet, and gold, and baggage for the triumph, lights and torches for the illumination, *when* London should

be sacked. Every captain had received some gift from the prince to make him brave, and lances so gorgeous—'twas a preparation for a triumph, not for a war. And then came *that* night, and the sob of the storm, and the drip of the mysterious oars, and the devil-ships of Gianibelli, and the flame, and the mist and the tempest, and so—but we know the rest; only, what would an Israelite have said over such a victory? "*Thou* breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind."

✓ These are the things in a nation's history which make a people look up. These are the foundations of national pride and exultation.

A like event to that of the Armada happened during the administration of Pitt. To his administration we owe the defeat, under God, of the designs of Napoleon. Our history has incidents as glowing and marvellous, but have we the heart of the ancient Hebrew to recite the story? Why, it is in the memory of men living now, and here, how Napoleon I. spread his mighty camp along the heights of Boulogne, where 100,000 men waited for the moment when, beneath the leadership of the First Consul, they were to spring on England. Those preparations were vast, and 50,000 men spread along the coast from Brest to Antwerp. "Let us be masters of the Channel," said Napoleon, "for six hours, and we are masters of the world." Also the master of the

French Mint received orders to strike a medal commemorating the conquest, and although the die had to be broken, there were three copies taken. Two are in France and one in England—the Emperor crowned with laurel, and the inscription in French, “London taken, 1804.” But there was one “sitting in the heavens who laughed”—the Lord had them in derision. “He spoke unto them in His wrath, and vexed them in His sore displeasure,” for, alas! alas! Admiral La Touche Treville, having received orders to put to sea, he alone knowing the destiny of the Fleet, fell sick, poor man, and died just then ; and there was no head to direct, and no hand to strike, and the thing had to be postponed. But Napoleon, Emperor Napoleon, did not give up. In 1805 he was waiting still in Boulogne ! London was not taken, to be sure, in 1804, but it might be in 1805. He climbed the heights again and again, and waited for the junction of the fleets ; but he strained his eyes in vain. His admirals blundered, and so that fleet which was to have taken London, while Napoleon supposed it hastening to Brest, was flying to Cadiz, there to meet with Nelson at Trafalgar ; and so, in fact, London was not taken. But what would an ancient Hebrew have said ? He would have said, “As we have *heard*, so have we *seen*.” “God is known in her palaces for a refuge. For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together. They saw it,

and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away." "We have thought of Thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy Temple." He would have sung as Deborah sang, "So let all Thy enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love *Him* be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Such instances can scarcely be deemed irrelevant as tending to illustrate the truth of our author's doctrine that there is a law running through national story, and that if righteousness exalteth a nation, a fearful and avenging Nemesis follows wrong-doing and injustice, and an inevitable and infallible judgment-day. It has been said indeed that Carlyle never loses sight of the individual, and this is true; but on the other hand, he never loses sight of the universal, the stream of tendency. He contradicts entirely the charge that he is forgetful of the race; some may indeed urge it against him, that he too thoroughly seems to bestride the Hegelian *begriff*, or idea. But again the thoughtful reader will perceive how incalculably important to him is the personal, the individual; even the slightest and most insignificant circumstance has its weight, and is not lost like a grain of sand in the desert, like a wave in the vast sea; although at times there seems to rise from his lips, his soul overawed by the vastness and immensity around him, the cry of the Breton

mariner, "My God, protect me ! my bark is so small, and the ocean is so vast !"

Carlyle's doctrine being true then, that History is the Bible of Humanity,—God's revelation perpetually renewed from age to age,—the most sacred and sacramental work in literature may be said to be that of the historian ; if the historian has power to see extensively, and to set down what he is able to see, he becomes the vindicator of the Divine idea in the course of events, and the Divine presence in the government of them and of the globe. This makes Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," and his "Cromwell," to read more like the stories of Genesis, of Joshua and the Judges, of the Kings and the Chronicles of the Bible, than any other Histories we know ; are not most other Histories dilettantic, elegant narratives, which we read, charmed by a certain flexibility of style rather than awed by the march of law ? Of course there will be multitudes to say he ought not to have written like this : that is a question which has to be decided by the measure of belief in the principle we have just laid down—that History is the Bible of man. Compare Carlyle with Gibbon, or with Hume.

Never did historian spread so magnificent a canvas as Gibbon. He chose, not merely the greatest moment—he chose the greatest hours of the whole world's drama ;—he chose to paint the ancient civili-

sation in its last gasp, in its expiring struggles. He chose to paint that strong and hoary despotism of the ancient world, with all its Oriental splendours and its European barbarisms around it. He called to his canvas, with more or less distinctness, the awful shades of the Cæsars. Obedient to his call, the forest hordes came thronging on their desolating way. He heard the crash of that astounding Empire, which bound in one all the crimes and all the glories of the ancient world. As in a great dissolving view, he beheld the Coliseum of Rome pass, and yield to the spectacle of a Cross, and one on it like to the Son of God. He saw the ancient peoples expire, and yield to the new races. He saw the new race, as it rushed across the canvas, the apostle of a new faith;—and he saw no *law* in all this. We may venture to speak of that great performance of Gibbon's—which is, for composition, for grouping, for era and event, perhaps the finest history our world's literature has known—as like the great image in the Apocalypse of Daniel, where the gold, and the iron, and the brass, and the clay are mingled in the strange confusion of great meanness, and great magnificence.

Hence, we have no patience with Gibbon. We have always felt that the peculiar kind of poison, which is his great literary ware, may be conveyed with peculiar stealth in historical composition. An

inuendo may be made to look so like a fact. The poison of Gibbon is conveyed in homœopathic quantities, perpetually repeated ; and, as has been remarked, reminds us of those Italian proficients in the art of toxicology, who conveyed death, in minutest portions, in a gorgeous ring or a glowing rose. It was a severe, but a just criticism of Professor Porson's on this great writer, that—"His humanity never slumbers unless when women are to be ravished, or Christians to be persecuted." It is sad to see Christian clergymen, like Dr. Robertson and Joseph Warton, patting Gibbon on the back, thanking him for his volumes, and never taking exception to the pages in which "he saps a sacred truth with solemn sneer"—in which he seeks to cast a shadow over the martyr's crown, and to apologise for the barbarities of the Roman Emperor. His account of the death of Cyprian extorts from us a grim kind of laughter, so kindly does he linger over the mercies of the executioner, and forget the agonies of the martyr. True, the Bishop was banished ; "but"—says Gibbon—"to a very pleasant and fertile country." He was sentenced to death, "*but* he was not conveyed to prison, but to a private house, and an elegant supper prepared for him." Sentence was pronounced ; "but it was a mild death, only beheading, and he was most graciously spared the torture." Isaak Walton exhorts the angler, when fishing with

a frog, to put his hook through the mouth, and out at the gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, to sew on the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of the hook ; and, in so doing, to use him as though he loved him. Such was the humanity and such the charity of Gibbon.*

Whenever we think of Gibbon and his pertinacious hatred to Christianity, and his incessant sparrow-shot of inuendo and sarcasm, we think of the happy appropriation to him, by some writer, we forget whom, of a famous passage in Peter Plymley, intended to annoy George Canning—"Pompey was killed by a slave, Goliath smitten by a stripling, Pyrrhus died by the hand of a woman ; tremble, thou great Gaul, from whose head an armed Minerva leaps forth in the hour of danger ; tremble, thou scourge of God ; a pleasant man is come out against thee ; and thou shall be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shall be no more."

We are compelled to say we have as little patience with Hume as with Gibbon. If we did not know that, in reading a book, we can only see what our moral nature permits us to see, we should charge Hume with deliberate perversions and falsifications. Professor Smyth, of Cambridge, has distinctly made

* See an admirable article on Gibbon in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxii. p. 378.

out such cases against him ; and we must further direct the reader to a very elaborate article in the *Quarterly Review*.* Hume is our national historian, but he is the Belial advocate of infidelity. All religion, with him, is superstition and fanaticism. He constantly aims to suppress all belief in belief as a motive to action. It has been truly and wittily said—"He bombards St. Peter's, but his shells always glance off on St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, but it pins Archbishop Sumner to the wall ; and the filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly."† Belief in special Providence is, with Hume, a gross absurdity. And he estimates merit or demerit, in any institution, or individual, exactly in proportion to the presence or absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity.

But we detain our readers with these remarks, briefly to say, that the grand defect of these writers is this, they did not perceive Christianity to be an element in the history of the world. Now, Christianity to us, on the contrary, gives the law of history. It is the unifying element of the drama of the globe. All is confusion without it ; whether we walk with Gibbon through the streets of ancient cities, and mark the plague of which they died ; or whether, with Hume, through the cities of Britain, through the

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii.

† Ibid.

middle ages, and mark how they rose to power, to order, and to grace. It is Christianity which unriddles the mystery of the earth, and explains its enigma. And we must hold him to be a defective historian who does not perceive this working element of power. And is it not remarkable that Gibbon bursts into enthusiasm for Julian who attempted to restore Paganism, but has no word of homage for Jesus "the Galilean," whom Julian bitterly acknowledged his conqueror?

Contrast, then, with such historians as these, Carlyle. The prophetic character of the man comes vividly out; nothing sets him more apart from and above, either the greater number of past or of contemporary historians, than his solemn sense of the mystery and wonder of human life, and his insight into human character; the mystery of the universe is ever present to him, and with it, as the infinitely great, his sense of the power often even of the most insignificant individual; he has always been faithful to the spirit of certain noble words he utters in one of his Essays, showing the innocence of ignorance to be relative.

"The simple husbandman can till his field, and by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with fit grain, though the deep rocks and central 'fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces between Aries and Lybra; nevertheless it ripens for him in due season, and he

gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman he is blameless in disregarding those higher wonders, but as a thinker, and faithful inquirer into nature, he were wrong;" so likewise is it with the historian. And here in Society, as well as in the vast zodiac of the heavens, there operates the Divine Law, and the Law of History is the Holiness of God, faithfulness to it is prosperity, and unfaithfulness surely is misery. History is the record of the disturbing forces which break up the monotony and commonplace of human affairs; the disturbing forces of genius, of folly, of enterprise. Very wonderful is it that man possesses the power to disturb the arrangements of Society; the rise of a Hildebrand, a Luther, a Napoleon—who can calculate or forecast the horoscope of those strange births of time? Who can forecast the horoscope of the hordes of the North, whose wondrous pathway is described with so epic a pen by Thierry? Charles Kingsley delivered a lecture before his class as Professor of History, in Cambridge, "On the Limits of Exact Science as Applied to History." Without a doubt, a reader will see in History the plain operation of certain laws, but he will certainly see how the Invisible rules all, how obviously all the hinges and springs of moral movement have their relation to "things not seen" as yet nor intended to be seen; and Mr.

Kingsley says, "History obeys, and always has obeyed, in the long run certain laws, but *those laws assert themselves and are to be discovered, not in things, but in persons, in the action of human beings.*" How then can we adapt to this field of observation and research the terms of the inferior worlds of natural philosophy and science? History is greater than mechanics, greater than mathematics; the forces of human souls are mightier in their energies than the dynamics of matter, the hydraulics or the hydrologies of the universe; the progress of human souls cannot be submitted to the arithmetical formulary as the pathway of a planet or the pulsation of a tide. We know the kind of force which might disturb a planet in its progress, and we know the kind of force which might disturb the moral balance of a nation, or a world, and we speak of both as acting beneath the operation of certain laws; but there is a remarkable difference, just the difference there is between the madness, or the sublimity of love, and the force of a projectile.

Historic writing is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most dignified occupations of the human mind. It needs all the qualities of genius, yet nothing is more certain than that more than genius is needed for the historian. The love of books; the patience of plodding research; the reso-

lute burrowing among the driest earths and most worthless accumulation of rubbish and chaff; the acquaintance, as a matter of course, with many languages; the power to strike through, and seize the weakest and strongest points of an event, an incident, a character; the power to grasp the outlines of many facts, to see as well their hidden meaning, and to group them so that there they lose their prosaic character, and are bodied forth in the light of graphic description, until it is difficult to discriminate the historian from the poet,—and yet, in the midst of all, to preserve the historian essentially and entirely distinct from the poet; to know precisely the relation the infinitely small in human affairs should bear to the almost infinitely large, and to keep the eye constantly fixed not only on the throne, and the throne-room, but on the back-stairs leading to the throne-room; to trace in human manners and customs the shifting web-work of human thought, and thus to be, not only little less than a poet of the highest wing, but little less than a metaphysician of the deepest and shrewdest comprehension;—making the pages, not only to flame with the hues of reality, but bringing into clear and unmistaken light the secret sophistries as well as the open sins of the human heart.

Hard, indeed, is the task of the historian; and few,

very few, are the books we can truly call histories. The truth is, we have been in the habit of honouring many of the *materials* of history with that more general and honoured name. An antiquary is not a historian ; a fact-collector is not a historian ; nor is the poetic dreamer over facts or dates a historian. Colours and canvas will not make an artist. A grouping of dead materials in the most proper, but dead nomenclature—this is not history. History is that humanising power, which, like a camera obscura, takes up, and causes to pass before the eye, the things, the events, with all their colours, all their hues, with all things cohering together in their proper proportions ; it is the drama on a large scale. History is the drama of ages ; it ought to contain all that the drama contains. The historian should use all men, and all things, from the song of the ballad-singer in the street to the whisper of the minister of state in the council chamber. An old coin, or an old sabre, or an old coat in the room of an antiquary, or the faded portrait in the old ancestral gallery, obsolete customs and usages in retired villages, or the tariff and the scale of custom rates and charges, the architecture of the nobleman's palace, the worshipper's temple, or the peasant's hut, all are the materials of history. To the historian, the roar of the mob, to whom the mayor is about to read the Riot Act, is as important as the roll of

cannon, and the blasts of trumpets on the distant field of battle. Attentively he notes the costumes of the times of old—as interesting to him as the autograph despatch of the sovereign of the times. He will not lose sight of the story of the population in such terms as Feudalism and Chivalry, but will determine to know how the people, as well as their masters, lived, what they did, what they refused to do ; the colour and quality of their bread, and the state of the highway, will be to him matters of grave and momentous concern.

But these may be denominated the outer vesture and material of history. It is clear that a historian is not a mere dealer in the marine stores of nations. There is in all a moral purpose controlling the material aids. Dr. Arnold has defined one of the chief qualities of the historian to be, activity for truth and impatience of error. To present an age or a people as they were, this is the object of the historian. One would almost go the length of saying, that the historian should have no favourites—no heroes. He should be like the dramatist, in the distance he maintains towards personages and events. He is not to be the apologist, or he ceases to be the historian. He is not to be the partisan, or he ceases to be the historian. If he *too* prominently leads a hero on the field or on the page, he sinks his character, and from the historian becomes only the epic poet. In the world

of actual life, it may be doubted if there be at any one time, any man who overrides and eclipses *all* other men. It is the historian's duty to show us how events linked themselves together, and grew out of each other. How the evil deed contained the evil seed. How the evil seed contained the evil fruit. How crime and fashion used its black crape and varnish, and vice its rouge. How the principles of public happiness were planted ; how they matured and grew. How books were columns of light, or of cloud. How men were boons and blessings, or festering curses on the nation's heart. He must show all this, not by philosophising or expounding, but by narrating ; he must place the stream of events in their own light, and make deeds, events, and men their own expositors.

We cannot but feel that Mr. Carlyle realises and fulfils these attributes of the historic character eminently in his story of the French Revolution.

And here we may remark that Carlyle, who has in his works said something of most things, has given a very concise little reply to the Herr Strauss and his myth theories of history. "To get beautiful allegories, a perfect poetic symbol, was not the want of men ; but to know what they were to believe about this universe, what course they were to steer in it ; what in this mysterious life of theirs they had to hope and fear, to do and forbear doing. The

‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ is an allegory and a beautiful, just, and serious one : but consider whether Bunyan’s allegory could have *preceded* the Faith it symbolises ! the Faith had to be already there standing believed by everybody ;—of which the Allegory could then become a shadow ; and with all its seriousness we may say a *sportful* shadow, a mere play of the Fancy, in comparison with that awful Fact and scientific certainty which it poetically strives to emblem. The Allegory is the product of the certainty, not the producer of it. Not in Bunyan’s, nor in any other case.”

Nor is it quite out of place to cite here his fine and free version of the myth of Thor as an illustration of the genuine myth allegory in contrast with real history :—

THE STORY OF THE EXPEDITION OF THOR.

“One of Thor’s expeditions to Utgard (the *outer* garden, central seat of Jötun-land) is remarkable in this respect. Thialfi was with him and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land ; wandered over plains, wide uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house ; and as the door, which, indeed, formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation—one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there. Suddenly in the dead of

the night loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer, stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall. They found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle ; for, lo, in the morning it turned out that the noise had been only the *snoring* of a certain enormous but peaceable Giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by ; and this that they took for a house was merely his *glove*, thrown aside there. The door was the glove-wrist ; the little closet they had fled into was the thumb ! Such a glove ! I remark, too, that it had no fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided—a most ancient, rustic glove !

“ Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day ; Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir ; determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the Giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The Giant merely awoke, rubbed his cheek, and said, ‘ Did a leaf fall ? ’ Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept ; a better blow than before ; but the Giant only murmured, ‘ Was that a grain of sand ? ’ Thor's third stroke was with both his hands (the ‘ knuckles white,’ I suppose), and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage ; but he merely checked his snore, and re-

marked, 'There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think ; what is it they have dropt ?' At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to 'strain your neck, bending back to see the top of it,' Skrymir went his ways. Thor and his companions were admitted ; invited to share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a Drinking-horn. It was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank, but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him. Could he lift that Cat he saw there ? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not ; he bent up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. 'Why, you are no man,' said the Utgard people. 'There is an Old Woman that will wrestle you !' Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard old woman, but could not throw her.

"And now on their quitting Utgard, the chief Jötun, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor, 'You are beaten, then ? yet be not so much ashamed—there was deception of appearance in it. That Horn you tried to drink was the *Sea* ; you did make it ebb ; but who can drink that, the bottomless ! The Cat you would have lifted, why that is the *Midgard-snake*, the Great World-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world ;

had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin. As for the Old Woman, she was *Time*, Old Age, Duration—with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck—look at these *three valleys*; your three strokes made these!’ Thor looked at his attendant Jötun: it was Skrymir;—it was, say Norse critics, the old chaotic rocky *Earth* in person, and that glove-house was some earth-cavern! But Skrymir had vanished. Utgard, with its sky-high gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the Giant’s voice was heard mocking, ‘Better come no more to Jötunheim!’” *

* Carlyle has in this Expedition of Thor and in other illustrations of the Myth, quite freely, and yet almost literally, rendered from the wonderful pages and pictures of the *Edda*.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WE have often thought of a remarkable conversation of Bishop Butler, the immortal author of the "Analogy," with his eminent chaplain, Dr. Tucker, who has also recorded it for us in his life. Tucker says:—"The Bishop had a very singular notion respecting large communities and public bodies. His custom was to walk, when in Bristol, for hours in the garden in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford; and I," says the Dean, "had frequently the honour to attend him. Thus once and again, after walking for some time, he would suddenly stop and ask the question, 'What security is there against insanity of individuals? The physicians know of none, and as to divines, we have no data either from Scripture or from reason to go upon relative to this affair.' 'True, my lord, no man has a lease of his understanding any more than of his life; they are both in the hands of the sovereign disposer of all things.' He would then take another turn and again stop short. 'Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals?' 'My

lord, I have never considered the case, and can give no opinion concerning it.' 'Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity equally at least with private persons, can account for the major part of those transactions of which we read in history.' I thought little," adds the Dean, "of this odd conceit of the Bishop at that juncture ; but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases."

This conversation took place in 1748, upwards of a century since. What if the Dean and Bishop had been walking through Bristol in 1831, or—when the French Revolution was at its highest? Truly madness: and Carlyle would at once coincide with the Bishop and his idea of epidemic insanity—the madness of the multitude ; but Carlyle, through all his works, maintains that our only salvation from this is the grace of God. "Oh, it is frightful!" he exclaims, "when a whole nation, as our forefathers used to say, has forgotten God." "Then," continues he, "you advance incessantly towards the land's end ; you are literally 'consuming the way,' step after step, you twenty-seven millions of unconscious men, till you are *at* the land's end ; till there is not faithfulness enough among you any more ; and the next step now is lifted *not* over land, but into air : over ocean deeps and roaring abysses, unless, perhaps, the law of gravitation have forgotten to act? Not one false man but does,

uncountable mischief; how much in a generation or two will twenty-seven millions, mostly false, manage to accumulate? The sum of it visible in every street, market-place, senate-house, circulating library, cathedral, cotton-mill, and union workhouse, fills one *not* with a *comic* feeling."

But referring to the words of several regarded as able Editors and Reviewers, this would seem to be precisely the impression conveyed to their sensibilities. Certainly in the minds of some writers in the *Times*, the *Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, &c., &c., the words of Carlyle appear to have produced only a *comic* feeling.

For the present age it seems that it is one great duty of its teachers and thinkers and statesmen attentively to study the writings of Thomas Carlyle. It is true that he discusses with a vigour, and clearness, and breadth, beyond any other writer, the social and individual problems of his times. We would endorse the general opinion of him as a poetic thinker expressed by Peter Bayne:—"The rhythmic cadence in many passages of Mr. Carlyle's works, and still more the original melody and pure gleams of colour in his few early poems, sufficed to prove that he possessed this natural gift. Had he duly cultivated it, he would have been the greatest poet since Milton. With a faculty of expression on a level with that of Shelley or Tennyson, a more vigorous intellectual structure than the

former, and a broader and more active sympathy with life than the latter, he would have done things in the poetry of real life, in the epic or dramatic province, of a kind which has not been exemplified since the historical dramas of Shakespeare. The false philosophy (?) and the false theology (?) which have spread contagion throughout his prose, would thus have been deprived of half their perilous influence. As it is, it will not be thought extravagant to define his 'History of the French Revolution' as the greatest imaginative work of a narrative kind produced in the present century. So Homer would have written, had Homer written prose. Carlyle's language is uniformly that of the poetic inventor; not gleaned from classic authors or standard dictionaries, but elaborated as the great painter mixes colours to bring out his peculiar tints; and no writers, except Homer and Shakespeare, have been able to put so much into a single stroke as Carlyle."

Another critic, of quite another order—a Mr. McNicholl—denies indeed to our writer the faculty of imagination, and thinks more highly of Washington Irving, and his "History of New York," than of either "Sartor Resartus," or the "French Revolution," a delectable imagination, which we leave all to profit by who are able. All Mr. Carlyle's social lessons have a relation to the "History." It has been remarked, that as in "Sartor Resartus," our writer ex-

pounded the errors and anomalies of individual life, so in the "French Revolution" he has expounded the errors of the social; he has done this not less in those volumes than in the "Latter Day Pamphlets;" the sins which great nations have committed, are the sins which a great nation may commit. And while multitudes of the thoughtless of society only mention that book to deride it, the writer evidently thought not of France and its past alone, but of another nation still nearer home:—"This, then, is the abomination of desolation, come suddenly, though long foreshadowed as inevitable! *For to the blind all things are sudden.*" It is in this way the unhappy and troublesome prophet says to us "Beware."

And how have *you* read that wondrous book, the "French Revolution," the most Homeric book since Homer? the only Historic Epic of our own or any literature. If not, then which is, and what age produced it? If our world should last another thousand years, then, too, may this assuredly be regarded as the Iliad of our time, even as that "French Revolution" is our Siege of Troy, in the interest it has created among the nations. And what was the Siege of Troy compared with that greatest fact of modern history; what more than the story of the wreck of a poor fishing boat recited with the pomp of the story of Salamis or of the Battle of Trafalgar? We cannot well help laughing at our much esteemed and very dull

brothers, who object to us that the book is by no means a proper history! It is the best history a man in earnest was able to write. Unfortunately for the artistic fame of our friend, he had not the cold, severe, nonchalant elegance of Gibbon, or of Robertson, or of Hume. Unfortunately, he was obliged to *feel* all the scenery as he described it. It was not merely the clever, and exact, and very beautiful arrangement of a note-book. No! it so happened, that nearly in his day the Vesuvius of Democracy—that strange birth of modern days—burst forth in overwhelming fire. He saw, attentively noting, the spouting columns of hissing lava pouring over one devoted nation, and he saw in it a Divine judgment and wrath, and human doom for human sin, and he tells the tale like a man inspired to tell it; and he tells the tale so that in the mere reading there is such a drain upon our nervous energy, that we even feel ourselves weaker, perceptibly, after those appalling realisations. That you are comparatively unable to read it is little to the purpose. Are you able to read with pleasure the “Iliad,” the “Paradise Lost,” nay, even the “Heimskringla,” for this book is to be compared and tried by the side of these? Criticism upon it is like criticism upon Homer or Shakespeare; *criticism*, but criticism as unnecessary as upon some magnificent and overflowing forces of nature. Say what you will, the forces are there. It is like the

carving a name upon an Andes ; the little chipping deforms, or lacerates, it may be an inch, but leaves the whole pile colossal and majestic. Do we not even thrill and shiver at that weird Prolegomena—the deathbed of Louis XV., “the unforgotten,” while the chapel organs keep going, and the shrine of St. Genevieve is let down and pulled up again without effect, and heaving bellows blow, and the heaven blackens, and the battering rain-torrents dash with thunder, and the electric fire-flashes make the very flambeaux on the altar turn pale, and the false sorceress, Du Barry, vanishes—an unclean thing, a bird of night—forward “through lowest subterranean depths and over highest sunlit heights of harlotdom and rascaldom to the guillotine-axe, which shears away thy vainly-whimpering head ! Rest there uncursed ; only buried and abolished ; what else befitted thee ? How the shadows of the coming Revolution are defined in the early pages of this weird book, like the shadows of still trees, which are frequently seen more distinct and still as the night and the storm approach. The age of gold, when vice loses all its deformity, becoming decent, a sweet kind of virtue, and men get rid of the idea of death by victorious analysis, as they had already got rid of the idea of the devil, so that we shall be happy in spite of death and the devil. And the wretched, wretched people, amidst dearth and scarcity, and starvation, presenting their petition

to the King at his palace gates, and receiving for answer, "two of their number hanged on a gallows forty feet high," and the rest driven back to their den for a time. And so the whole nation, with its amusements and philosophies, is beneath a cloud vapour with rainbows painted on it beautiful to see, and to sail towards; which also hovers over Niagara Falls. There is then constantly illustrated in this book, that wherever huge physical evil is, there, as the parent and origin of it, has moral evil to a proportionate extent been, and so, "dance on, ye foolish ones; ye and your fathers have sown the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind; was it not from of old written, '*The wages of sin is death*'?" Yes, the revolution will come. How? Through what crevice will the main explosion carry itself? through which of the old craters or chimneys; or must it at once form a new crater for itself?" "Singular indeed how long the rotten will hold together, provided you do not handle it too roughly." "With a Fortunatus purse in its pocket, through what length of time might not almost any falsehood last?" "But all honour to Bankruptcy; ever righteous on the great scale, though in detail it is so cruel; under all falsehoods it works, unweariedly, undermining. No falsehood, did it rise heaven high and cover the world, but bankruptcy will one day sweep it down, and make us free of it." "Yes, for in the dens of

France lurk the twin brothers Oppression and Revenge. Poor Lackalls, betoiled, besoiled, encrusted in dim defacement, to whom, nevertheless the breath of the Almighty has given a living soul, and beneath whose hungry manhood sin has created a power of *mad* manhood, as indeed the *capacity* of madness lurks in the darker shell of every human soul."

Vain, quite vain, and needless to attempt to recite the story of that awful revolution as he has told it—a fearful book—written, if ever a book was written, to show that God always pays His debts; that He "comes with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands." We know we must bear the scoffing of many Christian folk, but we must bear it, while we say, to us it is inconceivable how the man who has written this book can be charged with irreligious tendencies, with infidelity, and the teachings of falsehood. Who wrote the books of Samuel and of the Kings? Let us know, that we may charge on those authors the teachings of infidelity too. What then, is it infidelity to proclaim that "the Lord God is one Lord"? That the "righteous Lord loveth righteousness"? "That if the fathers eat sour grapes the children's teeth will be set on edge"? We do not know in our language so truly Hebrew a book, and it reads lessons from the Hebrew side of religion to which it seems very desirable to refer in these days.

It makes the soul sad to hear this book denounced, for to denounce it surely is to show sympathy with the very sins it denounces. But the prophet is not only without honour in his own country, he is without honour in his own age. Does the reader think that Ezekiel, or Nahum, or Isaiah received compliments while they hurled their woes in thunder over the idolatrous kingdom, and in an age like ours, when hollowness, and scheming, and cant, and British Bank directors, &c., &c., go wandering and prowling like ghosts and unclean night-birds to and fro through society, how is it likely that the book of warning prophecy will be received which points to the other "*Astrea redux*," and to its awful close? But how shall we describe, if the reader has not read, or perhaps awaken within him, if, uncomprehending, he has read this wondrous book, where profoundest truth, where the very gospel of society, where the only truth which makes society possible are taught, but, as in that instance, they only could be taught, by the flashing light of the hell fires; with proverbs, and learning, and such eloquence as rarely stirs the soul; such graphic strength seamed with the lines of vehement earnestness and passion?

What a study of men for those who will read the book! How graphic the terrible reality of these actors—"Dog-leech *Marat*;" "the sea-green incorruptible *Robespierre*;" "*Mirabeau*, the man who

tramples on formulas ;" "No weakness *Danton* ;" "Sir Charles Grandison Cromwell *Lafayette* ;" "*Orleans*, pert, scald-headed crow," how they move before us. The French Revolution of Carlyle is a fine study of what the human heart is capable ; one sees it all, long even before the tocsin of revolution sounds. How admirable that character of its government ; that it is "government by blind man's buff !" beautiful kingdom of *kittenhood*, that shall soon develop itself into *cat*hood, and in due time to *tiger*hood, for, alas, the tiger lives in every one of us, tame or untame ; and in this book the men who move to and fro so adroitly, deftly, gracefully, gliding, easy forms, soon, before our eyes, transform themselves into bloodthirsty beasts, springing from their lair and bursting their cage, and ramping to and fro among mankind in *sentimental* courtesy and *wild* savagery. For now, as in John Bunyan's manner, the family of Mr. Wet Eyes is related to Giant Bloodyman. Read you ever, for instance, anything like that of the storming of the Bastille, at which how wildly all Europe hurraed and clapped its hands ? Alas, for the nation where there is a Bastille to destroy, and alas for the people, too, to whom it is given to be able to destroy it ; be sure if they are able to do *that* they will not be content with doing *that*, for the taking of the Bastille is not merely the taking of a Newgate, or a Tower of London, even.

It is the taking the hereditary towers, and archives, and depositaries of the tyrannies, and cruelties, and frauds of ages; there is more than a *Star Chamber* there; there is more there than we ever knew of in England. By what happy mysterious Providence is it that we never in England knew the wrong which burnt its deep damnation into the soil of France—throne, city, field, and prison? It is in such scenes as the storming of the Bastille that all the wizardry and the magic of Carlyle's style, so graphic, so dramatic in its grandeur, appears. What a Paris was that he has taken upon him to describe to us, and in what images when he tells us that "insurrectionary chaos lies slumbering at night all round the palace, like ocean round a diving-bell, no crevice yet disclosing itself;" or that other night when, before the storming of the Bastille, the whole streets were illuminated by order, "like some naphtha-lighted city of the dead, with here and there a flight of perturbed ghosts." What pictures are these!

Yes, in all things the French Revolution was the breaking forth of *madness*, from the day of the procession of Versailles, through all the dreary horrors of it, the baptism day of Democracy. "The Sabbath shall cease, and instead of a Christian Sabbath and feast of Guinguette tabernacles, shall come a sorcerer's Sabbath; and all Paris, gone rabid, shall dance—with the fiend for piper."

Thus the history is written ; and if history be, as we believe it is, the science of human nature, then is the "French Revolution" a true history, and Mr. Carlyle a true historian. M. Comte, indeed, would disown him, for to him bricks and mortar furnish better documents for the history of mankind ; and Mr. Buckle might disown him, for to him history is but the story of a steam engine, and not of a soul. Ezekiel, in his wondrous vision, saw the wheels and the cherubs ; Mr. Buckle, in the whole history of the world, reads the story of the revolving wheels without the cherub's wing—and this is just the difference between the history of a man and an engine. But this, then, is the artistic defect of it, that it has a purpose. But, indeed, cause and consequence were so very near to each other, that the purpose does not need to be especially magnified ; indeed it will be always true, increase the number and the force of the simultaneously operating causes, and your consequences will the sooner follow. So, then, if there be not only a forgetting of God *very* much, but a public national sacramental denial of Him ; if we shut up our churches and cathedrals, and right solemnly proclaim that *nox* and *chaos* alone rule—that there is in fact no God, we shall fully expect to see some consequences follow *that*. For instance, in the National Hall, we behold Bishop Torné, a constitutional prelate, not of severe morals, demanding that religious

costumes and such caricatures be abolished. Bishop Torné warms, catches fire; finishes by untying and indignantly flinging on the table his own pontifical cross, and the cross is instantly covered by other crosses and insignia, till all are stripped. The spirit in which a man takes off his cross is much, and here it was not merely renouncing the symbol, it was renunciation of the faith of God, of Christ, of Christianity.

We believe, speaking after the manner of man, God has not forgiven France that revolution yet. We believe God will not forgive it yet. September massacres, Meudon tanneries, where skins of men and women were tanned for human gloves, &c.; the slaughter of the Swiss, the public casting of God and all religion forth from the nation—a people capable of this, as it seems to us, must repent in sackcloth and ashes, ere the time of reconciliation can come from God or for man.

We may pause here for a moment to remark how the strength of a great nation grows by the development, side by side, of the two apparently opposite principles of *Permanence* and *Progress*—principles apparently opposite, but really united. And we may regard great statesmen from this centre—as they have aided permanence or progress. In every step an equipoise of these two ought for a nation's health to be maintained. Progress is the law of permanence;

Permanence is the law of progress ; or, rather both are the modifications of one law—even as the root of the oak is related to the wide-spreading branches, the development of all things till they have reached maturity. The welfare of a State depends upon both of these. Beneath these two denominations lie the great parties of our country—parties which must exist in all States where the people rise to majesty and to power ; thus, the so-called Whig and the Tory. The ideal Tory is the Conservative statesman of Permanence ; the ideal Liberal is the expanding statesman of Progress. The one is as necessary to the welfare of a State as the other. All the greatest movements of English statesmanship have been characterised by these two—permanence and progress in combination. It was the curse of the age of Mary that she required permanence without progress—Elizabeth aided both. Burleigh was a great statesman—cautious, wary, slow, but how safe. These prudent statesmen are not enthusiasts ; and the last place in which we could wish to see an enthusiast is in the Cabinet. We should mourn the *necessity* which placed him there, and feel that his presence was most hazardous, and that in his work there he might either plunge the nation down the steep gulf of ruin, or adopt the happy expedient by which she might be advanced from lethargy to freedom and happiness. But

nations need tonics, and a great statesman is not unfrequently a bitter draught. Of course both become the tools of corruption. Despotism is the statesmanship of permanence in a state of disease. There is a story told of a gentleman who returned from India. In company some person mentioned to him the House of Commons. "Ah!" said he, "is that thing going on still?" Despotisms cannot imagine what we want with House of Commons; they do not know how to manage them; they cannot comprehend how they can give any vitality to a State. Despotisms are, consequently, in a state of fear, anxiously agonising, and dreading change, and recoiling from the growing branch among the emasculating leaves of the wide and the crumbling wall. But Democracy is the statesmanship of progress in state of disease. It is power unharnessed and unguided, revolting against incompetency of rule, and wildly and hurriedly rushing forth to the foggy uncertainties and mad plunges of anarchy. They both demand our pity, and they both are neighbours. The collapse of either, by overstraining, produces its opposite, and produces all the evils against which it is a protest.

Hence we have seen the shuddering people huddled beneath the ancient towers of a feudal cruelty; crushed by the falling walls; enfeebled by the thick horrid breath of the black hole of despotism. Then

comes inevitably the reaction from all this ; and we have seen the infuriated people, torch in hand, kindling the rotting pile, the crumbling structure, and darting forth on their way, wild and mad, foaming and frensied, through all the fiery passes of black seething despair ; till the strong armed soldier, born in their own ranks, fronts them with his individual will ; decimates their hosts ; harasses, handcuffs, chains, shoots, and Cayennes them ; while pitying peoples sorrow to behold the work of ages thrown away, and all to begin again. Different indeed is the result where strength is not afraid of growth ; where stability asserts itself by a fearless homage to enlightened opinion, and where the genius of the constitution becomes venerable by the graces of ancestral wisdom, and beautiful by the majesty of youthful vigour.

Such seem to be the principles illustrated by our writer in his story of the French Revolution—his volumes are a code of national principles, as in the following ominous notes which usher in the tragedy.

NATIONAL SPLENDOUR MAY BE NATIONAL
BANKRUPTCY.

“ But with a Fortunatus’ purse in its pocket, through what length of time might not almost any Falsehood last ! Your Society, your Household, practical or spiritual Arrangement, is untrue, unjust, offensive to the eye of God and man. Nevertheless its hearth is

warm, its larder well replenished : the innumerable Swiss of Heaven, with a kind of natural loyalty, gather round it ; will prove, by pamphleteering, musketeering, that it is a truth ; or if not an unmixed (unearthly, impossible) Truth, then better, a wholesomely attempered one (as wind is to the shorn lamb), and works well. Changed outlook, however, when purse and larder grow empty ! Was your Arrangement so true, so accordant to Nature's ways, then how, in the name of wonder, has Nature, with her infinite bounty, come to leave it famishing there ? To all men, to all women and all children, it is now indubitable that your Arrangement was *false*. Honour to Bankruptcy ; ever righteous on the great scale, though in detail it is so cruel ! Under all Falsehoods it works, unweariedly mining. No Falsehood, did it rise heaven-high and cover the world, but Bankruptcy, one day, will sweep it down, and make us free of it."

SOCIETY WITHOUT VIRTUE OR GOD.

"Then how 'sweet' are the manners ; vice 'losing all its deformity;' becoming *decent* (as established things, making regulations for themselves, do) ; becoming almost a kind of 'sweet' virtue ! Intelligence so abounds ; irradiated by wit and the art of conversation. Philosophism sits joyful in her glittering saloons, the dinner-guest of Opulence grows ingenuous,

the very Nobles proud to sit by her ; and preaches, lifted up over all Bastilles, a coming millennium. From far Fernay, Patriarch Voltaire gives sign : veterans Diderot, D'Alembert have lived to see this day ; these with their younger Marmontels, Morellets, Chamforts, Raynals, make glad the spicy board of rich ministering Dowager, of philosophic Farmer-General. O nights and suppers of the gods ! Of a truth, the long-demonstrated will now be done : ' the Age of Revolutions approachès ' (as Jean Jacques wrote), but then of happy blessed ones. Man awakens from his long somnambulism ; chases the Fantasms that beleaguered and bewitched him. Behold the new morning glittering down the eastern steeps ; fly, false Fantasms, from its shafts of light ; let the Absurd fly utterly, forsaking this lower Earth for ever. It is Truth and *Astræa Redux* that (in the shape of Philosophism) henceforth reign. For what imaginable purpose was man made, if not to be ' happy ' ? By victorious Analysis, and Progress of the species, happiness enough now awaits him. Kings can become philosophers ; or else philosophers kings. Let but Society be once rightly constituted,—by victorious Analysis. The stomach that is empty shall be filled ; the throat that is dry shall be wetted with wine. Labour itself shall be all one as rest ; not grievous, but joyous. Wheat-fields, one would think, cannot come to grow untilled ; no man made clayey, or made

weary thereby;—unless indeed machinery will do it? Gratuitous Tailors and Restaurateurs may start up, at fit intervals, one as yet sees not how. But if each will, according to rule of Benevolence, have a care for all, then surely—no one will be uncared for. Nay, who knows but, by sufficiently victorious Analysis, ‘human life may be indefinitely lengthened,’ and men get rid of Death, as they have already done of the Devil? We shall then be happy in spite of Death and the Devil.”

Of course, in his graphic delineations the writer brings out strongly the destiny of a nation incapable to right itself, and a sovereign incapability in the very highest place. The charge most frequently urged against this History is, that it is a piece of Irony; and indeed it is a long, grave piece of serious Irony: but not unfeeling; pitying Irony, like that of Elijah before the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. Few are the instances in which the literary man so identifies himself with his work, so pityingly, so lovingly; and yet mingled with such a bitterness of sorrow for the punishment, so much wise painting of the sin, so much earnest denunciation of the sin.

How that flight of King Louis to Varennes is told—the flight to Varennes! And had he succeeded then too, what a different phase had been given to all the results of the Revolution. Was there ever so

pertinent an illustration of the consequences waiting on incapacity? Louis would escape from Paris, would fly from France, and there are those who will aid him to fly. True, the eyes of the haters of Royalty are on Louis; but there is a Count Fersen who is busy—Is he making love to a certain false chambermaid in the Palace? who can say?—and on a certain Monday night, 20th June, 1791, there waits a glass coach, into which get a thick-set individual in hat and peruke, arm-in-arm with some servant; and then follows a lady in gipsy hat, and two children. Yes! at last, after innumerable wrong turnings and waitings, they have reached the Count Fersen, who drives hurriedly outside sleeping Paris. And now Louis—now king, now man! this is thy time. Queen, wife, children are by thee. But what of that?—there is a nation all round thee; thou art its king: and if thou *art* a king thou canst save thy kingdom. So, on! Hark! midnight is clanging from all the city steeples; time has been lost. But at length the new Berline provided is reached—the Baroness de Korff's Berline! And now they are in the Berline—the Baroness de Korff, the Dame Tourzelle, governess of the royal children, and the two hooded little ones, and the Queen in gipsy hat; Baroness de Korff's waiting-maid, and the individual in round hat and peruke, valet for the time being, and beautiful sister Elizabeth, hooded too, the travelling companion—and so

they go through the wood of Bondy—through the night, on! But why not quicker? Do they not know that suspicions already are afloat in Paris, and at six in the morning the alarm-cannons will fire, Lavayette be examined, and in fact Paris be without a king? But the king is on his way across the borders; or will he reach the borders? He is flying for life, for Royalty— Ah! why could he not go in some old Berline similar to other men; why stickle about a vehicle, a huge heavy leathern vehicle, heavy as a ship, and its mounted body-guard couriers, lumbering along at a snail's pace, noted of all the world? And the body-guard, with yellow liveries, prancing and clattering; and so stoppages, and breakages; and King Louis will dismount, will walk up hills and enjoy the morning,—with eleven horses and double drink-money. See Royalty flying for life, accomplishes sixty-nine miles in twenty-two important hours! Oh, Louis!—oh, foolish king! And in what humour was the Duke of Choiseul, waiting yonder in the village of Pont-de-Sommevelle, some leagues beyond Chalons? There is a chain of military escorts, there;—they have been there ten hours before the time appointed by your Majesty—on, on! those escorts are holding to the end of a thunder-chain; reach them, and you are safe. But even those escorts appointed by your Majesty were all a grim mistake; but certainly if you appointed them to be there it

had been better you also had been there even before them, for every patriot in every village is inquiring, what means this clattering and prancing of soldiery, this lounging of troops, what means it? And time goes on, and the captains are near distraction, and it is equally difficult to keep the soldiers from the dram-shop, or to compel them to parade the streets in expectant duty. Oh, Louis, man! king! proceed!

But look at the figure in the last house of the village of St. Menehould—a choleric, dangerous man; he too shall live a little space in history, although only Jean Baptiste Drouet, master of the post here; but an acrid patriot too, for Drouet has been wondering what all these soldiers mean in our village; and Captain Dandoins saunters too and fro with a face of indifference and a heart of black care. And see, it is at this particular moment, in the ruddy evening light, that lumbering along beneath mountains of band-boxes comes the Berline; and Drouet, who has been to Paris and seen much there, sees that lady in the slouched gipsy-hat; and have I not seen her elsewhere? says he—and this heavy man in round hat and peruke, as he pokes his head out of the window of the Berline from time to time, have I not seen him? Quick, William, bring a new assignat. Yes, it is he!—yes, yes, I see it. Ah! slow as Louis might be, there is no sloth in postmaster Drouet; an adroit old dragoon, he saddles two of the fleetest horses,

slips over to the Town Hall while they are saddling, and soon he and clerk William mount in pursuit to see what can be done. And the soldiers! why, they find themselves to be surrounded by National volunteers; and the discovery takes wind, and the Berline rolls on, and after it Drouet the postmaster. All this comes of mysterious escorts and new Berline with eleven horses. *Is it not true, "he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide"?*

And so the end is that the little village of Varennes is reached at eleven o'clock at night, and all the towns lie behind. And they halt at the hill-top at the south end of the village, expecting the relay, and the relay is all the time waiting, has been waiting for hours, belonging to the Duke of Choiseul, horses standing at hay in the upper village over the bridge. And the horses sleep, and the yellow couriers go sauntering through the sleeping village, and the Berline stands still, and the round hat argues. And now see two horsemen come with jaded trot into the village: it is Drouet and his man William. The moment has come, Louis; what wilt *thou* do? Drouet goes before the Berline to the principal inn, and speaks to Boniface. "Art thou a good Patriot?" "I am!" "Then in that case——" and now rumbles up the Korff Berline, and two national muskets level themselves through the doors—

"Mesdames, your Passports." Alas, the Mayor of the town is there, Procureur Sausse, Tallow-chandler and Grocer. "The travelling party will perhaps rest at the Mayor's to-night, be it the Baroness Korff, or be it nobler persons. And now! Louis! this might have been the moment. King! Man! Go on!" "*I am the King! And who shall dare resist me? What, have I not the right of my subject to travel when I will and where I will? Who will dare be a Regicide and stay me? Stay my dead body you may, me you shall not stay. I am the King! en avant! To me Postilions, Bodyguards.*" Yes, in that case one sees Drouet's under-jaw dropping, the tallow-chandler melting obsequiously away, the relays, the escort's triumphal entry, and the whole course of French History different. But alas! it was not in the poor man to do it! French History would not then have come to have herself decided beneath the little village archway at Varennes. So they walk coolly back to Mayor Sausse's, and mount his upper story. Straightway his Majesty demands refreshments, gets bread and cheese, with a bottle of Burgundy, and remarks that it is the best he ever drank. And the village is indeed all alive, the little adroit municipal rattle-snakes—for the storm-bell rattles and rings—and the eyes glisten as in rattle-snake ire—And the King will go on to Paris to-morrow, taking National Guard with him; which he enters in slow torture procession, say-

ing to sundry officials who crowd around—"Eh, well, here you have me!" It is only his future sufferings that can save such a man from our contempt; this it is *not* to be a King, this it is *not* to be a hero.

We mention this here, because it well illustrates how a man in the wrong place becomes the great Fatality of a nation, and how if Louis the *unheroic* man, by his imbecility, assisted his kingdom to its proclivity, what shall we say of Cromwell, but that he arrested his kingdom when falling, and bore England back and put her on the rock again, and gave her future possibilities in History? As Louis was one of the weakest men France ever produced, so perhaps Cromwell was the strongest England ever knew. And what was represented by his strength,—how much—that great, slovenly, unconscious man? This is, in the main, we think, Carlyle's central Hero! fulfilling indeed the conditions of many others—in the rapt enthusiasm of his vehement moments a Poet, preaching and praying a Priest; but on the battlefield and in the Senate, whom shall we name a King, if not he? And you, my friend, are very angry with him because he killed the Republic, even as our other neighbour is very angry because he killed a king. We will not say he did right to kill the king—"it is a fearful work that at any time of killing a king"; in this case we may believe the king would not have himself saved. Certain it is he was unfit to be a

king. But a Republic!—No king!—what then? No, Cromwell knew better than that; he knew not only that there never had been a Republic, but could not be one. Why should he help to spin cobwebs or hatch rattle-snakes? And he looked through all the shallow sophistry of the classical dreamers who would only found a Republic on the models of Greece, or Italy, or Rome.

And as you have seen how the man *not* a Hero acquits himself at Varennes, let us see how the man who is a Hero will acquit himself at Dunbar. That the Scots sought to impose the Presbytery and young Charles Stuart upon us must be Cromwell's apology for going thither, even as it is Carlyle's for giving the history. In Louis' case the incapable man had all that could minister to his success, while in Cromwell's case the capable man had nothing that could minister to success. And, ah! what was the poor leathern Berline rolling along its way of dusty, dusky destiny, compared with the grand issue there on that peninsula of Dunbar jutting out to the sea? Yes, Cromwell is there; Presbytery and Independency are here then, face to face.

Charles I., like Louis XVI., was a man who could not know the temper of times, or events, or men. At Naseby, as the defeat became certain, he rode forward—"One charge more, gentlemen, in the name

of God !” And very surely you feel there was nothing light, or trifling, or irreverent in the oath. “One charge more.” A Cavalier stepped forward, laid hands on the Monarch’s bridle-rein, and led his horse from the field. “Oh,” says Elliot Warburton, “Oh, had some hand smote the traitor to the earth.” Alas ! if the King could not do it, who could ? Who would have touched Cromwell’s bridle-rein at Dunbar ?

This miserable piece of ground is all that Cromwell holds in Scotland ; behind him lie the tents—in the offing the ships. But yonder, see how *they* hang along the horizon, and the edge of the hill—Leslie’s army of 23,000 ; well may we say, what ~~it~~ is to become of Oliver. As for him, he is indeed “not cast down,” still less is he to be spoken of as “destroyed.” “No,” says he in his letter, “our spirits are comfortable, though our condition be as it is, we have much hope in the Lord, of whose mercy we have had large experience.” Yes, he is there, hemmed in in what Carlyle calls a Dunbar Penfold—and there is a burn or brook—it springs from the Lammermoor yonder, and so runs along to the sea. Ah ! how keenly the eye of the Lord Protector watched every movement, and when the hosts of Leslie yonder “shogged,” as they call it, to the right, descending gradually, “Ah !” said Oliver, “does not that give us the advantage then ?

Now we will not wait for him to begin the attack, we will begin." And so during the night of the 2nd of September, the soldiers stand to their arms—a wild, wet night—2nd of September, the harvest moon wading over head in sleet and hail, through the massive clouds—that night how the hearts of the soldiers were on the tip-toe of expectancy by their camp-fires. It is grand to conceive it. "The English have some tents, the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against the Whinstone Cliff, the tempests are abroad, and there is one who rides on the wings of the wind." And now the moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail clouds, and over St. Abb's Head the dawn is rising. And now the hour is come, and the attack should be, and Oliver is impatient, and the Scots are awake thinking to surprise us. The trumpets peal, breaking night's silence, the cannons thunder along the lines—"The Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts! On, my brave ones, on!" Ah! terrible awakening, ah! terrible charge, what a breaking of the ranks of the horse, of the foot—three thousand killed on the place. The General was heard to say "They run! I declare they run!" And high over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean just then burst the first gleams of the level sun upon us, and Oliver exclaimed in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered." Still

on, to the foot of Doon Hill, and then Oliver halted and raised the Psalm, standing there on the battle-field with all his braves singing about him—"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever!"

Which of these two was king? Now comparing Dunbar with Varennes, can we not understand what it is to have a hero in a nation in a time of large extremity?

Reflections like these bring us to that other subject so famous in the hands of Mr. Carlyle—Heroes and Hero Worship. We shall speak of this by-and-bye, only here we may note, as Mr. Carlyle teaches us, that as Christians we may feel thankful that we have no need to be at a loss for a standard of heroism, and to that standard our writer would bow his head as highest. "The greatest of all heroes is One," says he in his Lectures on Hero Worship, "whom we do not name here! let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter." In such a sacred silence as we believe Mr. Carlyle feels when our Lord is named, we meditate and blend together all the forms of heroism and magnanimity which can crown our nature, Prophet, Priest, King. As we in some awful old palace walk through the aisles where the marble figures repose in their stony and sepulchral stillness, some leaning on their swords, some sitting on their thrones, some bearing the scroll, some the torch, some

arrayed in the vestments of the judge and legislator, others bearing the crown of the prince, till we reach the throne-room, when the present majesty awes us more than the dead marble; so also is it with us here; we are not left alone to the stories and hatchments and deeds of the dead, but we know it that we have the Almighty presence of what once condescended to fold itself in human strength, and we test by Him not only our own approach to the noble, but by Him too the standard of the heroic forms we admire.

And as illustrating the same spirit of that infinitely holy life of our Lord, and showing the worship of His infinite sorrow, the most sustaining fact in the moral and spiritual history of mankind, we may refer to the fine pathetic picture of—

MARIE ANTOINETTE ON HER WAY TO EXECUTION.

“Oh, is there a man’s heart that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy — of thy birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville’s judgment-bar was but the merciful end? Look, *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang

drooping, the face is stony pale as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the world. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, was to stop ; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their trumpet-yell ! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang ; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is, then, *no* heart to say, God pity thee ? Oh, think not of these ; think of HIM whom thou worshipping, the Crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper, and triumphed over it, and made it holy, and built of it a ‘Sanctuary of Sorrow,’ for thee and all the wretched ! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block, the axe rushes—Dumb lies the World, the wild-yelling World, and all its madness is behind thee.

“ Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low ! Rest yet in thy innocent gracefully heedless seclusion, unintruded on by *me*, while rude hands have not yet desecrated it. Be the curtains that shroud in (if for the last time on this earth) a Royal Life, still sacred to

me. *Thy* fault in the French Revolution was that thou wert the Symbol of the sin and misery of a thousand years ; that with St. Bartholomews and Jacqueries, with Gabelles and Dragonades, and *Parcs-aux-cerfs*, the heart of mankind was filled full, and foamed over into all-involving madness. To no Napoleon, to no Cromwell wert thou wedded : such sit not in the highest rank of themselves, are raised on high by the shaking and confounding of all the ranks ! As poor peasants, how happy, worthy had ye two been ! But by evil destiny ye were made a King and Queen ~~of~~ ; and so both once more are become an astonishment and a by-word to all times."

And contrast with this the contemptuous notice of the

DEATH-BED OF LOUIS XV.

"Meanwhile Louis the Well-beloved has left for ever his *Parc-aux-cerfs*, and, amid the scarce-suppressed hootings of the world, taken up his last lodging at St. Denis. Feeling that it was all over (for the small-pox has the victory, and even Du Barry is off) he, as the Abbé Georgel records, 'made the *amende honorable* to God' (these are his Reverence's own words) ; had a true repentance of three days standing ; and so, continues the Abbe, 'fell asleep in the Lord.' Asleep in the Lord, Monsieur l'Abbe ! If such a mass of laziness and lust fell asleep in the

Lord, *who*, fanciest thou, is it that falls asleep—elsewhere? Enough that he did fall asleep; that thick-wrapt in the Blanket of the Night, under what keeping we ask not, *he* never through endless Time can for his own or our sins, insult the face of the Sun any more; and so now we go onward, if not to less degrees of beastliness, yet at least and worst, to cheering varieties of it.”

CHAPTER X.

THE STORMING AND CAPTURE OF THE BASTILLE.

THE following chapter is entirely from the pen of Carlyle, every word of it, but not in the order in which he put it down, the whole condensed into one scene as furnishing an illustration of that stormful grandeur, rapid dramatic transition, personal graphic portrayal, pathos, didactic epigram, all vividly illustrating the style he so well knows how to employ.

What a Paris when the darkness fell ! A European metropolitan city hurled suddenly from its old combinations and arrangements, to crash tumultuously together, seeking new. Use and wont will now no longer direct man ; each man, with what of originality he has, must begin thinking, or following those that think. Seven hundred thousand individuals, on the sudden, find all their old paths, old ways of acting and deciding, vanish from under their feet. On Monday the huge City was awoke, not to its week-day industry ; to what a different one ! The working man has become a fighting man, has one want only, that of arms. The industry of crafts has paused,

except it be the smith's, fiercely hammering pikes ; and, in a faint degree, the kitchener's, cooking off-hand victuals, for *bouche va toujours*. Women, too, are sewing cockades of *red* and *blue*, our old Paris colours : these, once based on a ground of constitutional *white*, are the famed TRI-COLOUR,—which (if prophecy err not) will go round the world. All shops, unless it be the Bakers' and Vintners', are shut : Paris is in the streets—rushing, foaming like some Venice wine-glass into which you had dropped poison. The tocsin, by order, is pealing madly from all steeples. Arms, ye Elector Municipals ; thou Flesselles with thy Echevins, give us arms ! Flesselles gives what he can : fallacious, perhaps insidious, promises of arms from Charleville ; order to seek arms here, order to seek them there. The new Municipals give what they can ; some three hundred and sixty indifferent firelocks, the equipment of the City-watch : “ A man in wooden-shoes, and without coat, directly clutches one of them, and mounts guard.” Also, as hinted, an order to all smiths to make pikes with their whole soul.

Meanwhile, the faster, O ye black-aproned smiths, smite ; with strong arm and willing heart. This man and that, all stroke from head to heel, shall thunder alternating, and ply the great forge-hammer, till stithy reel and ring again ; while ever and anon overhead booms the alarm-cannon, for the city has

now got gunpowder. Pikes are fabricated ; fifty thousand of them, in six-and-thirty hours : judge whether the black-aproned men have been idle. Dig trenches, unpave the streets, ye others, assiduous, man and maid ; cram the earth in barrel-barricades, at each of them a volunteer sentry ; pile the whinstones in window-sills and upper rooms. Have scalding pitch, at least boiling water, ready, ye weak old women, to pour it and dash it on Royal-Allemand, with your old skinny arms : your shrill curses along with it will not be wanting ! Patrols of the new-born National Guard, bearing torches, scour the streets all that night ; which otherwise are vacant, yet illuminated in every window by order. Strange-looking ; like some naphtha-lighted City of the Dead, with here and there a flight of perturbed Ghosts.

O poor mortals, how ye make this Earth bitter for each other ; this fearful and wonderful Life fearful and horrible ; and Satan has his place in all hearts ! Such agonies and ragings and wailings ye have, and have had, in all times :—to be buried all, in so deep silence ; and the salt sea is not swoln with your tears.

Great meanwhile is the moment, when tidings of Freedom reach us ; when the long-enthralled soul, from amid its chains and squalid stagnancy, arises, were it still only in blindness and bewilderment, and

swears by Him that made it, that it will be *free*! Free? Understand that well ; it is the deep commandment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being, to be *free*. Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all men's struggles, toilings, and sufferings, in this Earth. Yes, supreme is such a moment (if thou have known it): first vision of a flame-girt Sinai, in this our waste pilgrimage, which thenceforth wants not its pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night! Something it is even—nay, something considerable, when the chains have grown *corrosive*, poisonous—to be free “from oppression from our fellow-man.” Forward, ye maddened sons of France ; be it towards this destiny or towards that! Around you is but starvation, falsehood, corruption, and the clam of death. Where ye are is no abiding.

Truly, in the Château of Versailles all seems mystery ; in the town of Versailles, were we there, all is rumour, alarm, and indignation. So at Versailles. But at Paris, agitated Besenval, before retiring for the night, has stept over to old M. de Sombreuil, of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, hard by. M. de Sombreuil has, what is a great secret, some eight-and-twenty thousand stands of muskets deposited in his cellars there ; but no trust in the temper of his Invalides. This day, for example, he sent twenty of the fellows down to unscrew those muskets, lest Sedition might

snatch at them ; but scarcely, in six hours, had the twenty unscrewed twenty gun-locks, or dogsheads (*chiens*) of locks,—each Invalide his dogshead ! If ordered to fire they would, he imagines, turn their cannon against himself. Unfortunate old military gentlemen, it is your hour, not of glory ! Old Marquis de Launay, too, of the Bastille, has pulled up his draw-bridges long since, “and retired into his interior,” with sentries walking on his battlements, under the midnight sky, aloft over the glare of illuminated Paris, whom a National Patrol, passing that way, takes the liberty of firing at ; “seven shots towards twelve at night,” which do not take effect. This was the 13th day of July, 1789, a worse day, many said, than the last 13th was, when only hail fell out of Heaven, not madness rose out of Tophet, ruining worse than crops.

In these same days, as Chronology will teach us, hot old Marquis Mirabeau lies stricken down, at Argenteuil, *not* within sound of these alarm-guns ; for *he* properly is not there, and only the body of him now lies deaf and cold for ever. It was on Saturday, night that he, drawing his last life-breaths, gave up the ghost there, leaving a world which would never go to his mind, now broken out, seemingly, into deliration and the *culbute générale*. What is it to him, departing elsewhere on his long journey ? The old Château Mirabeau stands silent, far off,

on its scarp'd rock, in that "gorge of two windy valleys," the pale fading spectre now of a Château ; this huge World-riot, and France, and the World itself, fades also, like a shadow on the great still mirror-sea, and all shall be as God wills.

And now, to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians ! There grape shot still threatens, thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending. Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight on Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hotel de Ville "invites" him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss ; his walls, indeed, are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder, but, alas ! only one day's provision of victuals. The City, too, is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do !

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere : To the Bastille ! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here passionate for arms ; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance ; finds De Launay indisposed to surrender ; nay, disposed for blowing

up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*; the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from the Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment; prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! “*Que voulez-vous?*” said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. “Monsieur,” said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, “what mean *you*? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,”—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent, then descends; departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the Invalides, on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay had been profuse of beverages (*prodigua des buissons*). They think they will not fire, if not fired on, if they can help it; but

must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances ! Soft speeches will not serve ; hard grape-shot is questionable ; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wilder swells the tide of men ; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, —which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered, for Thuriot's new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrate that way into the Outer Court ; soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire ; pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight sputter ; which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos ; made it a roaring fire-chaos ! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration ; and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged !

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies ! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty ; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit ; for it is the hour ! Smite, thou Louis

Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the regiment Dauphiné ; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee ! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man ; down with it to Orcus ; let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever ! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints in the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him ; the chain yields, breaks ; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious ! and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact ;—Ditch yawning impalpable, stone-faced ; the inner Drawbridge with its back towards us : the Bastille is still to take !

To describe the siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in history) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building ! But there is open esplanade at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine ; there are such forecourts, *Cour Avancé*, *Cour de l'orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights) ; then new drawbridges, rampart bastions, and the grim eight towers—a labyrinthic mass, high frowning there, of

all ages, from twenty years to four hundred and twenty, beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere chaos come again. Ordnance of all calibres ; throats of all capacities ; men of all plans, every man his own engineer. Seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals—no one would heed him in coloured clothes. Half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic patriots pick up the grape-shots, bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel de Ville. Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt ! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy ; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street barricade there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming ; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand fire-maelstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

Let conflagration rage ; of whatsoever is combustible. Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides' mess-rooms. A distracted "peruke-maker, with two fiery torches," is for burning "the saltpetres of the Arsenal," had not a woman run screaming ; had not a patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devour-

ing element. A young, beautiful lady, seized escaping in these outer courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight ; she lies swooned on a palliasse ; but again a patriot—it is brave Aubin Bonnemère, the old soldier—dashes in and rescues her. Straw is burnt ; three cart loads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke, almost to the choking of patriotism itself ; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart, and Réole, the “gigantic haberdasher,” another. Smoke as of Tophet, confusion as of Babel, noise as of the Crack of Doom !

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease hour after hour, as if nothing special for it or the world were passing ! It tolled One when the firing begun, and is now pointing towards five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down in their vaults the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes ; their Turnkeys answer vaguely. Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides ! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy ; Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitring, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. “We are come to join you,” said the Captain ; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed, dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him, and

croaks: "Alight, then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, it is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple*! Great, truly, O thou remarkable Dog-leech, in this day of emergence and new birth; and yet this same day come four years!—But let the curtains of the future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done; what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Powder Magazine, motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-Holder, coldly apprising Thuriot and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was. Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in no wise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger; one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honour; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward! In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Baroche, Curé of Saint-Stephen, and all the tag-rag and bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou

considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men? hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very *sound* of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul, their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest operas, was the *voice of the Populace* he had heard at Vienna, *crying* to their Kaiser, *'Bread! Bread!'* Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*; it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of Time. He who can resist that has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two, hopes in the middle of despair, surrenders not his Fortress, declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring, and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared; call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins, go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss

at the Portcullis look weary of firing ; disheartened in the fire deluge ; a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man ! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch ; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots, he hovers perilous : *such* a Dove towards *such* an Ark ! Deftly, thou shifty Usher ; one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry ! Usher Maillard falls not ; deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole ; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender : Pardon, immunity to all ! Are they accepted ?—" *Foi d'officier*, on the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it—"they are !" Sinks the drawbridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down ; rushes in the living deluge, the Bastille is fallen ! *Victoire ! La Bastille est prise !*

And so it goes plunging, plunging through court and corridor ; billowing uncontrollable, firing from windows—on itself ; in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief and vengeance for its slain. The poor Invalides will fare ill ; one Swiss, running off in his white smock, is driven back with a death thrust. Let all Prisoners be marched to the Town Hall to be judged ! Alas, already one poor Invalide has his right hand slashed off him ; his maimed body dragged to the Place de

Grève, and hanged there. This same right hand, it is said, turned back De Launay from the Powder-magazine, and saved Paris.

De Launay, "discovered in gray frock with poppy coloured riband," is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hôtel-de-Ville ; Hulin, Maillard and others escorting him ; Elie marching foremost, "with the capitulating-paper on his sword's point." Through roarings and cursings ; through hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes ! your escort is hustled aside, felled down ; Hulin sinks exhausted on a heap of stones. Miserable De Launay ! He shall never enter the Hôtel-de-Ville ; only his "bloody hair-queue, held up in a bloody hand ;" *that* shall enter, for a sign. The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there ; the head is off through the streets ; ghastly, aloft on a pike. Rigorous De Launay has died ; crying out, "O friends, kill me fast !" Merciful De Losme must die ; though Gratitude embraces him, in this fearful hour, and will die for him ; it avails not. Brothers, your wrath is cruel ! Your Place de Grève is become a Throat of the Tiger ; full of mere fierce bellowings and thirst of blood.

O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields ; on old women spinning in cottages ; on ships far out in the silent main ; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles,

where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers ;—and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville ! Babel Tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type. One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of an Electoral Committee ; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus ; and they, scarcely crediting it, have *conquered* ! prodigy of prodigies ; delirious,—as it could not but be. Denunciation, vengeance ; blaze of triumph on a dark ground of terror ; all outward, all inward things fallen into one general wreck of madness !

Along the streets of Paris circulate Seven Bastille Prisoners, borne shoulder-high ; seven Heads on pikes ; the keys of the Bastille ; and much else. Likewise ashlar stones of the Bastille continue thundering through the dusk ; its paper archives shall fly white. Old secrets come to view ; and long buried Despair finds voice. Read this portion of an old letter :—“ If for my consolation Monseigneur would grant me, for the sake of God and the Most Blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife ; were it only her name on a card, to show that she is alive ! It were the greatest consolation I could receive ; and I should for ever bless the greatness of

Monseigneur." Poor Prisoner, who namest thyself *Quéret-Démery*, and hast no other history,—she is dead, that dear wife of thine, and thou art dead ! 'Tis fifty years since thy breaking heart put this question ; to be heard now first, and long heard, in the hearts of men.

The Versailles Ball and lemonade is done ; the Orangerie is silent except for nightbirds. Over in the Salle des Menus, Vice-president Lafayette, with unsnuffed lights, "with some Hundred or so of Members, stretched on tables round him," sits erect ; outwatching the Bear. This day, a second solemn Deputation went to His Majesty ; a second and then a third : with no effect. What will the end of these things be ? In the Court, all is mystery, not without whisperings of terror ; though ye dream of lemonade and epaulettes, ye foolish women ! His Majesty, kept in happy ignorance, perhaps dreams of double-barrels and the Woods of Meudon. Late at night, the Duke de Liancourt, having official right of entrance, gains access to the Royal Apartments ; unfolds, with earnest clearness, in his constitutional way, the Job's-news. "*Mais*," said poor Louis, "*c'est une révolte* ; why, that is a revolt ! " "Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt,—it is a revolution."

Thus, in any case, with what rubs soever, shall the Bastille be abolished from our Earth ; and with it, Feudalism, Despotism, and, one hopes, Scoundrelism

generally, and all hard usage of man by his brother man. Alas, the Scoundrelism and hard usage are not so easy of abolition ! But as for the Bastille, it sinks day after day, and month after month ; its ash-lars and boulders tumbling down continually by express order of our municipals. Crowds of the curious roam through its caverns : gaze on skeletons found walled-up, on the *oubliettes*, iron cages, monstrous stone-blocks with padlock chains. One day we discern Mirabeau there, along with the Genevese Dumont. Workers and onlookers make reverent way for him, fling verses, flowers on his path, Bastille papers and curiosities into his carriage with *vivats*.

Able Editors compile Books from the *Bastille Archives*—from what of them remain unburnt. The key of that Robber-Den shall cross the Atlantic, shall lie on Washington's Hall-table. The great Clock ticks now in a private patriotic Clockmaker's apartment, no longer measuring hours of mere heaviness. Vanished is the Bastille, what we call vanished ; the *body*, or sandstones, of it hanging, in benign metamorphosis, for centuries to come, over the Seine waters, as *Pont Louis Seize*, the soul of it living, perhaps, still longer in the memories of men.

CHAPTER XI.

CARLYLE THE PROTESTANT.

ONE thing we must beg our readers to notice, however, in every attempt to estimate the social views of Carlyle—his resolute and most dauntless Protestantism; indeed, in an age of what he calls “Puseyisms, and other such ghosts and apparitions in winding-sheets,” this will be one great reason of the hostility to him. Clearly, he stands by faith, simple and noble, but has no sympathy with *Ultramontan-ism*. On the contrary, he evidently believes that the place of value and of worth in the van of civilisation depends on a nation’s reception and retention of the great principle of the Reformation; he evidently believes that those nations who did allow the Reformation to go by, lost their great national opportunity of progress and salvation—an opportunity which, once lost, never returns again. Withering is the scorn of Mr. Carlyle for that nondescript piece of imbecile mischief, the Papacy.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth and falsehood, for the good or evil side.
Some great cause, God’s new Messiah offering each the
bloom or blight :

Pass the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the
right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt *that* darkness and *that*
light.

There is a terrible picture in the prophet Jeremiah, where the prophet is commanded to go with the cup of the wine of the wrath of God, and to cause all the nations to whom he is sent to drink of it. "To wit, Jerusalem, and the cities of Judah, and the kings thereof, to make them a desolation, an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse, as it is to this day"—to all of them. The prophet was commanded to go "to Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and to all the mingled people, and the kings of the land of Uz, and the kings of the land of the Philistines, and Ashkelon, and Azzah, and Ekron, and the remnant of Ashdod, Edom, and Moab, and the children of Ammon, the kings of Tyre and Sidon, and the kings of the isles beyond the sea, Dedan and Tema, and all the kings of Arabia, and the mingled people that dwell in the desert, and all the kings of Zimri, and the kings of Elam and the Medes, and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, Ye shall certainly drink." And immediately after, to the same kings, the same prophet was commanded to say, "Thus saith the Lord, Make thee bonds and yokes, and send them to the kings. I have given all these lands into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon; the nations that

bring their necks under the yoke of the King of Babylon, those will I let remain in My own land, and they shall till it and dwell therein." And thus more than three hundred years since the angel of the Reformation went round to all the kings of Europe with the two cups—the cup of the Reformation and the cup of the wrath of God. Every nation was called upon to drink, and wherever the cup of the Reformation was refused, there the cup of the wrath of God was presented. "Thus saith the Lord, Say unto them, Ye shall drink of it." More—to all those nations who refused the cup of the Reformation followed speedily the Angel with the Yokes; and they have been "the servants to the King of Babylon unto this day." Is it not so? And those nearest to Rome are pressed most heavily by the yoke. The Gallican Church and France welter in hopeless misery; but the Ultramontane Church and Spain lie crushed in utter black, dungeon-grated despair.

Abundant evidence have we that Carlyle regards Romanism, the Papacy, as the great nuisance and pest of Europe in these later ages, with "its orthodoxies and sovereign croziers." And we may be very sure that he will never tell us any tale without the intention to teach by it several lessons. And one of the most powerful and effective stories he has told is that singular "Salzburg Emigration."

And let us say to sundry Reviewers and other such leathern-spectacle editors who found it convenient to pass entire those pages which must have commanded their commendation, that such an incident so memorialised as that famous "Emigration" ought at once to have lightened the memory of old Frederick William, and to have shed a religious halo round the writings of Carlyle. Indeed we have, we believe, read every line of stricture on Carlyle, and we do not remember one "orthodox writer" who has referred to his sound and powerful hostility to Romanism. The story, in brief, is this:—Salzburg is an archbishop's city—metropolis—on the north-east slope of the Tyrol, a romantic spot, among beautiful mountains, shadowing itself on the Salza river. Salza had been, before the Thirty Years' War, eminently Protestant. Before that war, probability was that Austria herself would become Protestant; but Wallenstein, in the chain mail, trampled all that out; only there was left behind a large amount among those mountains, and in Salzburg, of concealed Protestantism, there being nobody seeking to convert the people. There it was making clocks—wooden clocks—grazing and husbanding. Harmless sons of Adam, their existence had been known of from generation to generation by successive archbishops. At last came Firmian, "genuine, right reverend Firmian," and he sent his

law terriers to scour through the valleys, scenting out German Bibles, and fining and confiscating. But the Salzburgers would not give up the Bibles, and would not quit their Protestantism. They placed themselves beneath the Treaty of Westphalia, they demanded to be allowed to leave Salzburg, and by Austrian troops they were marched over the frontiers.

Rome, in the person of the Archbishop, taking possession of their properties and detaining their families, they complained to the Emperor. The Emperor could not afford to lose the goodwill of Rome, but he made a feint of intercession with the Archbishop. And at last they appealed to Frederick William by a deputation. He ascertained that they were genuine Protestants, and he said, "Return, there shall be help." And he moved Europe for these unhappy outlaws, or threatened to do so. He demanded that they should be permitted to emigrate. "Emigrate," said the Archbishop; "emigrate, says your Majesty, they shall emigrate;" and the Archbishop marched 900 of them in the dead of winter, across the snowy mountains—over the mountains. "Go about your business. Go to ——" "And our property, goods, and chattels?" "Property! be thankful that you have your skins, and go—*emigrate*, I say, now!" A most orthodox Archbishop. And there were among them hoary men,

and "women laden with child, sick persons, and young children"—a most Christian, Apostolic, and Papal Archbishop. And when Frederick, who had got thus far with the matter, found the thing was so, what think you he did? Make a diplomatic business of it? Not at all; he did a most *unrighteous* thing! or shall we call it *unrighteous*? He actually pounced upon the property of a number of wealthy merchants—Romanists—in his kingdom, seizing their property, and commanding them to suspend their incomings. "As to the matter," said he, "you can settle the account with your Archbishop Firmian." It brought an arrangement very speedily. The emigration went on, on human terms, and the poor Salzburger cowered in Bavarian cities which the King had prepared for them in his own kingdom. Twenty years before this transaction pestilence had strangely depopulated Prussian Lithuania. It had been, since his accession to the throne, the King's great desire to re-people this territory—fifty-two towns as good as depopulated. During as many years he had obtained, from many districts, as many as 20,000 colonists, and now he thought how well he might provide a home for the exiled Protestants of Salzburg. "*Two afflictions well put together shall become a consolation.*" And so the proclamation,—the news flew abroad. Come, Salzburger, homes are appointed for you; commissaries are appointed for

you. Be kind to them on their route, all Christian German Princes. Wonderful it is to read of that Exodus. A journey of eleven hundred miles; but the children of Israel accomplished it. They marched out of Egypt staff in hand—dear native valleys, too, they were compelled to leave behind, never, ah! never, to see more, they or their children. The first company of 1731 numbered about 7,000. What shall we think of the mad folly, the imbecile infatuation of the State which could part with its brave, industrious, honest, thrifty, and holy children? The next year 10,000 came. They did not march altogether, but appear to have gone in bands of 300 and 400. And very beautiful are the glimpses given to us of the pilgrims on their journey. Thus we have the entrance of 331 into the charitable town of Nördlingen, where they had been expected. The King of Prussia had provided all the expenses of the journey, moderately, economically. But as they approached the old town two chief clergymen, schoolmasters, and scholars, hundreds of citizens and young people, went out to meet them. They were in their baggage gear, approaching the town, or waiting; to them went the pastor and said,—“Come in, ye blessed of the Lord; why stand ye without?” Then they ranked, two and two, and marched into the town straight to the church, the

whole town going out to greet them, and there the two clergymen successively addressed them. First text—"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Second text was—"Now, the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." "Excellent texts," says Carlyle, "well handled, let us hope, especially with brevity." After which the strangers were distributed, some in public-houses, others taken home by the citizens to lodge. On the following Sabbath they went to church, headed by their respective landlords, occupying the centre of the church. Collections were made for them, and meat and beer distributed. It was a time of sweet, true Christian festivity ; visits were interchanged ; the various personages of the town inviting parties of fives and fours to their houses, and at last they went on their way. So at Baireuth they arrived on Good Friday. They had been lodged, indeed, in villages, but came into the church in bodies ; and there was a scramble among the citizens to procure the pilgrims to dine with them. At Gera a commercial gentleman dined the whole party at his own expense. There

was no end to kindness, and many exclaimed, "Is this all we can do?" To which the commissary replied, "More will come shortly." So they marched on their way, reaching Berlin. The King came out to receive them. He provided for them regulation, guidance, a stepping-stone from place to place, regularity, and punctuality. The first lot he caused to be catechised in the church, that all the world might hear their pertinent answers. On Sunday, after the sermon, during their stay in Berlin, they were all well entertained. Then, on again, five hundred miles further; and then, at the end of the journey, they found all ready. Cottages, all furnished with implements. The King contrived that old neighbours should be put together, and so old trades revived in their localities. And a useful population has sprung up from that emigration, increasing, who shall say how many fold?

It cost the King £150,000, that emigration. But he lived to see it repaid. "He was," says Carlyle, "a man skilled in investments to a high degree." "Fancy," he continues, in remarks which will seem audacious to many, "fancy £150,000 invested there in the bank of nature herself; and a hundred millions invested, say at Balaclava, in the bank of newspaper rumour: and the respective rates of interest they will yield, a million years hence."

Assuredly, Carlyle has little sympathy with those who fancy that Popery is once more to assert its sway over the human mind and faith. He is, indeed, very unbelieving about all this ; " at bottom," he says, " what else is alive but Protestantism ? The life of most else that one meets is a galvanic life merely, not a pleasant, not a lasting sort of life." He avows his entire contempt " of all mere Machiavellic pretence of belief in the dough-wafers and the godhead of a poor old Italian man." Again : " Popery can build new chapels, welcome to do so at all lengths ; Popery cannot come back any more than Paganism can, which also still lingers in some countries. Alas ! would there were no more danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival ; Thor may as soon try to revive ;" and with wise appreciation he continues : " While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish power, or, what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it ; so long it will obtrude itself upon the life of us who reject it, till we in our practice too have appropriated whatsoever of truth was in it—then, but also not till then, it will have no charm more for any man : it lasts here for a purpose ; let it last as long as it can."

Very wise words ; indeed, everything in Popery

or Romanism, we may be very sure, is not a lie; no lie has in itself any power of life or conscience, and if we are wise we had better see what there is in this mischievous Catholicism of real truth; appropriate *that*, give to *that* a more divine and human habitation amongst us. It will be all over with the poor old Pope then, and not till then. Some of Carlyle's words are not so tender and gentle as these, especially when he deals with the political relations of the Papacy: thus he says: "More than three hundred years ago, the throne of St. Peter received peremptory judicial notice to quit; authentic, registered in Heaven's Chancery and since legible in the hearts of all brave men, to take itself away, to begone, and let us have no more to do with *it* and its delusions and impious deliriums; and it has been sitting every day since, it may depend upon it, at its own peril withal, and will have to pay exact damages yet for every day it has so sat. Law of veracity? What this Popedom had to do by the law of veracity, was to give up its foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men; honestly to die, and get itself buried. Reform a Popedom,—hardly. A wretched old kettle, ruined from top to bottom, and consisting mainly now of foul *grime* and *rust*; stop the holes of it, as your ancestors have been doing, with temporary putty, it may hang together

yet awhile ; begin to hammer at it, solder at it, to what you call mend and rectify it,—it will fall to shreds, as sure as rust is rust ; go all into nameless dissolution—and the fat in the fire will be a thing worth looking at, poor Pope !”

CHAPTER XII.

CARLYLE'S INTENSE LOVE OF HUMANITY.

OUR readers will expect to find in this volume illustrations of that "endless appetite for men of merit," so characteristic of the author; that admiration of great men—in his own words, hero-worshipping—as to him we owe especially the many resurrections of illustrious names, and gibbeted and crucified heroes. Other writers—Macaulay, for instance—have been interested in the doctrines of men, but for Carlyle the great interest has been the lives of men, and he has aimed to interpret what they thought by what they did, and he has turned away our eyes from beholding men as abstractions of humanity. He has compelled us to regard the various forms and degrees of spiritual force. He has made the words of men especially interesting by their actions. The dream-born speculations of men are to him only the seal of that strong, superfluous, dynamical energy which bubbled forth thus, a fountain and spring of fire; and the old and beautiful characteristic by which some little circumstance is made to transfer the reader immediately to the scene, is here. To him,

evidently, every human soul that lives, or has lived, is a profoundly touching mystery ; and the mystic hosts that flit across the pages of biography and history draw from him tenderness that is near akin to tears.

Thus he says of

THE VATICAN AND A MOUNTAIN-CHAIN
CONTRASTED.

"The Vatican is great, yet poor to Chimborazo or the Peak of Teneriffe ; its dome is but a foolish Big-endian or a Little-endian chip of an egg-shell, compared with that star-fretted Dome where Arcturus and Orion glance for ever ; which latter, notwithstanding, who looks at, save perhaps some necessitous star-gazer bent to make Almanacs ; some thick-quilted watchman, to see what weather it will prove. The Biographic interest is wanting ; no Michael Angelo was He who built that 'Temple of Immensity ;' *therefore do we, pitiful Littlenesses as we are, turn rather to wonder and to worship in the little toybox of a Temple built by our like.*"

As on the field of Naseby—we presume when wandering there with Dr. Arnold*—when he turns up the skull and looks at "teeth that breakfasted that last stern morning ;" or "the poor nameless cotter who sheltered Charles when he left the oak of

* See Memoirs of Dr. Arnold.

Boscobel ;" or "the poor shivering girl that spoke to Johnson and Boswell *that* night in Fleet-street ;" strange, wondering interest, investing them all to him ! And with a touch of his pen he moves our souls, too, to wonder where now their dread habitation may be ; and we see that he does this not by the glammers of fiction, but by the might of a strong and loving heart. Thus, in the story of the Prussian march on Glogau, amidst the swelling floods and rains, the deepest human interest is perhaps kindled by the last touch, which gives such affecting completeness to the picture :—

THE MARCH ON GLOGAU.

"Rain still heavier, rain as of Noah, continued through this Tuesday, and for days afterwards ; but the Prussian hosts, hastening towards Glogau, marched on still. This Tuesday's march, for the rearward of the army, 10,000 foot and 2,000 horse, march of ten hours long, from Weichau to the hamlet Milkau (where his Majesty sits busy and affable), is thought to be the wettest on record. Waters all out, bridges down, the Country one wild lake of eddying mud. Up to the knee for many miles together ; up to the middle for long spaces ; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper, where your bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched through it, as if they had been steel or iron. Rank and file, nobody quitted

his rank, nobody looked sour in the face ; they took the pouring of the skies, and the red seas of terrestrial liquid, as matters that must be ; cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches (tobacco, I consider, would not burn), and swashed unweariedly forward. Ten hours some of them were out, their march being twenty or twenty-five miles ; ten to fifteen was the average distance come. Nor, singular to say, did any loss occur, except of *almost* one poor Army-Chaplain, and altogether of *one poor Soldier's Wife*—sank dangerously both of them ; beyond redemption she, taking the wrong side of some bridge parapet. *Poor Soldier's Wife, she is not named to me at all ;* and has no history save this, and that 'she was of the regiment Bredow.' But I perceive she washed herself away in a World-Transaction, *and there was one rough Bredower, who probably sat sad that night on getting to quarters."*

And the Life of Frederick contains abundant evidence that Carlyle abides by his old faith, that the most significant fact in the world's history is its possession of great men. Paltry work is all metaphysical writing or study compared with biography, or the record of the way in which thoughts became deeds ; the process, say, by which the *transcendental* became *descendental*. So most men believe. How greedy we are of biographical records, even when

little better than waste paper. Man can in no way make himself a little more conspicuous than his fellows, but we behold the avidity with which every little anecdote of him is caught up and thrown from paper to paper, and lip to lip. For man makes himself dear to us, not by his speculations, not by what he thinks, but by what he says and does. We feel that his speech is force, but his deeds are a yet higher force; and hence the recorded life of the speaker and doer is power. Whether it is certain that ever the belief in great men has been the counterpart of the belief in God; and not to believe in great men has ever been, and is, to disbelieve in God, who speaks to the world through—and can only speak to the world through—great men, many will question, though our writer so stoutly affirms it. The next thing, no doubt, to the being great ourselves, is the power, the ability to recognise greatness in others; to believe, as we often say, in the possibility of great men. Not, as many do, set to work to account for them; to feel that if not they then some other would have done the work for us which they did; but gratefully, with believing homage, to receive them, and, differing and dissenting from them, to do so as men who feel that colossal spirits, God-moved and God-sent, may see many reasons all unintelligible and imperceptible to us.

It is for this reason, from his swift and ready

entrance into a state of tender, reverent, pitying sympathy with all human lots and lives, that even any casual meeting or congregation affects him. Thus we have it in the following, which we may almost call Carlyle's reflections at church, when perhaps the preacher was not so impressive to the soul as the congregation itself.

REFLECTIONS ON A GREAT CONGREGATION.

"It strikes me dumb to look over the long series of faces, such as any full Church, Court-house, London-Tavern-meeting, or miscellany of men will show them. Some score or two of years ago all these were little red-coloured pulpy infants, each of them capable of being kneaded, baked into any social form you chose ; yet see now how they are fixed and hardened—into artisans, artists, clergy, gentry, learned sergeants, unlearned dandies, and can and shall now be nothing else henceforth !

"Mark on *that* nose the colour left by too copious port and viands ; to which the profuse cravat with exorbitant breastpin, and the fixed, forward, and as it were menacing glance of the eyes correspond. That is a 'Man of Business ;' prosperous manufacturer, house-contractor, engineer, law-manager ; his eye, nose, cravat have, in such work and fortune, got such a character ; deny him not thy praise, thy pity. Pity *him*, too—the Hard-handed, with bony brow, rudely

combed hair, eyes looking out as in labour, in difficulty and uncertainty ; rude mouth, the lips coarse, loose, as in hard toil and life-long fatigue they have got the habit of hanging ;—hast thou seen aught more touching than the rude intelligence, so cramped, yet energetic, unsubduable, true, which looks out of that marred visage ? Alas, and his poor wife, with her own hands, washed that cotton neckcloth for him, buttoned that coarse shirt, sent him forth creditably trimmed as she could. In such imprisonment lives he, for his part ; man cannot now deliver him : the red pulpy infant has been baked and fashioned so.

“ Or, what kind of baking was it that *this* other brother-mortal got, which has baked him into the genus Dandy ? Elegant Vacuum ; serenely looking down upon all Plenums and Entities, as low and poor to his serene Chimeraship and *Nonentity* laboriously attained ! Heroic Vacuum ; inexpungable, while purse and present condition of society hold out ; curable by no hellebore. The doom of Fate was, Be thou a Dandy ! Have thy eye-glasses, opera-glasses, thy Long-acre cabs with white-breeched tiger, thy yawning impassivities, pococurantisms ; *fix* thyself in Dandyhood, undeliverable—it is thy doom.

“ And all these, we say, were red-coloured infants ; of the same pulp and stuff a few years ago, now irretrievably shaped and kneaded, as we see !

Formulas? There is no mortal extant, out of the depths of Bedlam, but lives all skinned, thatched, covered over with Formulas ; and is, as it were, held in from delirium and the inane by his Formulas ! They are withal the most beneficent, indispensable of human equipments ; blessed he who has a skin and tissues, so it be a living one, and the heart pulse everywhere discernible through it. Monachism, Feudalism, with a real king Plantagenet, with real Abbots Samon, and their other living realities !”

Another illustration, and of another kind, is that sympathy with profound moral wants, and the mental sufferings and perturbations of soul. Sympathy with *Ædipus* or *Hamlet* is but the expression of the same nature in ourselves, moved to the very deeps, and this gives the reason for Carlyle’s profound apprehension of the mystery and the meaning of

THE BOOK OF JOB.

“ I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew ; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book, all men’s Book ! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem—man’s destiny and God’s ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing out-

lines ; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* every way, true eyesight and vision for all things—material things no less than spiritual ; the horse—‘ hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder* ?’ he ‘ laughs at the shaking of the spear !’ Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation ; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind ; so soft and great, as the summer mid night, as the world with its seas and stars ! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal *literary* merit.”

Dear to the heart of our author is that motto of the old monks, “ Labour is worship.” We have met with some few men, and with women too, who could not comprehend it, and to whom it was a dim, occult, mystical saying ; they wanted an explanation of it. Poor things ! and we had no explanation to give, for this is one of those sayings for which no explanation will suffice ; it must be felt to be true, no amount of commentary can else make it appear reasonable. To work is the Human Mission ; he who shrinks from Labour shrinks from the purpose of his existence. It is sad that to so many thousands of persons now-a-days it should be necessary to say this. Labour is everlastingly noble and holy ; it is the source of all

perfection ; no man can accomplish, or become accomplished, without work ; it is the purifying fire, burning up the poisoning and corrupting influences emasculating the manhood of the soul. "Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day worker, as of every man : but he bends himself with free valour to his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves." Labour is the sword, cutting the Gordian knot of life—it is the true answer to the Sphinx riddle. "Doubt of any kind," says our teacher, "can be ended by action alone." The greatest monster in the world is the idle man : where there is no labour there is no progress, no growth ; there is indeed no life, for labour is life, and inaction death, stagnation. How much of the misery of man results from his inaction ; festering waters flow over his soul, breeding monstrous shapes—

"Gorgon and Hydra and Chimera dire."

Doubt, Scepticism, Fear, what are they but stagnant waves ? but the brave spirit looks on all these without dismay, perhaps has escaped, has prevented them from overwhelming him by resolutely bracing his spirit to determined action. A blessing rests on all true labour ; it is of a religious nature, it is of a brave nature, it is a miraculous Gideon's Fleece ; if spread

out beneath the arch of Heaven, Heaven will not fail to visit it with moisture. For all true work has this faculty of Divineness in it, the foundation of the building is on the earth, but it has pinnacles reaching high into the Heaven, all is Sacred. Look at the sweat of the Brain in Newton meditations, in Kepler calculations, sweat of the Brow, the life of toil, the Plough, the Hammer, or the Loom; sweat of the Heart. Ah! from the lowest form of all acted heroism, all martyrdoms up to that "Agony of Bloody sweat," all is labour, no great work without strong labour. The world is monumental with this great fact of existence, God worketh; the unborn ages, silences of deep Eternities speak of Him, and old graves, and deep death kingdoms, tears that have fallen and are now dry, all Space, all Time speak to man and proclaim the sanctity of work. Hence, says Carlyle, concerning

THE UNSPEAKABLE HOLINESS OF WORK,

"Two men I honour, and no third. First the toilworn Craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, bespoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face

of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted it must stand with the thick adhesion and defacement of Labour; and thy body like thy soul was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

“A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily Bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty, endeavouring towards inward harmony, revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and inward endeavour are one; when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, that with Heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us? If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These two in all their degrees I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

“ Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man’s wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimier in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself ; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of the Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

“ And, again: it is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor; we must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse ; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food and drink ; he is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the Heaven sends a sleep, and of the deepest ; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out, and no ray of heavenly or even earthly knowledge should visit him ; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated ! Alas! was this too a Breath of God, bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded ! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge this I call a tragedy,

were it to happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of Science which united mankind in a wide Universe of Nescience has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?"

Strong is his faith in the final justice overruling all things; there is a principle of adjustment in the universe, all things struggle to some kind of order; Anarchy and Unreason are not the end of things, they do not inherently belong to things, they have obtruded themselves into the world of being; how, it boots not to inquire—they are here; Injustice is here, but because it is here let no man suppose that Law, Order, Justice, are banished from the universe. Surely not; man's justice is not God's, is not nature's justice. "Parchments! Parchments are venerable; but they ought at all times to represent, as near as they by possibility can, the writing of the adamant tablets, otherwise they are not so venerable;" but all confusion whatever verges ever towards an eternal centre of justice and truth; the heaviest must fall; very foolish is it when men cry—Lo! your heaviest ascends! It has to arrive at the centre, and will despise all the efforts made to prevent it. It is only in virtue of the amount of justice in anything, or institution, or nation, that it is preserved from ruin. "Properly as many men as there are in a nation who can withal see

Heaven's invisible justice, and know it to be on earth also omnipotent, so many are there who stand between a nation and perdition—so many and no more." But man is blind and impatient ; he does not believe because he does not see ; and he does not see because he will not rather look into the whole of things than into their mutilated and disjointed parts. He cries loudly for a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. It is a reasonable and sensible cry enough, and it is what, in the long run, all men and all things have ; but then it is what no man ever yet had meted out to him on earth. Yet some men are wonderfully overpaid. No one man, it seems, has his precise wages. Sidney, for writing the Discourse on Government, receives his earthly wages in the loss of his head. Milton, for the "Paradise Lost," receives £5, and, by-and-by, £5 more. A do-nothing lord receives as the wages of his idleness permission to sport over the kingdom, and to lounge at ease in his coach and four ; poor peasant receives his wages for hedging for us, ditching, sowing corn, or building for us a house—permission to starve, limited allowance of bread, and to find his way into the workhouse, to pauper's death-bed and coffin. The Bishop rustles in silk and shovel-hat, and six or twelve thousand a year ; the curate labours hardly on from day to day, and still passing rich with forty pounds. Justice does seem to hold her scales very unequally ; yet, spite of all these illus-

trations of injustice, there does appear over the whole earth a prevalent reign of equity, its peaks lifting up their heads like the mountain chains after the Flood.

All Carlyle's works are marked by this intense sympathy with many-vestured, many-experienced humanity; all men and women alike, the evil and the good, a grave sad interest attaches to all, few are so bad as to be utterly banned and barred away from any human sympathy—he would say perhaps with the beautiful young singer of Scotland :—

“ The darkest night that shrouds the sky
Of beauty hath a share ;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.
I pity all that evil are,
I pity and I mourn,
But the Supreme hath fashioned all,
Therefore I dare not scorn.”

And this reverent homage before the mystery of our humanity makes our writer admirable and wonderful alike in his biographical sketches and his great Histories, leads him to say indeed, “ Is not the primary use of speech itself this same, *to utter memoirs*, that is memorable experiences, to our fellow creatures ?” Also this makes his “ Life of Frederick the Great” to be teeming alive with episodal pictures, showing his deep human interest in the most obscure of our fellow-men, as, for instance, that of—

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE POOR DOMINIE
LINSENBARTH,

a kind of Thuringian Dominie Sampson, whose interview with such a brother-mortal as Frederick King of Prussia, Mr. Carlyle thinks worth looking at, "if," says he, "I can abridge it properly." He certainly has so abridged it, while still retaining all the clear light of fact in it, as to give to us one of those romantic little stories which made Frederick quite a favourite or a fear with schoolboys half a century since. Poor Linsenbarth came two hundred and fifty miles seeking to benefit himself in Berlin, and brought along with him four hundred thalers, about £60, all in Nürnberg *Batzen*—a sack of them, about, Mr. Carlyle thinks; there were "nine thousand in all, about the size of herring-scales, illustrating the scandalous coinage that had existed, and which, about six years before, the King had utterly put down—so at the Custom House they pounced upon the poor schoolmaster's *batsen*, and left him literally *batsenless*." After hovering about Berlin, trying to find justice, "without one farthing in my pocket," says he, "in God's name I went to Potsdam."

"And at Potsdam I was lucky enough to see the King; my first sight of him. He was on the Palace Esplanade there, drilling his troops" (fine trim sanded Expanse with the Palace to rear, and Garden-walks and

river to front ; where Friedrich Wilhelm sat, the last day he was out, and ordered Jockey Philip's house to be actually set about ; where the troops do evolutions every morning ;—there is Friedrich with cocked hat and blue coat ; say about 11 a.m.).

“When the drill was over, his Majesty went into the Garden, and the soldiers dispersed ; only four officers remained lounging upon the Esplanade, and walked up and down. For fright I knew not what to do ; I pulled the Papers out of my pocket,—these were my Memorial, two Certificates of character, and a Thüringen Pass ” (poor soul). “The Officers noticed this ; came straight to me and said, ‘What Letters has He there, then ?’ I thankfully and gladly imparted the whole ; and when the Officers had read them, they said, ‘We will give you’ (Him, not even *Thee*) ‘a good advice. The King is extra-gracious to-day, and is gone alone into the Garden. Follow him straight. Thou wilt have luck.’

“This I would not do ; my awe was too great. They thereupon laid hands upon me” (the mischievous dogs, not ill-humoured either) : “one took me by the right arm, another by the left, ‘Off, off ; to the Garden !’ Having got me thither, they looked out for the King. He was among the gardeners, examining some rare plant ; stooping over it, and had his back to us. Here I had to halt ; and the Officers began, in underhand tone” (the dogs !) “to

put me through my drill : ‘ Hat under left arm !—Right foot foremost !—Breast well forward !—Head up !—Papers from Pouch !—Papers aloft in right hand !—Steady ! Steady !’—And went their ways, looking always round, to see if I kept my posture. I perceived well enough they were pleased to make game of me ; but I stood, all the same like a wall, being full of fear. The Officers were hardly out of the Garden, when the King turned round, and saw this extraordinary machine,”—telegraph figure or whatever we may call it, with papers pointing to the sky. “ He gave such a look at me, like a flash of sunbeams glancing through you, and sent one of the gardeners to bring my papers. Which having got, he struck into another walk then, and was out of sight. In a few minutes he appeared again at the place where the rare plant was, with my papers open in his left hand, and gave me a wave with them To come nearer. I plucked up a heart, and went straight towards him. Oh, how thrice and four-times graciously this great Monarch deigned to speak to me !—

“ *King.* ‘ My good Thuringer (*lieber Thuringer*), you came to Berlin, seeking to earn you bread by industrious teaching of children ; and here, at the Pakhof in searching your things, they have taken your Thuringen hoard from you. True the Batzen are not legal here ; but the people should have said to you : You

are a stranger, and don't know the prohibition ;— well, then, we will seal up the Bag of Batzen ; you send it back to Thuringen, get it changed for other sorts ; we will not take it from you !—

“ Be of heart, however, you shall have your money again, and interest too.—But, my poor man, Berlin pavement is bare, they don't give anything gratis: you are a stranger ; before you are known and get teaching, your bit of money is done ; what then ? ”

“ I understood the speech quite well ; but my awe was too great to say : ‘ Your Majesty will have the all-highest grace to allow me something ! ’ But as I was so simple and asked for nothing, he did not offer anything. And so he turned away ; but had scarcely gone six or eight steps, when he looked round, and gave me a sign I was to walk by him ; and then began catechising :

“ *King.* ‘ Where did you (*Er*) study ? ’

“ *Linsenbarth.* ‘ Your Majesty, in Jena. ’

“ *King.* ‘ What years ? ’

“ *Linsenbarth.* ‘ From 1716 to 1720. ’ •

“ *King.* ‘ Under what Pro-rector were you inscribed ? ’

“ *Linsenbarth.* ‘ Under the *Professor Theologiæ* Dr. Förtsch. ’

“ *King.* ‘ Who were your other Professors in the Theological Faculty ? ’

"*Linsenbarth*—names famed men; sunk now, mostly in the bottomless waste basket; 'Buddäus' (who did a *Dictionary* of the *Bayle* sort, weighing four stone troy, out of which I have learned many a thing), 'Buddæus,' 'Danz,' 'Weissenborn,' 'Wolf' (now back at Halle after his tribulations—poor man, his immortal System of Philosophy, where is it!).

"*King*. 'Did you study *Biblica* diligently?'

"*Linsenbarth*. 'With Buddæus (*beym Buddao*).'

"*King*. 'That is he who had such quarrelling with Wolf?'

"*Linsenbarth*. 'Yea, your Majesty! He was—'

"*King* (does not want to know what he was). 'What other useful Course of Lectures (*Collegia*) did you attend?'

"*Linsenbarth*. 'Thetics and Exegetics with Förtsch.' (How the deuce did Förtsch teach these things?) 'Hermeneutics and Polemics with Walch' (Editor of *Luther's Works*, I suppose); 'Hebraics with Dr. Danz; Homiletics with Dr. Weissenborn; *Pastorale* (not Pastoral Poetry, but the art of Pastorship) and *Morale* with Dr. Buddæus.' (There, your Majesty!—what a glimpse, as into infinite extinct Continents, filled with ponderous thorny inanities, invincible nasal drawling of didactic Titans, and the awful attempt to spin, on all manner of wheels, road-harness out of split cobwebs; Hoom! Hoom-m-m! Harness not to be had on those terms. Let the

dreary Limbus close again, till the general Day of Judgment for all this.)

“*King* (glad to get out of the Limbus). ‘Were things as wild then at Jena, in your time, as of old, when the Students were for ever scuffling and ruffling, and the couplet went :

‘ *Wer kommt von Jena ungeschlagen,
Der hat vom grossen Glück zu sagen.*

‘ He that comes from Jena *sine bello*,
He may think himself a lucky fellow ’ ?

“*Linsenbarth*. ‘That sort of folly is gone quite out of fashion ; and a man can lead a silent and quiet life there, just as at other Universities, if he will attend to the *Dic, cur, hic?*’ (or know what his real errand is). ‘In my time their Serene Highnesses, the Nursing-fathers of the University (*Nutritores Academiae*) — of the Ernestine Line’ (Weimar-Gotha Highnesses, that is), ‘were in the habit of having the Rufflers (*Renmoisten*), Renowners as they are called, who made so much disturbance, sent to Eisenach to lie in the Wartburg a while ; there they learned to be quiet.’ (Clock strikes twelve—dinner-time of Majesty.)

“*King*. ‘Now I must go : they are waiting for their soup’ (and so ends dialogue for the present). Did the King bid me wait ?

“‘When we got out of the Garden,’ says Linsen-

barth, silent on this point, 'the four Officers were still there upon the Esplanade' (Captains of Guard belike); 'they went into the palace with the King'—clearly meaning to dine with his Majesty.

"'I remained standing on the Esplanade. For twenty-seven hours I had not tasted food: not a farthing *in bonis*' (of principal or interest) 'to get bread with; I had waded twenty miles hither, in a sultry morning, through the sand. Not a difficult thing to keep down laughter in such circumstances!'—Poor soul; but the Royal mind is human too.—'In this tremor of my heart, there came a *Kammer-hussar*' (Soldier-Valet, Valet reduced to his simplest expression) 'out of the Palace, and asked, "Where is the man that was with my King" (*meinem König*—thy King particularly?) "in the Garden?" I answered "Here!" And he led me into the Schloss, to a large Room, where pages, lackeys, and Kammer-hussars were about. My Kammer-hussar took me to a little table, excellently furnished; with soup, beef; likewise carp dressed with garden-salad, likewise game with cucumber-salad; bread, knife, fork, spoon, and salt were all there' (and I with an appetite of twenty-seven hours; I too was there). 'My hussar set me in a chair, said: "This that is on the table, the King has ordered to be served for you (*Ihm*): you are to eat your fill and mind nobody; and I am to serve.

Sharp, then, fall to !”—I was greatly astonished, and knew not what to do : least of all could it come into my head that the King's Kammer-hussar, who waited on his Majesty, should wait on me. I pressed him to sit by me ; but as he refused, I did as bidden ; sat down, took my spoon, and went at it with a will (*frisch*) !

“ ‘The hussar took the beef from the table, set it on the charcoal dish (to keep it hot till wanted) ; he did the like with the fish and roast game ; and poured me out wine and beer ’ (was ever such a lucky Barmecide ?). ‘I ate and drank till I had abundantly enough. Dessert, confectionery, what I could—a plateful of big black cherries, and a plateful of pears, my waiting man wrapped in paper, and stuffed them into my pockets, to be a refreshment on the way home. And so I rose from the Royal table ; and thanked God and the King in my heart, that I had so gloriously dined,’ *herrlich* ‘gloriously’ at last.” Poor excellent down-trodden Linsenbarth, one's heart opens to him, not one's larder only.

“ ‘The hussar took away. At that moment a Secretary came ; brought me a sealed Order (Rescript) to the Pakhof at Berlin, with my Certificates (*Testimonia*), and the Pass ; told down on the table five Tailducats (*Schwanz-dukat*), and a Gold Friedrich under them ’ (about £3 10s., I think ; better than £10 of our day to a common man, and better than

£100 to a Linsenbarth), 'saying, The King sent me this to take me home to Berlin again.

"And if the hussar took me into the Palace, it was now the Secretary that took me out again. And there, yoked with six horses, stood a Royal Proviant-wagon ; which having led me to, the Secretary said : "You people, the King has given order you are to take this stranger to Berlin, and also to accept no drink-money from him." I again, through the *Herrn Secretarium*, testified my most submissive thankfulness for all Royal graciousness ; took my place, and rolled away.

"On reaching Berlin, I went at once to the Pakhof, straight to the office-room,'—standing more erect this time,—'and handed them my Royal Rescript. The Head man opened the seal ; in reading, he changed colour, went from pale to red ; said nothing, and gave it to the second man to read. The second put on his spectacles, read, and gave it the third. However, he' (the Head man) 'rallied himself at last : I was to come forward, and be so good as to write a quit-tance (receipt), "That I had received, for my 400 thalers all in batzen, the same sum in Brandenburg coin, ready down, without the least deduction." My cash was at once accurately paid. And thereupon the Steward was ordered, To go with me to the White Swan in the Jüdenstrasse, and pay what I owed there, whatever my score was. For which end they gave him

twenty-four thalers ; and if that were not enough, he was to come and get more.' On these high terms Linsenbarth marched out of the Pakhof for the second time ; the sublime head of him (not turned either) sweeping the very stars.

" 'That was what the King had meant when he said, 'You shall have your money back and interest too ;' "*videlicet*, that the Pakhof was to pay my expenses at the White Swan. The score, however, was only 10 thaler, 4 groschen, 6 pfennigs' (30 shillings, 5 pence, and 2 or perhaps 3 quarter-farthings), 'for what I had run up in eight weeks'—an uncommonly frugal rate of board, for a man skilled in Hermeneutics, Hebraics, Polemics, Thetics, Exegetics, Pastorate, Morale (and Practical Christianity and the Philosophy of Zeno, carried to perfection, or nearly so) ! 'And herewith this troubled History had its desired finish.' And our gray-whiskered, raw-boned, great-hearted Candidatus lay down to sleep, at the White Swan ; probably the happiest man in all Berlin, for the time being."

And this story of the poor Linsenbarth is truly a most pleasant story and shapes into a complete little romance ; the poor honest old pedagogue finished his days in that kind of work, but thought it worth while before he died to relate the story of his interview with the great King. This story illustrates in a very

pretty manner the disposition there was in Frederick to see all men for himself; he placed himself in the way of men and looked right through them.

FREDERICK THE GREAT TRAVELLING INCOGNITO.

Another of these pleasant illustrations occurs in the King's short incognito run to Holland in 1755. He gave himself out as a musician of the King of Poland, and travelling on the way to Utrècht he fell in with Henry de Catt, whom he afterwards appointed as *lecteur du Roi*. De Catt was a poor Swiss, aged twenty-seven, born near Geneva, sick in body and sick in purse and out upon a holiday—low-spirited enough, rather cross because although in infirm health he could not get into the cabin as it was all engaged. The weather was fine, and after some time there stepped upon the deck out of the cabin, a man in cinnamon coloured coat with gold button holes—in black wig, with face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish snuff. "He looked fixedly at me," says de Catt, "for some time, then said without further preface, 'Who are you?'" The manner of the little cinnamon coated man did not please de Catt, so he adopted a more courteous tone and said—but as the interview really furnishes a good side-light upon Frederick's character, and illustrates his incessant disposition to secretiveness and affability, de Catt shall tell the story for himself.

“Come in here to me, Monsieur! You will be better here than in the steerage, amid the tobacco-smoke.’ This polite address put an end to all anger; and as the singular manner of the man excited my curiosity, I took advantage of his invitation. We sat down, and began to speak confidentially with one another.

“Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting smoking his pipe?’ said he to me: ‘That man, you may depend upon it, is not happy.’—‘I know not,’ answered I: ‘but it seems to me, until one knows a man, and is completely acquainted with his situation and his way of thought, one cannot possibly determine whether he is happy or unhappy.’

“My gentleman admitted this” (very good-natured!); “and led the conversation on the Dutch Government. He criticised it—probably to bring me to speak. I did speak; and gave him frankly to know that he was not perfectly instructed in the thing he was criticising. ‘You are right,’ answered he; ‘one can only criticise what one is thoroughly acquainted with.’ He now began to speak of Religion; and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischiefs Scholastic Philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove that Creation was impossible. At this last point I stood out in opposition. ‘But how can one create Something out of Nothing?’ said he. ‘That is not the question,’

answered I ; ' the question is, Whether such a Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none.' He seemed embarrassed, and added, ' But the Universe is eternal.' ' You are in a circle,' said I ; ' how will you get out of it ?' ' I skip over it,' said he, laughing, and then began to speak of other things.

" ' What form of Government do you reckon the best ?' inquired he, among other things. ' The monarchic, if the King is just and enlightened.' ' Very well,' answered he ; ' but where will you find Kings of that sort ?' And thereupon went into such a sally upon Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship ; and cited on the occasion these verses (his own, I suppose) :

*" Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes ;
Amitié, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,
Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas !"*

" ' I have not the honour to be acquainted with Kings,' said I ; ' but to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole, are right.' ' Ah, oui, oui ; I am right ; I know the gentlemen !'

" We now got to speak of Literature. The stranger expressed himself with enthusiastic admiration of Racine. A droll incident happened during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let down a little

sash window and couldn't manage it. 'You don't understand that,' said I; 'let me do that.' I tried to get it down, but succeeded no better than he. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'allow me to remark, on my side, that you, upon my honour, understand as little of it as I!' 'That is true, and I beg your pardon; I was too rash in accusing you of want of expertness.' 'Were you ever in Germany?' he now asked me. 'No; but I should like to make that journey: I am very curious to see the Prussian States, and their King, of whom one hears so much.' And now I began to launch out on Friedrich's actions; but he interrupted me rapidly, with the words: 'Nothing more of Kings, Monsieur! What have we to do with them? We will spend the rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheering objects.' And now he spoke of the best of all possible worlds; and maintained that in our Planet Earth, there was more Evil than Good. I maintained the contrary, and this dispute brought us to the end of our voyage.

"On quitting me, he said, 'I hope, Monsieur, you will leave me your name: I am very glad to have made your acquaintance; perhaps we shall see one another again.' I replied, as was fitting, to the compliment; and begged him to excuse me for contradicting him a little. 'Ascribe this,' I concluded, 'to the ill-humour which various little journeys I had to make in these days have given me.' I then told

him my name, and we parted. Parted to meet again; and live together for about twenty years."

Such melo-dramatic touches complete the portrait of the man. We might know him as the conqueror at Hohen Friedberg, and as the strong governor of his nation; but does not this method of placing himself where he could talk with, and know, humble men, give one also a conception of the reality there was in the man himself? To which we must add that such instances thus recited by our writer illustrate his hearty avidity to know and to put himself into relation with every form of life; in a word, his possession of the instinct of Humanity.

CHAPTER XIII.

CARLYLE'S PRINCIPLES OF HERO-WORSHIP AND LOVE OF HEROES.

TRULY in Carlyle we understand that man is dear to man, man is dear to him ; we owe him much that so many years ago he gave, as in his "Past and Present," right ideas to the world concerning the chivalry of labour, the knighthood of industry ; it may be hoped we are gradually passing beyond the dominion of certain old ideas, and may wonder how ever the pleasant notion came to take such firm possession of the world, that anything is really noble beside goodness, usefulness, and truth ; how we ever came to the pleasant idea that it is greater to follow the profession of shooting human beings than feeding them. Carlyle is certainly not indisposed to pay homage to the strength of the sword, but he, if any man, teaches that the Knighthood of Industry is not less noble than the Knighthood of the Banner, the Parchment, and the Robe. There is nothing really great in man but Soul, although we are also amazed often when we become aware of the strange human things

which emerge in the scheme of providence, and how the most unlikely things have their place, and have been used up even as those who loosed the ass, when the question was put, "Why loose ye him?" could only reply "The Master hath need of him"—a reply we have often been compelled to give, when we have seen creatures just as unlikely employed in even a Divine kind of work. But Carlyle loves to loiter by old tombs and incense, and glorify by his imagination and eloquence others whose names shine to him like ever-burning Rosicrucian lamps over their graves, some of them comparatively lowly and unknown. How greatly he believes in the Della Scalas, the men who planted their own ladder. When you have visited the old city of Verona, you have turned aside to look at the tomb of the Della Scalas covered with their heraldic achievement, the *scala*, or ladder; not a very noble family, but a very typical heraldry of the true Scalaigers, the ladder climbers, who from lowly obscurity have obtained a place of bloodless, beautiful, triumphant power; men who were masters over the elements because they were masters over themselves; men with no prestige perhaps of external royalty about them, but who ruled and permeated men's thoughts after their own death. How beautifully it is of such men our writer's friend John Sterling says—

“ Ever their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
By bed and table they lord it o’er us
With thoughts of beauty and words of good.

“ Calmly they show us man victorious
O’er all that’s aimless, blind, and base ;
Their presence has made our nature glorious,
Unveiling our night’s illumined face.

“ Their toil has won them a god-like quiet,
They have wrought their path to a lovely sphere ;
Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot,
And shape us a home of refuge there.”

And very various are the men whom Mr. Carlyle has thus glorified as heroes ; and not merely in his Lectures on Hero Worship, but throughout his works. And some of his verdicts have been regarded as very questionable, few more so than his magnificent apotheosis of *Mahomet*, whom he will not believe to be “a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain,”—“no inanity and simulacrum, a fiery mass of life cast up from the great bosom of Nature herself.” With many his rehabilitation of *Cromwell* is almost as questionable a deed ; “the Huntingdon Farmer, the acknowledged strongest man in England.” “*Napoleon* does by no means seem to me so great a man as *Cromwell*.” “The Great Captain in the war of Belief against Unbelief.” “*Dante* with his three kingdoms, Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradisio, looking out on one another like compartments of a great edifice, a great

supernatural world-cathedral, piled up there, stern, solemn, awful ! Dante's world of souls. Each answers to the other ; each fits in its place like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished ; it is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the Middle Ages rendered for ever rhythmically visible there." *Burns*—"You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul in all that century of his, and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so." He has a tender appreciation of *Sir Walter Scott*, but pitches his admiration by no means very high—"When he departed he took a man's life along with him, no sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time, albeit winged words were not his vocation, nothing urged him that way ; the great mystery of existence was not great to him, did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered with it or perish." Amongst the number even *Ebenezer Elliott* comes in for his share of homage, "as a man of that singular class who have something to say." He seeks to do justice to all, and you will find some very questionable characters receiving a fair meed of commendation. "*Voltaire*, who indeed gave the death-stab to superstition, albeit his best idea of the world was of a miserable, aimless ship of fools sailing through space, and he himself a fool among the rest, and only a very little wiser than they." "*Mirabeau*,

member of a race totally exempt from blockheads, but a little liable to produce blackguards." Even *Denis Diderot* comes in for his word as "the chief one who built, not the Holy Temple of Jerusalem, but the unholy one in Paris ; where he, like Ezra, wrought trowel in one hand and sword in the other, that so the work might go on, and the top-stone of that building be brought forth with shoutings." Brave old *Samuel Johnson* has his very heartiest word as "one who was in no wise a clothes-horse, or patent digester, but a genuine man." *Dr. Francia*, with his reign of Terror in South America, "uncertain exactly what to do with the people he had to govern, but on the whole, as a preliminary, to lay good horse-whips lustily upon you, so to cast out the seven devils of idleness, brutality, darkness, falseness," &c., &c. And as we have seen, marvellous is his constantly renewed admiration for *Goethe*: "a complete man ; the trembling sensibility, the wild enthusiasm of a Mignon, asserting itself with the scornful world-mockery of a Mephistopheles, and each side of many-sided life receiving its due from him." Such, and so various are the characters which are made to pass in review before you through these works. But Mr. Carlyle's portrait gallery would indeed be a very large one were we to attempt an enumeration of all the names he either glorifies or glooms.

But the varied admirations of Carlyle must, by no

means, imply that they are indiscriminating and unprincipled ; this is one of the ridiculous charges which flippant speakers have urged against him, that his admiration goes with strength irrespective of higher, holier qualities ; it is a very false charge. One of the duties imposed upon us now-a-days, it seems, by a wide-minded catholic Optimism is charity for persecutors. Carlyle is no Optimist. We are sorry to say we have not learnt it yet, have not made out the optimist's view of the universal plan. Christianity is our only Optimism. William Smith, in his "Gravenhurst," says, selecting an object upon whom to exercise his toleration and amiable affection, the toughest subject of all History for such a means of grace, Philip II. :—

"I was lately reading the History of Philip II. and the grand revolt of the Netherlands. What indignation I felt against the Spanish tyrant ! And, indeed, we Protestants must hate this despot. And yet, I ask myself, is it reasonable to lay upon one man, as his crime, the fanaticism of a whole people and the tradition of ages ? A great idea prevailed, it predominated entirely in Spain, it had prevailed generally through European society. It was the idea of an Universal Church, out of which salvation for the souls of men was impossible. Kings, as well as priests, and mobs as well as kings, were possessed

with this idea. Scholars, soldiers, magistrates, all held themselves charged to maintain it, to write, to fight, and adjudicate for its support. The error of all is the reproach of none. This Philip II. is pre-eminently the great and pious King of pious Catholics. Possessed of highest power, on him devolves the severest task. The sword is in his hand, and he must strike. This morose and superstitious King is before all others the slave to one great idea.

“But in one part of his dominions this great idea is disputed and dethroned. I see the enlightened and wealthy cities of Holland suffering every calamity that war and famine can inflict, rather than deny the new truth that has sprung up in them. They will not surrender their convictions. Rather let the sea take back their land, rather let the fires of martyrdom consume their bodies. Return stroke for stroke, you brave Dutch men! Bear all, inflict all, rather than surrender! Would that you could bind this monarch and fling him over your Dykes, and be free to worship how you will!

“But now, when the fight is over and the combatants numbered with the dead, on whom are we to pass judgment? Not on the zealot King, not on the zealot citizens. They are gone from before our judgment seat, with all their antagonistic energies and repugnant duties. They have left only for our contemplation a contest between two great ideas.

All that remains for us is to congratulate ourselves on the new views that have become prevalent as to the duty of the State in the matter of religion."

But we are narrow-minded, and bigoted, and intolerant; we have not learnt to clasp in the arms of our affections these pleasant men—Marats, Dantons, Robespierres, Philips II., Dukes D'Alva, Bonners, Jefferys, and such entertaining and delightful creatures. On the contrary, there is that in us which does utterly execrate them. They are, and ever will be to us, until the whole texture of our moral being and relations are altered, utterly and wholly hateful and abominable. Truly, what little measure of toleration we have to spare shall not be wasted on these or the like of these. If we treat ourselves to a bottle of lavender or *eau de Cologne*, it shall not be to waste it on hyenas and jackals. A very small benevolence we think that would be, and scarcely likely to be appreciated by the beasts themselves. This is, no doubt, meeting the theory of Mr. Smith at the root of it. It fights against our first instincts. Good and evil are not mere ideas. Philip II. and the brave Hollanders were fighting for more than ideas, pictures, painted *eidola*. Philip embodied that damnable self-hood and selfishness, that idiotic and maniac, air-beating impotency, cruel, remorseless, conscienceless, curse of nature, which

has ever been the point of resistance against the Divine Providence. And Holland, on the contrary, represented all that constitutes conduct, and character, and effort in man. And are we to treat both as now on the same platform and level? That be far from us, as far as the present dwellings of the combatants. Damnation, if not to Philip, to his cause; and glory, and honour, and immortality to his noble foes. There is, no doubt, that in us which looks forward to the time when we may contemplate the collisions and antagonisms of evil and good with purified eyes; but we are far enough from that complacent glance at present, and we do not think it would be for the good of society that we should thus mix and mingle the dust of scoundrels and martyrs, paying the same amount of homage to the illustrious heroes of the "Newgate Calendar" as to the heroes who fell in the battles of reformation, and whose dust is mingled with common clay, or is tossed to every wind of Heaven, but whose souls all live to God, we now only regarding scoundrel and martyr as "representing two great ideas!"

The principles of his Hero Worship are not founded on admiration of mere strength; even his admiration of the father of Frederick the Great, perhaps the most questionable of his admirations, is founded on the possession of something more than

mere strength; a certain amount of solid good sense and sagacity which served his people well; a worshipping reverence, a clear sagacious eye, what he calls a *kenning* power; this, united to the strong arm, the *canning*, the power swiftly and adroitly to perform that which the eye gives to the hand to do; the sense of responsibility to infinite law, and to the orderly marshalling of the things of life beneath Divine law; surely these are the principles upon which Carlyle founds his Hero Worship. Many characters become his text for preaching these doctrines, remarkably so in Cromwell, especially so in his, even passionate, love of Luther. He does not aim to prove his heroes perfect; the house that is building, he says, is not like the house that is built. He honours the men who did their best as "God's able-bodied labourers," working according to their lights, humbly, but heartily, and therefore highly. Notice his admiration for Luther; how finely this comes out in his affectionate little picture of

THE WARTBURG, THE REFUGE OF LUTHER.

"*Wartburg*, one of the most distinguished Strong Houses any Duke could live in, if he were of frugal and heroic turn; Wartburg, built by fabulous Ludwig the Springer, which grandly overhangs the town of Eisenach, grandly the general Thuringian forest; it is now,—Magician Klingsohr having sang there, St.

Elizabeth having lived there and done conscious miracles, Martin Luther having lived there and done unconscious ditto,—the most interesting *Residens*, or old grim shell of a mountain castle turned into a tavern, now to be found in Germany, or perhaps readily in the world. One feels,—standing in Luther's room; with Luther's poor old oaken table, oaken ink-holder still there, and his mark on the wall which the devil has not yet forgotten,—as if here once more, with mere Heaven and the silent Thuringian Hills looking on, a grand and grandest battle of 'one man *versus* the Devil and all men ' was fought, and the latest Prophecy of the Eternal was made to these sad ages that yet run ; as if here, in fact, of all places that the sun now looks upon, were the *holiest* for a modern man. To me, at least, in my poor thoughts, there seemed something of *authentically* Divine in this locality, as if immortal remembrances and sacred influences and monitions were hovering over it, speaking sad, and grand, and valiant things to the hearts of men. A distinguished person whom I had the honour of attending on that occasion actually stooped down, when he thought my eye was off him, *kissed* the old oaken table, though one of the grimmest men now living, and looked like lightning and rain all the morning after, with a visible moisture in those sun-eyes of his, and not a word to be drawn from him."

And again in the following passage on

THE BIRTH OF LUTHER.

"Luther's birthplace was Eisleben, in Saxony. He came into the world there on the 10th of November, 1483. It was an accident that gave this honour to Eisleben. His parents, poor mine-labourers in a village of that region, named Mohra, had gone to the Eisleben Winter-Fair. In the tumult of this scene Frau Luther was taken with travail, found refuge in some poor house there, and the boy she bore was named Martin Luther. Strange enough to reflect upon it. This poor Frau Luther, she had gone with her husband to make her small merchandisings, perhaps to sell the lock of yarn she had been spinning, to buy the small winter necessities for her narrow hut or household ; in the whole world, that day, there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this miner and his wife ; and yet what were all Emperors, Popes, and Potentates in comparison ? There was born here once more, a Mighty Man ; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world ; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, Eighteen Hundred years ago, of which it is fit that we *say* nothing, that we think only in silence ; for what words are there ?

The Age of Miracles past? The Age of Miracles is for ever here!"

He is by no means insensible to the fact that the most heroic natures have their infirmities; but if the soul is right in the main, if it wrestles against the evil, and repents, and prays; if it be able to believe and love, this soul has claims on his affections, he gives it his homage, receives it to his arms. Is not the following very true and pitying, tender and noble, and a light to many of the judgments he forms upon other characters we are not wont to regard very highly?

DAVID,—HIS SINS AND HIS PSALMS.

"On the whole we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of all faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there 'the man according to God's own heart'? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations,

true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not, for man, *repentance* the most Divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin;—that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact; is dead: it is 'pure' as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle, often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: 'a succession of falls'? Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle *be* a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true."

Thus he will apologise for the infirmities, and even

sins, of the men he loves, the heroes he adores, even for their inconsistency, saying, as he says of Werner, when he steps into the Roman Catholic Church, "Perhaps callous soul-consistency is no such brilliant virtue; we pardon genial weather for its changes, but the steadiest of all climates is that of Greenland."

The story of the life of Frederick is brilliantly told; and it is well that it should be told, for he was the central man of his age. But hitherto he does not look like one of the author's old heroes; of the mighty whom the ages watch over, and whom even time will not allow to die; one of the men who keep the times fresh and pure as they stream along; men who could live unselfishly; men who were a tongue, a word of life and flame; apostles who suffered the loss of all things; the true kings of the world; the true world sailors and soldiers; the men who formed the true hierarchy, the sacred band, the elect race. And how exhilarating it is to talk of such heroes. What talk can be like it—so inspiring? The way they looked at things; their fine, clear, intelligent comprehension of all things; their way of doing things, as well as looking at things—so simple, and yet so strong; so fearless and dauntless, and yet so tender; so resistless and perennial through all future time, albeit so despised and scouted in their own. It will always do us good to talk of such heroes.

These are names which stir us like the sound of a trumpet ; names which, even to mention, is as if we inhaled the fragrance of a flower, or walked in strength and health over a wide, wild heath or mountain. These are names which freshen life, and add fragrance to it ; names which come over us with a sweeping sound like a full peal of bells, or deep and solemn as organ tones in minsters ; names that cool us like a walk by a river bank near the cities of old Spain, shaded by orange-trees ; names that stir within us all venerable thoughts, as when we tread our way through crypt and cloister, through forests of pillars, and deep vaults, when we whisper to each other as we tread, Let us move softly, for ghosts are here ; and names that are like those of the Fairy Queen, or the Broad Stone of Honour to us. It is good to talk of such heroes. They are the salt of the earth ; they are the pillars of fire to wandering men in the wilderness. What shall we say, but that God gives not His Spirit by measure unto these ? they are the prophets in the wilderness, who prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight in the desert a way for God. Sometimes as kings, like Louis, St. Louis ; sometimes Apostolic men, like St. Augustine or St. Bernard ; sometimes martyrs and teachers, like Pallissy, the potter ; sometimes Poets like Dante. It is good to talk of heroes. And had not God intended we should regard them from all points

in their weakness and their strength, He would not have given to us the life of Moses, and the Judges, and Samuel, and Kings.

That statesman was an acute observer of human character who, when he was compelled to receive a charge of conspiracy against a nobleman living in tranquillity and retirement, in whose innocence he believed, took him into his gallery of paintings to watch and listen to his passing criticisms ; and when he heard the bold and striking scenery of Salvator awaking up a gentle agitation of imagination in the heart, said—"Go back, then, with perfect ease to your retirement. Had you entered into these treasonable conspiracies, your heart and mind in storm would have sighed for peace. As it is, it is the gentle tranquillity within that looks out upon the slight excitement to its own still nature." We shall never judge far wrong if we suppose a man's heroes to be opposite to his own being, although in conformity with his own sympathies. Homer could not be Achilles, but he paints him. The still, solitary Carlyle—his heroes move before us like tempests. And we are reminded of Jacobi's definition : "To embrace an object so as to see nothing beyond it, there is no other way to be an hero." Hence we are all heroes when we are in love, and the grandeur of what we love measures the grandeur of our heroism. Hence it is impossible to be a hero in anything

unless one is first a hero in faith; and Carlyle is quite right in testing all his heroes thus: What did they believe in, and to what extent did they believe? If a man has not faith, nothing can be made of him, as it is everlastingly true that this is the victory that overcometh all things: self—devil—world—difficulty: even your faith translated thus. Heroism is not only faith, it is love. Can faith exist without love? We may believe not. Intellectual persuasion may, but that cold spectre is not even the shadow of faith. *Heroism* is not only *faith and love*, but *strength*, for love is strength; and who does not know what boundless resources are opened within us by the revelations and intuitions of love? Heroism thus includes all that crowns and completes humanity; only the condition ever remains, Show me the object of your faith—is it an abstraction? Is it self? Is it Christ? Is it God? and by its relation to infinite powers and beings I shall also know the extent to which it will awaken the infinite resources of faith, love, foresight, and tenderness in you.

But we are frequently unjust to the *unsuccessful*. Yet, honour to the *unsuccessful*! From them what power has gone forth to the world! Nay, the most successful man is frequently only a man standing upon and using the experience of the unsuccessful. We should like to find in Mr. Carlyle's gallery of heroes more homage to the host of martyrs; but it is

the step of sturdy strength ; it is the robust and rugged man who is prepared to lay his hand on the throat of an age, and rend and tear the hollowness and falseness from it. Ah, unsuccessful heroes ! When will *your* laureate arise ; when will *your* historian appear ? Trampled bones, ashes dishonoured, scattered into the wilderness, lying in the cave's mouth ; venerable spirits floating over the seas of oblivion ; undefined aurora shapes : not yet for most of them has the hour of coronation arrived. Yet, unsuccessful great men, we will not pass your scaffolds without a tear—no, not of pity, but of veneration, and awe, and love. Perhaps even within us they stir these feelings more than those forms that bend in solemn state from the chosen sculptured niches of history. Arnold of Brescia, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Savonarola, Sir Harry Vane,—these we fear Mr. Carlyle would call very thin and unsubstantial men ; but they are not less heroes to us because they failed. They dared to stand and place their breast as a target for the spears of their age ; they were not to be intimidated, although they knew the flames in the great Broadway awaited them at the end of their journey ; in that, perhaps, not unlike their more illustrious brethren, for what does it matter how we die so that we die well ? And there is never, as has been proverbially said, a great interval of time between the glory of a great man

and his tomb. But it is not his mission or his purpose to be the biographer in general to noble souls ; but rather to point to the vast men as the creators of great Heaven-sent epochs. He records the memory and the deeds of men who have seized Opportunities and made the most of them ; as, indeed, he says of Frederick :—

OPPORTUNITY ESSENTIAL TO THE HERO.

“ On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see, miraculous Opportunity, rushing hitherward—swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods ! dare you clutch *him* by the thunder-mane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course rather ? Be immediate about it, then ; the time is now or else never ! No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an Opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous King, less sensible to the perils, and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been.”

And, indeed, it is the difficult part of an able, philosophical Historian rightly to distinguish between what the opportunity did for the man and what the man was in himself without the opportunity. When,

on the birth of the young King of Rome, one said to Napoleon: "Sire, you must watch attentively over the education of your son: he must be brought up with care—the utmost care, in order that he may be able to replace you." "Replace me!" he exclaimed. "Replace me! I cannot replace myself: I am the child of circumstances." This exactly expresses Carlyle's faith about great men, only instead of the word circumstances, use the word *Providence*. Every event has its own Divine providence. History is not a mere happening: on the contrary, all things march beneath a Commander. The Calvinistic side of Carlyle's creed is clear enough; the very reverse of "low in sentiment," as a certain religious jargon has it. While Carlyle notes all circumstances, he does not believe in them as the grand directors and rulers of affairs. No; the greatest men have been fatalists; they have felt themselves to be Divinely possessed instruments of destiny, with a fatal irresistibleness about them. There have been men whom God has used as He uses the blind, crushing, overwhelming forces of a thunder-bolt, to hurry along the fiery heavens and smite down some wrong too dreadful to be tolerated longer; and there are some men who come as the fiery avengers of evil, perhaps, but the no less consecrated heralds of good. But the proper characteristic and sign of the great man—artist, philosopher, legislator, pontiff even, or warrior—is that he

succeeds ; although we have to say of much success and fame, too, that "it grows after death like human hair ;" and in that case it seems to him of as little use—the laurel on a dead man's bust as the beard on a dead man's chin ; still we know that marble lips can speak.

What, we have said already, is history ? What, indeed, is history without men ? and especially, what is history without the MAN ?—History ? History, as we have seen and said, is the record of the marriage of the man and the moment, the man and his opportunity. The Atlantic lies a long time without Columbus, but when Columbus comes, that which was a watery barrier becomes a great highway ; for the *man* is the masculine of history, and the *moment* is the feminine of history. So these two, who have been long waiting for each other, do meet and plight their troth in the antique church of the ages ; and that which we call history is only the child of the marriage, the child born of these two. You name him the *father*, the hero ; he it is who goes into the belfry of time, and the bell sounds to all the sleepers around, Awake ; he it is who rings the bells, and then their peals go tolling, not alone across the nations, but come up booming over and down the centuries too. The great Luther goes into the belfry of the Ages, and the bats and ravens, and the unsightly creatures, fly out from the ivied old towers as the bell tolls. What great bell-ringers the great Martyrs of

Science! See in some instances how a great soul has a tug with the devil which shall pull the rope; for, although the same bell, so much depends on the hand that wakes the first peal. And note how, as the bell-ringers drift away, and drop down into the night, ever and again history records how the new year is rung in bysacred, Heaven-commissioned hands, and the chimes which usher in the new æon toll out the old. Thus connected always with Carlyle's estimate of great men must stand his estimate of historic life; that is, the life of nations. Well has he said, "For, properly, as many men as there are in a nation who *can* withal see Heaven's invisible justice, and know it to be on Earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a nation and perdition. So many, and no more." This is a dreadful thought, and not to be regarded as a very irreligious one; or even, when we think of the national stories of the Bible, as very unscriptural; nay, perhaps absolutely true! and if true, most frightful. No writer, no teacher of our day more absolutely believes that there is a righteous God, and that He doeth righteously, than Carlyle. Preachers say it, we read it in the Bible, but he with terrible energy declares it; and while we read we tremble.

And much of all this is seen and described in his story of the first years of Frederick's life. Here is a touch in the well-known Carlyle manner:—

AN AGE WITHOUT STRONG MEN.

“Somewhat of a rotten Epoch, this into which Frederick has been born, to shape himself and his activities royal and other!” exclaims Smelfungus once: “In an older earnest Time, when the eternally awful meanings of this Universe had not yet sunk into dubieties to any one, much less into levities or into mendacities, into huge hypocrisies carefully regulated—so luminous, vivid, and ingenuous, a young creature had not wanted Divine manna in his Pilgrimage through Life. Nor, in that case, had he come out of it in so lean a condition. But the highest man of us is born brother to his Contemporaries; struggle as he may, there is no escaping the family likeness. By spasmodic indignant contradiction of them, by rapid compliance with them, you will inversely resemble if you do not directly; like the starling you can’t get out! Most surely if there do fall manna from Heaven, in the given generation, and nourish in us reverence and genial nobleness day by day, it is blessed and well. Failing that, in regard to our poor spiritual interests, there is sure to be one of two results: mockery, contempt, disbelief, what we may call short-diet to the length of very famine (which was Frederick’s case); or else slow poison, carefully elaborated and provided by way of daily nourishment. Unhappy souls, these same! The slow poison has

gone deep into them. Instead of manna, this long while back, they have been living on mouldy corrupt meats sweetened by sugar-of-lead ; or, perhaps, like Voltaire, a few individuals prefer hunger as the cleaner alternative, and in contemptuous, barren, mocking humour, not yet got the length of geniality or indignation, snuff the east wind by way of spiritual diet. Pilgriming along on such nourishment, the best human soul fails to become very ruddy ! Tidings about Heaven are fallen so uncertain ; but the Earth and her joys are still interesting. Take to the Earth and her joys ; let your soul go out, since it must ; let your five senses and their appetites be well alive. That is a dreadful Sham-Christian-Dispensation to be born under ! You wonder at the want of heroism in the Eighteenth century. Wonder rather at the degree of heroism it had ; wonder how many souls there still are to be met with in it of some effective capability, though dieting in that way—nothing else to be had in the shops about. Carterets, Belleisles, Friedrichs, Voltaires, Chathams, Franklins, Choiseuls ; there is an effective stroke of work, a fine fire of heroic pride, in this man and the other, not yet extinguished by spiritual famine or slow poison ; so robust is Nature, the mighty Mother !

“But in general, that sad Gospel, souls extinct, stomachs well alive ! is the credible one, not articulately preached, but practically believed by the abject

generations, and acted on as it never was before. What immense sensualities there were, is known ; and also (as some small offset, though that was not yet begun in 1740) what immense quantities of Physical Labour and contrivance were got out of mankind in that Epoch and down to this day. As if, having lost its Heaven, it had struck desperately down into the Earth ; as if it were a *beaver*-kind, and not a mankind any more. We had once a Barbarossa, and a world all grandly true. But from that to Karl VI., and *his* Holy Romish Reich in such a state of 'Holiness!'—I here cut short my abstruse Friend."

No doubt, as we have already said, one of the foremost characteristics venerated by Carlyle is strength. But strength represents to him foresight, wisdom, and universal capability. He would right heartily unite in saying—

"To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering."

And not merely so ; we fancy that he would not the less say—

"To be weak is sinful."

And rightly translated, is he not right ? To be strong is not only the highest human, but in the degree in which man possesses it, he assimilates his human to the Divine. Moral weakness is vice. And is

he not right ? Such weakness is failure, because it is feebleness. Such weakness is disease and death. Such weakness is thus something more than absence of heroism ; it is degradation of all that is spiritual in man to the service of the sensual. And hence, as fundamental to this idea, we will beg our readers to notice how his wrath pours itself over vice ; as the most genuine sign, as we all know it is, of human weakness, that a man cannot command his own passions, cannot rein them, cannot act the despot over them. Our readers will remember the words, with reference to the dissolute early years of Frederick the Great :—

“ Poor young man, with companions who lead him on in ways not conformable to the laws of the Universe ; the bright young soul, with its fine strength and gifts, wallowing like a young rhinoceros in the mud bath. Some say it is wholesome for a human soul ; not we.”

And it appears doubtful whether this bright young human soul, comparable for the present to a rhinoceros wallowing in the mud bath, with nothing but “its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes, will ever get out again or not. The rhinoceros-soul got out, but not uninjured. Alas, no ; bitterly injured ; tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life.” He goes on to say—

“To burn away in mad waste the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence ; to change our holy of holies into a place of riot ; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren ! Surely a day is coming when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life. How divine is the blush of young human cheeks ; how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable if forgotten, is the duty laid not on woman only, but on every creature, in regard to these particulars ! Well, if such a day never come again, then I perceive much else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come ; heroic purity of heart and of eye ; noble pious valour, to amend us and the age of bronze and lacquer, how can they ever come ? The scandalous bronze-lacquer age of mighty animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course till the pit swallow it.”

This kind of strength, victory over sensualism and animalism, is ever kept before the reader by Carlyle as of the highest type of heroism ; and you will remember how his hatred for the shameless indulgences of some men—Voltaire's, and Mirabeau's, and Diderot's—storms forth in indignation, or pity, or contempt. Everywhere he demands, as the grand and indispensable condition to conquest of other men, the obtaining a manful and heroic conquest over self.

And with all his admiration for Frederick, there is in his story some modification of the ancient sin and foundation for the charge preferred against him, which Archdeacon Hare has called his *titanolatry*—his homage to mere strength—his belief in the divinity of the strong. Hence with what contempt, with what supreme and withering contempt, can he hold up some piece of unworthy littleness in great place. Among such we select the following morning toilet of Louis XV.

THE MORNING TOILET OF LOUIS XV.; CHIEF
MAGISTRATE OF STRUMPET-OCRACY.

“‘Till Majesty please to awaken, you saunter in the Salle des Ambassadeurs; whole crowds jostling one another there; gossiping together in a diligent, insipid manner;’ gossip all reported, snatches of which have acquired a certain flavour by long keeping—which the reader shall imagine. ‘Meanwhile you keep your eye on the grate of the Inner Court, which as yet is only ajar, Majesty inaccessible as yet. Behold, at last, grate opens itself wide; sign that Majesty is out of bed; that privileged of mankind may approach, and see the miracles.’ Geusau continues, abridged by Büsching and us:

“The whole assemblage passed now into the King’s Ante-room; had to wait there about half an hour more, before the King’s bed-room was opened. But then

at last, to you,—there is the King, visible to Geusau and everybody, ‘washing his hands,’ which effected itself in this way, ‘The King was seated ; a gentleman-in-waiting knelt before him, and held the Ewer, a square vessel, silver-gilt, firm upon the King’s breast ; and another gentleman-in-waiting poured water on the King’s hands.’ Merely an official washing, we perceive ; the real, it is to be hoped, had, in a much more effectual way, been going on during the half-hour just elapsed. After washing, the King rose for an instant ; had his dressing-gown, a grand, yellow silky article with silver flowerings, pulled off, and flung round his loins ; upon which he sat down again, and,—observe it, ye privileged of mankind,—the change of shirt took place ! ‘They put the clean shirt down over his head,’ says Anton, ‘and plucked up the dirty one from within, so that of the naked skin you saw little or nothing.’ Here is a miracle worth getting out of bed to look at !

“ ‘His Majesty now quitted his chair and dressing-gown, stood up before the fire, and, after getting on the rest of his clothing, which, on account of Czarina Anne’s death’ (readers remember that), ‘was of a violet or mourning colour, he had the powder-mantle thrown round him, and sat down at the Toilette to have his hair frizzed. The Toilette, a table with white colour shoved into the middle of the room, had on it a mirror, a powder-knife, and’—no mortal

cares what. 'The King,' what all mortals note as they do the heavenly omens, 'is somewhat talky ; speaks sometimes with the Dutch Ambassador, sometimes with the Pope's Nuncio, who seems a jocose kind of gentleman, sometimes with different French Lords, and at last with the Cardinal Fleury also, to whom, however, he does not look particularly gracious,'—not particularly, this time. These are the omens ; happy who can read them ! 'Majesty then did his morning-prayer, assisted only by the common Almoners-in-waiting (Cardinal took no hand, much less any other) ; Majesty knelt before his bed, and finished the business in less than six seconds.' After which mankind can ebb out to the ante-room again, pay their devoir to the Queen's Majesty, which all do ; or wait for the Transit to Morning Chapel, and see Mesdames of France and the others flitting past in their sedans."

The measure of all that can be gathered from Carlyle is this :—That man is, indeed, the reservoir of Divine forces, which may become, and truly do become, infernal forces. But, unquestionably, what is profoundly interesting to Carlyle is, that while all the forces of nature are tamed and tuned, there frequently starts up into being some man with force in him by which he cunningly arrests the ways and works of nature,

and while with subtle, Pan-like fingers he tames and tunes nature even to his ear, he with huge colossal step strides over the wild realm of kingdoms, and by some strong sympathy attracts and chains the affections of men. The worshipper of strength in this view Carlyle has usually been regarded ; and it is an authentication of the estimate in which Archdeacon' Hare regarded him, that he has devoted twelve pages to the analysis of the *influence* of Carlyle's teaching in that very pleasant book, "The Mission of the Comforter." The love of strength is the attribute of Carlyle, but surely, if his writings are taken as a whole, that love of strength does not stand, as has been said, divorced from the *informing* spirit which used that strength. Truly, he seems to start admiringly at the mighty beings that rise before him ; and is it possible that an intense humanity can survey the powerful and tremendous passions of men, without a fascination amounting to admiration, burnt in by horror or by awe ? But surely it is for genius, sanctified by conscience, and crowned by highest wisdom, that he expresses ever the highest admiration. We have said, and may repeat again, that we do not think, in Mr. Carlyle's table of heroes, the peacemakers occupy a sufficiently prominent place ; the humble, the holy, the lowly ; these do not rise sufficiently to the eye. All these as elements do lie in his writings ;

but *strength, strength, strength*. Blessed are the Strong ! A vehement character, pouring a passionate tide of strength over the whole of life, and compelling, by the force and power of its will and individuality, times, and seasons, and laws, and nations to wait upon it, this is wonderful. But, after all, it is not *most* wonderful ; and perhaps Mr. Carlyle would himself confess that it is not most wonderful. The strength of a holy energy is yet more sublime ; and the majesty of suffering, sitting unsubdued in the ashes, and waiting beneath the invisible wings of the angels of faith and patience, is yet more royal.

On the whole, too, we have to remember in all his works a favourite old canon of Mr. Carlyle ; for to him principally we are indebted for popularising that characterisation of true greatness, which recognises this as its essential canon, that the unconscious is alone the great, the perfect, and the complete. And by the light of this it is interesting to throw together the portraits of Frederick and Voltaire ; Voltaire using every thing and person as a mirror to contemplate his own wizened, most bilious and simiatic beauties ; and Frederick, it must be owned, apparently stepping on with sublime indifference and unconcern. We receive, still with some amount of reservation, Mr. Carlyle's definition of a noble soul, that absence of *self-consciousness* and presence of *individuality* are its

chief marks ; but we believe the degree in which one is possessed will usually be the proof of the absence of the other. *Individuality* concerns itself with the mission and work ; *Consciousness* wonders what will be thought of the work. *Individuality* sets the work up in the gallery ; *Consciousness* places itself behind the curtain, to listen to the criticisms, and winces if they are not encomiums. *Individuality* is related most nearly to Pride ; *Consciousness* is related most nearly to Vanity. *Individuality* is bold, impelled by the sense of its own inner perceptions and revealings ; *Consciousness* is timid, because it waits on the approval and opinion of others. When we look at *great* men, we find them all characterised by marked *Individuality*, all inferior men by *Consciousness*. The one is genius, the other is talent. *Individuality* will allow of no hesitation, and yet its instincts are so prudent and so safe ; *Consciousness* hesitates, misses the moment, and fails. In a word, men of intense *Individuality* *feel* their greatness, and assert it by deeds, and by what they do ; men of *Consciousness* *know* their greatness, they do not feel it ; and they assert it by *words*.

THE YOUNG FREDERICK.

“ Here,” exclaims our author, in drawing to a close his first sketch of Frederick “ here is a successful young King ; is not he ? Has plunged into the maelstrom for

his jewelled cap, and comes up with it, alive, unharmed. Will he, like that Diver of Schiller's, have to try the feat a second time? Perhaps a second time, and even a third!" This is our author's reflection after the battle of Chotusitz and the peace of Breslau. The author's reflections so far at the close, meet those of a kind of hearty and human sympathy expressed at the beginning.

"Readers see there is radiance enough, perhaps slightly in excess, but of intrinsically good quality, in the Aurora of this new Reign. A brilliant, valiant young King; much splendour of what we could call a *golden*, or soft nature (visible in those 'New-era' doings of his, in those strong affections for his friends); and, also, what we like almost better in him, something of a *steel-bright* or stellar splendour (meaning clearness of eyesight, intrepidity, severe loyalty to fact), which is a fine addition to the softer element, and will keep it and its philanthropies and magnanimities well under rule. Such a man is rare in this world; how extremely rare such a man born King! He is swift, and he is persistent; sharply discerning, fearless to resolve and perform; carries his great endowments lightly, as if they were not heavy to him. He has known hard misery, been taught by stripes; a light stoicism sits gracefully on him.

"'What will he grow to?' Probably to something

considerable. Very certainly far short of his aspirations ; far different from his own hopes, and the world's, concerning him. It is not we, it is Father Time that does the controlling and fulfilling of our hopes ; and strange work he makes of them and us."

Not to linger longer, but to close this generalisation of our author's works, the following extract will very much sum up his conception of what constitutes the truly noble and heroic:—

IN WHAT IS TRUE NOBLENESSE ?

"What is the meaning of nobleness, if this be 'noble' ? In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men ; fronting the peril which frightens back all others ; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will for ever be, a crown of thorns. The Pagan Hercules, why was he accounted a Hero ? Because he had slain Nemean Lions, cleaned Augean Stables, undergone Twelve Labours only not too heavy for a god. In modern, as in ancient and all societies, the Aristocracy—they that assume the functions of an Aristocracy, doing them or not—have taken the post of honour ; which is the post of difficulty, the post of danger,—of death, if the difficulty be not overcome.

Il faut payer de sa vie. Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfully give it? Descend, O Do-nothing Pomp; quit thy down cushions; expose thyself to learn what wretches feel, and how to cure it! The Czar of Russia became a dusty, toiling shipwright; worked with his axe in the Docks of Saardam; and his aim was small to thine. Descend thou: undertake this horrid 'living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger' weltering round thy feet; say, 'I will heal it, or behold I will die foremost in it.' Such is verily the law. Everywhere and everywhen a man has to '*pay* with his life;' to do his work, as a soldier does, at the expense of life. In no Piepowder earthly Court can you sue an Aristocracy to do its work, at this moment; but in the Higher Court, which even *it* calls 'Court of Honour,' and which is the Court of Necessity withal, and the eternal Court of the Universe, in which all Fact comes to plead, and every Human Soul is an apparitor—the Aristocracy is answerable, and even now answering, *there*."

CHAPTER XIV.

CARLYLE THE PROVERB UTTERER.

FEW writings so abound in axiomatic expressions ; they are volumes of proverbs ; with a single dash of the crayon, he portrays the experience of a life ; in the very heart of so graphic description, or passionate rhapsody, there streams through some small chink-like saying, a universe of light—it prints upon the understanding the results of much reading, much speculation, much discussion. The proverb is the property almost exclusively of those minds which have been accustomed to independent thought and self-reliant reflection ; perhaps a proverb may be defined to be the utterance of a deeply-bought experience, winged by imagination. Lord John (Earl) Russell's definition of a proverb is as good as most—"the wit of one, the wisdom of many." Prolix speech is the property mostly of those gregarious minds who keep the lowlands and well-trodden paths of life, never adventuring among the clefts of the high rocks, or the unploughed fields. Yet some have said that the use of proverbs, the binding of ideas within the tight rivets of strong and stirring words, rather

indicates an inferior than an advanced order of mind. Proverb utterers have been regarded as only representing the worlds of prudence, not the heavens of genius ; the aptitude for sententious sayings, it is said, does not indicate the broad and most expansive power, the power to look far over the most extended prospect. No, but it rather realises the vision of a soul living in a hut, stretched upon a bed of rushes, and heroically defying the ills of life upon its meal and water. Proverbs, it has been said, sound bravely from the lips of hermits and beggars, but are mean when uttered by princes ; they are ornaments to the pilgrim's scallop-shell, but not to the monarch's crown. And sometimes we have heard this sort of reasoning alleged as proof positive against the existence of genius of any broad or comprehensive character in Carlyle. Strange, then, it must be, if this should be true, that the greatest minds have always delivered themselves in proverbs. What a bright milky-way flashes upon us from the writings of Shakespeare ! Who more axiomatic at his pleasure than Goethe ? And if Cervantes may not be adduced, as all the utterances of our friend Sancho are in character, and merely the proverbs of prudence, yet, let Socrates among the ancients, and Wordsworth and Jean Paul be mentioned amongst the moderns ; in truth, usually deep and strong feelings will express themselves very tersely ; it is only the depth of

experience which *can* thus speak ; the superficial thinker and the superficial sufferer cannot thus condense language. Thus, souls that have been kindled to incandescent heat in the furnace of affliction, fuse down words from pages of agony, into cold rifle balls, which ring, however, red-hot through the souls of others. Heat not only expands ; it expands in order that it may condense. And so of the fiery axioms, the battle words of Carlyle. We fancy them all to be the confessions of a spirit on the rack—cries audible and oracular from a martyr upon whom the burning oils have been poured, and the red-hot pincers applied—they are not the cleverly veneered and gilded cornices of speech, the Corinthian architecture of style—not they ! Say, rather, they are the grim carvings upon the corbel stone, small and quaint, but revealing at once the depth of the artist's execution and skill, and giving a character to the whole edifice. We will also take this opportunity to say, that it is in this proverbial power that we mark so especially Carlyle's mighty mastery of humour. His humour does certainly come tolerably frequently from the bitter satire. But his satire and his humour seem so to constantly play into each other's hands ; he never diffuses his humour ; he never brandishes long together the arrows of satire. He cannot help employing his power, and it is usually employed only

for smiting the evil. With such powers, he seems to us to stand like the Angel of the Lord in the pathway of the obstinate asses, and the cursing Balaams of mammonism and infidelity. His love is too great, too broad, too strong, and human, and hearty, to perpetuate, as Thackeray will do, satire through whole pages of description; so also his heart and work are too serious; he is too much the philosopher of life ever to spend long time in laughter, and laughter-provoking pictures. Carlyle always uses laughter as an old Puritan might use it—as a gift of God not to be cast lightly away. There is an unhealthy disposition, now-a-days, to turn everything into laughter. We have everything burlesqued. We have a “Comic History of England,” a “Comic Blackstone;” nothing is sheltered from the ribaldry of *Punch*, and its school. We believe it was Carlyle, who once in this “age of infidelity,” as he calls it, in a bookseller’s shop, lighted with grim contempt on a comic travesty of some time-honoured thing, and it was like him to say, sternly,—“And when, sir, do you bring out the Comic Bible?” The reproof was daring and not too severe. Thus, indeed, it is, that proverb, satire, and humour, all lie in his style very near to each other. We are afraid the preachers will never forgive him for telling them that “he would build a wood and leather man to reason as well as most country parsons.” But then we ought

not to forget how we are told, on the birth of the French Scepticism,—“That the great Frederick and the great Catherine are the nursing father and the nursing mother to this new Church of Anti-christ.” Sometimes his greatest humour is seen in his irony, as when he gravely says:—“Man is never, let me assure thee, altogether a clothes-horse; under the clothes-horse there is always a body and soul.” So also he allows his impressions of the Game Laws to appear, when he says,—“If a Rome was once saved by geese, need we wonder that an England is lost by partridges? We are sons of Eve, who bartered Paradise for an apple.”

Perhaps our readers may not deem unacceptable some words selected from the various works of our author:—

“There is no connection between poverty and discourtesy, which latter originates in dulness alone. Courtesy is the due of man to man, not of suit of clothes to suit of clothes.”

“God said, Let the iron missionaries be, and they were.”

“Given a world of knaves to produce an honesty from their united action! It is a distillation, once for all not possible.”

“The leaders of industry—if industry is ever to be led—are virtually the captains of the world.”

"Clothes give us individuality, distinctions, social polity; clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make clothes' screens of us. Has not your red-hanging individual a horse-hair wig, squirrel skins, and a plush gown, whereby all mortals know that he is a JUDGE? Society, which, the more I think of it, astonishes me the more, is founded upon cloth."

"The man who cannot wonder is but a pair of spectacles, behind which there is no eye."

"What you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite."

"With (the opinion that man is the creature of circumstances) I should as soon agree as with this other, that an acorn might, by favourable or unfavourable influences of soil or climate, be nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage seed into an oak."

"Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six thousand years of age."

"Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom."

"Sense can support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteen pence a-day; but for fantasy, planets and solar systems will not suffice."

"Bees will not work except in darkness; thought will not work except in silence; neither will virtue work except in silence. Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!"

"Meantime, however, mock me not with the name of Free, when you have but knit up my chains into ornamental festoons."

"Generations are as the days of toilsome mankind ; death and birth are the vespers, and the matin bells, that summon mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement."

"Which was the greatest innovator? Which was the more important personage in man's history,—he who first led armies over the Alps, and gained the victories of Cannæ and Thrassemenæ, or the nameless boor who first hammered out for himself an iron spade?"

"Narrative is linear, action is *solid*."

"Great men are the fire pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind ; they stand as heavenly signs, ever living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature."

"In a word, while so many Benthamisms, Socialisms, Fourierisms, professing to have no souls, go staggering and lowing like monstrous moon-calves, the product of a heavy-laden, moon-struck age, and in this same baleful 'twelfth hour of the night,' even galvanic Puseyisms, as we say, are visible, and dancings of the sheeted dead, shall not any voice of a living man be welcome to us, even because it is alive?"

"The mechanical system of thought is in its essence atheistical."

"Stealing is properly the north-west passage to enjoyment."

"To Newton, and to Newton's dog Diamond, what a different pair of universes, while the painting on the optical retina of both was most likely the same."

"Said I not, before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it?"

"Sarcasm, I now see to be in general the language of the Devil."

"The old world knew nothing of conversion; instead of *Ecce Homo*, they had the choice of Hercules."

"The soul gives unity to whatever it looks on with love."

"Any road will lead you to the end of the world."

"Man is a tool-using animal."

"The first spiritual want of the savage is a decoration."

"There is a living literal communion of saints wide as the world itself, and as the history of the world."

"Follow the Devil faithfully, and you are sure enough to go to the Devil; whither else can you go?"

"Every noble crown on earth is, and will be for ever, a crown of thorns."

“Light is grander than fire, it is the same in a state of purity.”

“The word Soul in some dialects is synonymous with Stomach.”

And such as these might be multiplied almost to any extent by selections from these writings ; for, indeed, the speech of the man is wonderfully compact—it is like whip-cord, and he rather uses it in the same manner.

The parable utterer is in very close relationship to the proverb utterer. Carlyle's writings are full of parables; but there are some he has hung together. Here is a quaint little deliverance :—

THE PARABLE OF THE MAN WHO STOOD UPON
HIS HEAD AND SAID THE WORLD WAS TURNED
TOPSY-TURVY.

“Once upon a time a man, somewhat in drink belike, raised a dreadful cry at the corner of the market-place, ‘That the world was all turned topsy-turvy ; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet uppermost ; that the houses and earth at large (if they did not mind it) would fall into the sky ; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the Devil.’ As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently ; nay, at last began

objuring, foaming, imprecating ; when a good-natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches, and softly inverting *his* position, set him down—on his feet. The which upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little. ‘Ha! deuce take it!’ cried he, rubbing his eyes, ‘so it was not the world that was hanging by its feet then, but I that was standing on my head!’ Censor, *castigator morum*, Radical Reformer, by whatever name thou art called ! have a care—especially if thou art getting loud !”

Carlyle, in a memorable letter addressed to a very pleasant little rhymster living amongst us, Mr. W. C. Bennett, expressed himself as decidedly inimical to the verse-writing form of poetry, expressing wonder that any sensible man in this day should do it. At that time Carlyle must have been astride of his own peculiar *Begriff*, for in that case how then would he have possessed his beloved Goethe, and his Werner, both of whose verses he has translated very charmingly ? His translation also of Luther's great Psalm is our grandest ; and he has also rhymed himself ; verses most free, and natural, and beautiful, exciting wonder that they have never found their way into music ; some of them would sing deliciously well—the following, for instance :

FORTUNA.

- " The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
And the frost falls and the rain :
A weary heart went thankful to rest,
And must rise to toil again, 'gain,
And must rise to toil again.
- " The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
And there comes good luck and bad ;
The thriftiest man is the cheerfullest ;
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad,
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.
- " The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
We shall know a tree by its fruit :
This world, they say, is worst to the best ;
But a dastard has evil to boot, boot,
But a dastard has evil to boot.
- " The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;
What skills it to mourn or to talk ?
A journey I have, and far ere I rest ;
I must bundle my wallets and walk, walk,
I must bundle my wallets and walk.
- " The wind does blow as it lists alway ;
Canst thou change this world to thy mind ?
The world will wander its own wise way,
I also will wander mine, mine,
I also will wander mine."

CHAPTER XV.

CARLYLE'S ARTIST FACULTY AND SCENE PAINTINGS —IMAGINATION AND HUMOUR.

WE admit, if it were merely an affair of metaphysical or transcendental dreaming, our writer would not have won the right to hold our attention so long. But we cannot part with the Priest of Letters without reviewing slightly some items of the social wealth with which these works abound. We have already spoken of his imagination. This is always the unicising faculty. Carlyle's is most extraordinary. We have repeatedly expressed our conviction that "The French Revolution" will be spoken of by the side of the "Iliad" and "Heimskringla." Especially is it like the last as a narrative wild, adventurous, and wonderful, related as by one who has been there, and seen it all. But we dwelt on this at greater length already, and, therefore, now only say that this imagination is like the blue lights, which in the storm kindle up the whole scenery of rocks and waste of waves. Imagination is the exercise in union of the thinking and moral faculty; the command over moral emotion guides the perception, and

controls the expression. Mr. Carlyle has most graphic power in social painting—here, for instance, in this, which the reader may translate as a true Carlylesque engraving of—say—London by night :—

THE SOLEMNITY OF A GREAT CITY BY NIGHT.

“Ach, mein Lieber ! it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest ; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her ; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl and to moan like nightbirds, are abroad : that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in Heaven ! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid ! The joyful and the sorrowful are there ; men are dying there, men are being born ; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition men are cursing ; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains ;

Wretchedness cowers in truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light, and music, and high swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein*?—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little car-

penry and masonry between them ; crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel ; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get his *head above* the others ; such work goes on under that smoked counterpane ! But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all ; I am alone with the stars."

A good many elements go to the creation of a great painting, a great picture, what we may call the artist faculty, in spreading the canvas, the conception, the harmonising power of the colourist, the human intuition—or what we call humour—the imagination, the atmosphere which pervades all, and lifts all into a glow of sublimity. You would say Carlyle belongs to the Flemish school of Artists, and like some of the great masters of that school he can do anything ; much of his power is very Rembrandt-like, a deep, dark, golden, shadowy shadowiness ; and then he paints landscapes and character-scenes like a Ruysdael or Teniers. He is none the less effective because he seems so vehemently natural, and it would be possible from his pages to gather every illustration of artist splendour ; nay, we suppose this volume contains such, the most realising lines ; the painful individuality of a Denner ; imagination on the highest wing of inspiration ; humour—soft, tender, and pathetic, or even uproarious ; what a power of landscape painting and what strokes of pathos ; how tender and tear-

compelling ; all these are illustrations of what we may call the Artist-faculty in these works.

Mr. Carlyle has a most evident fondness for painting battle scenes. We scarcely like to confess how much we enjoy these immense and distinct paintings of his. We are not sufficiently learned in military science, in the art of strategy and attack, to say whether they are the chief paintings of this kind we possess ; probably a military man would give the palm of preference to the extraordinary descriptions of General Napier. What we notice in them is their quiet, pathetic, human power. You see so much on the canvas beside the immediate combatants ; the landscape, the ordinary human dwellers there, although in the background, are as distinct as the soldiers and the fray. They read like the descriptions of battle in the Book of Joshua, or Judges, or Samuel. He picks up every little scrap of information that can help to realise a spot on which the battle was fought. Before the battle of Torgau, we have the following : what a sweet charm of quiet and reflection, what vivid distinctness of painting, what an illustration of Mr. Carlyle's every style in some of these words !—

TORGAU ONE OF FREDERICK'S BATTLE FIELDS.

“Torgau is a fine solid old Town ; Prussian military now abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I

suppose, it meant the *Gau*, or District of *Thor*; Capital of that *Gau*, part of which, now under Christian or quasi-Christian circumstances, you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your own reflections; a really agreeable kind of *Gau*; pleasant though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with pleasant villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda and many villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned villages, with their village industries visible around; labouring each in its kind,—not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (*kalt-rauchend*, 'smoking cold,' as they phrase it).

"Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans; it is the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins, and homely and hearty rustic banter, welling up from the serious extinct Ages to our own day; '*Schilt-bürger*' (Inhabitants of *Schilda*) meaning still, among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to himself only; resolutely pushing his way through life on these terms, amid horse laughter

natural, and general wagging of beards from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at, or despised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost their mirth, and become all one snigger of mock mirths. For it is observable, the more solemn is your background of *dark*, the brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations on it—of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who the *Doctor Bordel* of Schilda was, I do not know; but they have had their Bordel, as Gotham had—probably various Bordels—industrious to pick up those Spiritual fruits of the Earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive than those of Gotham here are. And yonder, then, is actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking, human village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to the left—a clean, brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner kettles on the simmer; and you remember kindly those good old grinnings over good *Schilt-bürger*, good, *Wise Men of Gotham*, and their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

“After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, all under forest management, with long, straight stretches of sandy road (one of

which is your own), straight like red tape strings, intersecting the wild solitudes ; dangerous to your topographers, for the finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) under your feet ; the trees poor and mean for most part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute witnesses, mutely whispering together ; no voice but their combined whisper, or big forest *sough*, audible to you in the world. On the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular deliverance from the mad-railway, and its iron bedlamisms, and shrieking discords, and precipitances ; and is soothing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods ; no chance of a wolf. What concerns us more is, that Friedrich's Columns, on the 3rd of November, had to march up through these long l anes, or tape-strikes, of the Torgau Forest, and that one important column—one or more—took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment !”

Landscapes like these are enjoyable by peaceable people more than the war and tempest of the cannon, and the shock of the fight ; but in the same way all the scenes are introduced, and over Mr. Carlyle's

canvas is a presence of pensive peace and retiring smoke before the clear, bright face of open nature prevails over the picture. Perhaps our readers are not unacquainted with those huge and horrible, but clever, glaring, and brilliant canvases of Horace Vernet in the Louvre, in which the modern battle scenes of France have been depicted; and if they have been in the habit of frequenting galleries, they have, perhaps, compared them with some battle scene of the elder Wouvermans, or Ruysdael, or Salvator Rosa, in which the storm of the battle is only used in the picture for the purpose of setting off the repose of nature. This is exactly the impression which Mr. Carlyle's battle-pieces produce upon our minds, and this is the reason why we doubt whether, with their evident elaborate study and care, they would satisfy a soldier. Mr. Carlyle has evidently, among other things, mastered, so far as a civilian can, the dispositions of military science. We could dwell at length upon many of these—"The Battle of Prague," for instance, "one of the furious battles of the world, loud as Doomsday, the very emblem of which, done on the piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears;" the Battle of Rossbach, in very truth one of the most amazing battles of all history, in which Frederick, with 22,000 men, utterly routed and scattered 60,000, with a loss of only 500 men on the side of the conquerors. This was the

occasion on which, at the close of the battle, Frederick poured out that strange flash of cynical contempt, his ode, on his flying foes, the French. It was eminently characteristic of the man, and as eminently unquotable. Mr. Carlyle washes it out as clean as can well be to give English readers some idea of it; and certainly no life of Frederick would be complete which did not, in some sort, contain it. Lacking Voltaire's melody, it has all Voltaire's cynical wit, and his saturnine and unmistakable transparency of expression; it was, in fact, a king with all these qualities who was taking leave of his foes with a contemptuous kick, where, by tradition, it is supposed kicks are pre-eminently disgraceful to be received, and by no persons more than the French. "Farewell, messieurs; good-bye to the back of you, if I ever see you again, which is not very likely (and which, in fact, never happened; at Rossbach the French bade farewell to Frederick and interference with his affairs), yet, messieurs, if ever you present yourselves to me again, by all means present yourselves as you have done to-day. Though a king, and rather exacting in courtliness, rely upon it you cannot present yourselves in a more agreeable fashion to me; and you, reckon upon a like agreeable reception—farewell, oh, *mes amis*, and take with you the gratification that you have been kicked." In fact, this is the spirit of his ode on the battle-field, very

different to Cromwell's letter after a like success at Dunbar. Having written it, however, and thus satisfied his cynical wrath, we must not fail to remember that he sat down and wrote a very different thing—lines of passionate and overflowing tenderness—to "My dear Sister, my good, my divine, and affectionate sister, who deigns to interest yourself in the fate of a brother who adores you, deign also to share my joy." Such very different things there were in this man; and his love to her whom he calls so often his "adorable sister." Wilhelmina, the Margravine of Baireuth, is one of the few bits of humanity in him which almost lead us to suspect that he was a man after all.

Following the battle of Rossbach, next month—both battles were fought in 1757—came the great battle of Leuthen—in fact, this was a greater victory than Rossbach; the panic at Rossbach must have been greater, but it was a routing, skirmishing, scattering, cutting into ignominious pieces the immense army by Frederick's regiments, not quite one-third in number. At Leuthen the fight was more like that of a pitched battle. Napoleon—an eminent judge, of course—thought this Frederick's masterpiece, manifesting every quality, military and moral, of the commanding general. And what a beautiful little incident is that of which Mr. Carlyle has availed himself, as four columns of Frederick's army were rustling

themselves into two, flowing before the King as if in review. They came up, says Mr. Carlyle, on

THE FIELD OF LEUTHEN.

“I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field music, as they marched there, the sound of psalms—many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him, which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me; details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn :—

“ ‘ Grant that with zeal and skill this day I do
What me to do behoves, what Thou command'st me to ;
Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
And when I do it, grant me good success in it.’

“ ‘ Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,
Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,
Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll ;
Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb dass es gerathe wohl.’

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms ; but a voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. ‘ Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty ? ’ ‘ By no means,’ said the King, whose hard heart seems to have been

touched by it, as might well be. Indeed, there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his History; his religion,—and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state—nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known. ‘By no means,’ answered he; and a moment after said to some one, Ziethen probably: ‘With men like these, don’t you think I shall have victory this day?’ ”

Commend us to Mr. Carlyle, above all historians, for the power of availing himself of every little touch that sheds gentlest, most pathetic, and realising light over the whole scene. The battle of Leuthen must have convinced Austria and Europe that Silesia was fairly gone to Prussia. The victory was indeed complete; ten thousand Austrians were strewn on the field, between three and four thousand slain, twelve thousand at the close of the battle were taken prisoners—before the fight was over, twenty-one thousand; they lost fifty-one flags, and one hundred and sixteen cannon. In contrast with this, eighty-five Prussians had been taken prisoners, about eleven hundred killed, five thousand wounded. Exploring in all directions, our historian finds those little melodramatic lights which give such reality to his pic-

tures. Here we must quote a very striking scene, at the close of the day, in the dusk of the twilight, as the King was determining to push on further :—

AN EPISODE IN FREDERICK'S LIFE—FREDERICK
AND HIS LANDLORD.

“Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Frederick asks, ‘Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?’ Three battalions volunteering, follow him ; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark ; ‘Landlord, bring a lantern and escort.’ Landlord of the poor tavern at Saara escorts obediently ; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King’s stirrup-leather,—King (Excellency, or General, as the landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to their dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher? Like some poor old horse-shoe, ploughed up on the field. Two farthings’ worth of rusty old iron ; now little other than a curve of brown rust ; but it galloped at the battle of Leuthen ; that is something :—

“*King.*—‘Come near ; catch me by the stirrup-leather. (Landlord with lantern does so.) We are on the Breslau Great Road, that goes through Lissa, aren’t we?’

“*Landlord.*—‘Yea, Excellenz.’

"*King*.—'Who are you?'

"*Landlord*.—'Your Excellenz, I am the *Krätschmer* (Silesian for Landlord) at Saara.'

"*King*.—'You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose?'

"*Landlord*.—'Ach, your Excellenz, had I not? For the last eight-and-forty hours, since the Austrians came across Schweidnitz Water, my poor house has been crammed to the door with them, so many servants they have; and such a bullying and tumbling; they have driven me half mad; and I am clean plundered out.'

"*King*.—'I am sorry to hear that;—were there Generals too in your house? What said they? Tell me, then.'

"*Landlord*.—'With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; yesterday noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlour, and his Adjutants and people all crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering! Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out: in and out they went all night; no sooner was one gone, than ten came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so many officers came crowding to it to warm themselves. And they talked and babbled this and that. One would say, that our King was coming on them, "with his Potsdam Guard Parade." Another answers, "*Oach*, he daren't come! He will run for it; we will let him run." But now

my delight is, our King has paid them their fooleries so prettily this afternoon !’

“*King*.—‘When got you rid of your high guests ?’

“*Landlord*.—‘About nine this morning the Prince got to horse ; and not long after three, he came past again, with a swarm of officers ; all going full speed for Lissa. So full of bragging when they came ; and now they were off, wrong side foremost ! I saw how it was. And ever after him, the flood of them ran, High-road not broad enough,—an hour and more before it ended. Such a pell-mell, such a welter, cavalry and musketry all jumbled ; our King must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what they have got by their bragging and their lying, for, your Excellenz, these people said, too, “Our King was forsaken by his own Generals, all his first people had gone and left him ;” what I never in this world will believe.’

“*King* (not even liking rumour of that kind).—‘There you are right ; never can such a thing be believed of my Army.’

“*Landlord* (whom this ‘my’ has transfixed).—‘*Mein Gott*, you are our *gnädigster König* (most gracious King) yourself ! Pardon, pardon, if in my stupidity, I have——’

“*King*.—‘No, you are an honest man !—probably a Protestant ?’

"*Landlord.*—'Foa, joa, Ihr Majestät, I am of your Majesty's creed !'

"Crack-crack ! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket shots from the woody fields to the right ; crackle of about twelve shots in all ; which hurt nothing but some horses' feet,—had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting out of Croats ; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems ; and the King's entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

"King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village,—north side of the street ! well railed off, and its old fences now trimmed into flower-pots. The Schloss is full of Austrian officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him : but how could they know ? Frederick was surprised ; but had to put the best face on it. '*Bon soir, Messieurs !*' said he, with a gay tone, stepping in ; 'Is there still room left, think you ?' The Austrians bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort ; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account) ; and for certain, make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the village."

Following the King to Lissa, comes after him, through the thick darkness, breaking the silence, a cheerful Prussian host of twenty-five thousand men. We heard them singing their fine Lutheran hymn, as they moved slowly down to battle in the morning ; now through the dark night they march, all the voices of the twenty-five thousand swelling into a kind of Lutheran *Te Deum*. Some grenadier had raised his voice that way, and the whole of the regimental bands struck into the strain :—

*“ Nun danket alle Gott,
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,
Der grosse Dinge thut
An uns und allen Enden.”*

“ Now thank God, one and all,
With heart, with voice, with hands-a,
Who wonders great hath done
To us and to all lands-a.”

So they advanced, following their King, their voices far-sounding and melodious through the hollow night, a pious people with pious ways, in which we believe lay the great secret of Frederick's success. The soldiers of all Christendom besides, at that time, were the sweepings of the shoddy-floors and dust-bins of creation. These pious men, marching on to Lissa, illustrated their nation and their victories. Straight across the fields to their bivouac, we join with their historian in hoping they had at least tobacco to

depend upon, and healthy, joyful hearts, and so passed the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

We have not noticed the stories of Frederick's battles with much reference to order ; we have been rather desirous of setting before our readers some new illustrations of the vigour of the painter. Many dark days followed for Frederick after Rossbach and Leuthen ; finally he settled down in what Mr. Carlyle calls "the afternoon and evening of his life" to twenty-three years of peace, to which, it seems to us, our author devotes an amazingly inconsiderable space. We could have been well content to have received two volumes more—for which Mr. Carlyle must have abundance of material—for those twenty-three years seem to us to have been the real period of the creation of that amazing system of successful state craft, centralisation, and bureaucracy—the Prussian constitution and government. We should like to say to Mr. Carlyle, Is the soldier, then, only interesting? Are battle-fields the only points of observation? Emerging into this period, he says, "Frederick's history being henceforth that of a Prussian King, is interesting to Prussia chiefly, and to us little otherwise than as the biography of a distinguished fellow-man." We are truly amazed that Mr. Carlyle should say so, for, indeed, those twenty-three years most really raised Prussia to its place in the system of nations. It does not accord with our

belief that even the conquest of Silesia by arms was perhaps the cheapest, most humane, and best method of extending the Prussian monarchy. However that may be, Frederick is to us, perhaps, even more interesting as the monarch than as the warrior. The tactics of the royal old spider stretching out his web over the cornices of his kingdom are sometimes horribly entertaining to us. But then, as surely as much of his despotism enrages and disgusts, so also much of it seems to indicate the exceedingly capable statesman. We greatly regret that we have not more copious unfoldings of the last years of his reign, in which he set to work—and never did man work harder—to restore a ruined Prussia. Some and many of his expedients for this purpose were unscrupulous enough. We almost wonder that Mr. Carlyle has not devoted more pages to the glorification of such an ideal statesman. Not Mr. Ruskin nor Mr. Carlyle could more abominate all the lessons of political economy—"the Dismal Science," as our author any time for the last twenty-five years has loved to call it—than did Frederick. Mr. Carlyle believes that by its lessons Frederick would not have developed his country from sand and quagmire. "God is great, and Plugson of Undershot is His prophet. Thus saith the Lord, Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest ; to which the afflicted mind listens what it can ; have the goodness to ter-

minate that litany and take up another." All this, and a great deal more like it, is eminently Carlylese, nor are we about to debate with him, assuredly. Prussia, perhaps, was only fit to be dealt with in that despotic fashion. The nations of Europe were not on very good terms with each other, with Frederick especially; yet, however, he developed the resources of his own people. Perhaps the method is not to be thought of as normal and desirable. Frederick was a man equal to strong expedients—equal, on one memorable occasion, to the debasement of the coin of his realm—becoming a royal fountain of bad coin to his people, employing Ephraim the Jew to be illegal coiner in general to his state. We shall not pronounce a harsh and ignorant verdict on the transaction, for the King's necessities were imminent and great, and he could do this thing in the same despotic spirit in which he set all the alphabet of political economy and free trade at defiance. But it must remain to us doubtful whether, on the contrary, faith in constitutional lessons and principles would not have yielded even higher and purer results. But Mr. Carlyle never misses his opportunity for a castigation or a sneer at the general "Anti-penalty-or-Life-Made-Soft-Association, with cause of civil and religious liberty all the world over, and such like."

A very essential element in the mental structure of Carlyle is Humour. His own humour is of a most

singular order ; it would be difficult, perhaps, to say to whose it bears any resemblance. He himself has said, " Humour has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius. He who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind." And he goes on to say, " Among all writers of any real poetic genius, we cannot recollect one who exhibits in this respect such total deficiency as Schiller." Lord Lytton has, with a great deal of force, disputed this verdict of our writer. Lord Lytton says, " The great weight attached so deservedly to the opinion of Mr. Carlyle constrains us also, though with profound deference, to dispute an opinion which, while it seems rashly hazarded, tends in our judgment seriously to lower the standard to which our critic has himself so nobly sought to exalt the popular judgment on works of Art." Carlyle was certainly wrong in making Schiller the solitary exception to the possession of humour among men, or writers of the highest order of genius. There are surely many such illustrations—Wordsworth, for instance ; and, as Lord Lytton has shown, Homer, Dante, and Milton, and in our own times Mrs. Browning, and, in spite of some apparent pieces to the contrary, her illustrious husband, Robert Browning. Lord Lytton says, " In brief, we should go almost even to the opposite extreme, and say, with some few exceptions, the greatest poets of every

land have shown in no faculty a more marked deficiency than in that of Humour." It is too large a question to attempt to discuss here ; but if, a sentence or two since, we said assuredly Mr. Carlyle is wrong, here again with much respect we have to say so of Lord Lytton. What would Shakespeare be without his humour, or Ben Jonson, or Cervantes? Thus, if perhaps the Schillers, Wordsworths, and Dantes appear to be the most farseeing men, assuredly the humourists are the most circular and inclusive men. Carlyle's verdict on the whole we must hold to be the right one ; that which we call humour completes the man. Sometimes it seems to impair the ideal, but it is the true plastic energy of genius. These men without humour are linear in their writings, they are exalted, they pierce into and traverse the depths of the empyrean, they continue long upon the wing ; the humourists survey life and truth not from ideal observatories, but from actual knowledge, and observation, and sympathy with real life ; nor does it follow that the arch humourist must in painting be as Lord Lytton seems to imply—a Teniers or Hogarth. Humour can idealise too, can extend its round of observation, and take in the many sides of things. In Mr. Carlyle's writings, humour of every sort abounds ; he is a great idealist and a great humourist ; true, his laughter is never low, coarse, or vulgar, nay, perhaps there is no laughter at all, the

spectacle of the startling contradictions, the grotesque exaggerations, are presented side by side in too grim a form for laughter, and yet there is a dreadful Rabelaisian merriment. What would Rabelais have thought of the French Revolution had he read it? Why it is conceived very much in the spirit of his own queer performances, there is a grave and solemn irony running through the book; many readers have not seen the irony, that, shall we say, highest and most subtle form of humour, and so the whole thing has been missed by them. As the fit seizes the writer, he indulges in this power of arch humorous painting, hence his "Life and Times of Frederick the Great" seems simply the most entertaining history ever written, it is full of little humorous dramatic episodes; every incident which crosses his knowledge becomes instantly clothed in flesh and blood, with all the appropriate environments of it; and it is altogether a mistake to suppose that humour implies merely the laughable or the funny faculty in man; some natures lean over on this side and some on the other, but the true great humourist is the man able to enter into all states and to interpret them. Humour is the fine artist faculty, humour can be as intensely serious, as it can be mirthfully jocular; terribly tragic is Carlyle's picture of the Death bed of Louis XV., of the Storming of the Bastille—innumerable such things are in the history of Cromwell and

the story of Frederick, but only the humourist could have hit them off, the man at home in depicting the passions of every variety of character and mankind. Carlyle is a great humourist in the same sense in which Shakespeare was a great humourist ; the sparks of humour fly from him as he works, but not the less does his work become symmetrical by the same plastic spirit.

How closely related are humour and pathos ; he who laughs best has the capacity for weeping most ; he who moves us most to the first, will stir us most deeply to the last—Shakespeare, Dickens, Charles Lamb, and Jean Paul assure us of this ; so also our present writer ; how pathetic the following little scene :—

THE DEATH OF ANDREAS.

“The dark bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had yawned open ; the pale Kingdoms of Death, with all their innumerable silent nations and generations, stood before him ; the inexorable word NEVER ! now first showed its meaning. My mother wept, and her sorrow got vent ; but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent up in silent desolation. Nevertheless, the unworn Spirit is strong ; Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment in Death ; these stern experiences, planted down by Memory in my Imagination, rose then to a whole cypress forest,

sad but beautiful ; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in the dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine through long years of youth ; as in manhood also it does, and will do ; for I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-tree ; the Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress, ever close by the gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments, and pains and penalties, of tyrannous Life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help : and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood, yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our mother's bosom will screen us all ; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more."

And pitched in a higher key, but of the same order, take the whole scene of—

THE DEATH-BED OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

"On Monday, August 30th, there roared and howled all day a mighty storm of wind. Ludlow, coming up to town from Essex, could not start in the morning for wind ; tried it in the afternoon, still

could not get along in his coach for head-wind ; had to stop at Epping. On the morrow, Fleetwood came to him in the Protector's name, to ask, What he wanted here? Nothing of public concernment, only to see my Mother-in-law! answered the solid man. For indeed he did not know that Oliver was dying ; that the glorious hour of Disenthralment and immortal 'Liberty' to plunge over precipices with one's self and one's Cause was so nigh ! It came ; and he took the precipices, like a strong-boned, resolute, blind gin-horse, rejoicing in the breakage of its halter, in a very gallant constitutional manner. Adieu, my solid friend ; if I go to Vevay, I will read thy monument there, perhaps not without emotion, after all !

"It was on this stormy Monday, while rocking winds, heard in the sick-room and everywhere, were piping aloud, that Thurloe and an Official person entered to inquire, Who, in case of the worst, was to be his Highness's Successor? The Successor is named in a sealed Paper already drawn-up, above a year ago, at Hampton Court, now lying in such and such a place. The Paper was sent for, searched for ; it could never be found. Richard's, is the name understood to have been written in that Paper ; not a good name ; but in fact one does not know. In ten years' time, had ten years more been granted, Richard might have become a fitter man, might have

been cancelled if palpably unfit. Or perhaps it was Fleetwood's name,—and the paper, by certain Parties, was stolen? None knows. On the Thursday night following, 'and not till then,' his Highness is understood to have formally named 'Richard;' or perhaps it might only be some heavy-laden 'Yes, yes!' spoken out of the thick death-slumbers, in answer to Thurloe's *question* 'Richard?' The thing is a little uncertain. It was, once more, a matter of much moment; giving colour probably to all the subsequent Centuries of England, this answer!

"On or near the night of the same stormy Monday, two or three days before he died, we are to place that Prayer his Highness was heard uttering; which, as taken down by his attendants, exists in many old Note Books. In the tumult of the winds the dying Oliver was heard uttering this

PRAYER.

"'Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy People. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual

love ; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation, and make the Name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy People too. And pardon the folly of this short Prayer :—Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.'

" 'Some variation there is,' says Hervey, 'of this Prayer, as to the account divers give of it; and something is here omitted. But so much is certain, that these were his requests. Wherein his heart was so carried out for God and His People,—yea, indeed, for some who had added no little sorrow to him,'—the Anabaptist Republicans and others,—'that at this time he seems to forget his own Family and nearest relations.' Which, indeed, is to be remarked.

" Thursday night the Writer of an old Pamphlet was himself in attendance on his Highness, and has preserved a trait or two ; with which let us hasten to conclude. To-morrow is September Third, always kept as a Thanksgiving day since the Victories of Dunbar and Worcester. That wearied one, 'that very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest,' was heard thus, with oppressed voice, speaking :—

" 'Truly God is good, indeed He is ; He will not '

—Then his speech failed him, but as I apprehend it was, ‘He will not leave me.’ This saying, ‘God is good,’ he frequently used all along, and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit, in the midst of his pains. Again he said, ‘I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to God and His People : but my work is done. Yet God will be with His People.’

“He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him he was desired to take the same, and endeavour to sleep ; unto which he answered, ‘It is not my design to drink or sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.’

“Afterwards, towards morning, he used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace. Among the rest he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, *annihilating* and judging himself. And truly it was observed, that ‘a public spirit to God’s Cause did breathe in him,—as in his lifetime, so now to his very last.’

“When the morrow’s sun rose, Oliver was speechless ; between three and four in the afternoon, he lay dead, Friday, 3rd September, 1658. ‘The consternation and astonishment of all people,’ writes Falconberg, ‘are inexpressible ; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor Wife,—I know not

what on earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her very heart in pieces.' Hush; poor weeping Mary! Here is a Life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not,

“ ‘The storm is changed into a calm,
At His command and will;
So that the waves which raged before
Now quiet are and still!

“ ‘Then are *they* glad,—because at rest
And quiet now they be;
So to the haven He them brings
Which they desired to see.’

“ ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;’
blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord.
‘Amen, saith the Spirit,’—Amen. ‘They do rest
from their labours, and their works follow them.’

“ ‘Their works follow them.’ As, I think, this Oliver Cromwell’s works have done and are still doing! We have had our Revolutions of Eighty-eight, officially called ‘glorious’; and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men’s ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men’s ears. The tyrannous Star-Chambers, branding-irons, Chimerical Kings and Surplises at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver’s works do

follow him ! The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscure owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities ; remains for ever a new Divine portion of the Sum of Things ; and no owl's-voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter. But we have to end here.

“ Oliver is gone ; and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to his own century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *Kingless*, anarchic ; falls into dislocation, self-collision ; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy ; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith, there can now none be found ;—and nothing is left but to recall the old disowned Defender with the remnants of his Four Surplices, and Two Centuries of *Hypocrisies* (or Play-acting *not* so called), and put up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, ‘mewing her mighty youth,’ as John Milton saw her do ; the Genius of England, much liker a greedy Ostrich, intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward ; with its Ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old church-

tippets, King's-cloaks, or what other 'sheltering Fallacy' there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day,—in a terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise! Awake before it comes to that; gods and men bid us awake! The voices of our Fathers, with thousandfold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake."

CHAPTER XVI.

IS HE A PROPHET?

WHAT is a prophet? Is he one who announces and foretells things to come? Perhaps we ought rather to think not; he is one who announces and foretells the consequences of Eternal Truths; for the thing which happens is only the vesture of the thing which eternally is. The true distinction between the man who utters truths in innocent little sermons, and nice little essays,—even as boys may write down the same kind of things in a copy-book,—and the prophet, is, that he, the latter one, is a *Seer*. To him it is no repetition of truths at second hand and hearsay; he sees; and he announces Eternal Truths with the authority of one to whom it is no mere hypothesis, but an infinite verity and reality. It is often inquired what then this man, Carlyle, has discovered or said of new or strange; it is implied that, supposing him to be a prophet, he ought to have announced a new Decalogue, or to have spread out in his pages some new Apocalypse. Yet this was perhaps not the case with Samuel, “whom all men from Dan unto Beersheba believed to be a prophet of the Lord, and

who judged in all Israel." And those old prophets, Isaiah and Ezekiel, Hosea and Habakkuk, you will notice that they did not announce anything very particularly new, but they illuminated old truths and Divine laws in a remarkably fresh manner, and poured around them the magnificent vehemencies of their indignation over the broken and insulted laws of righteousness and truth. Very much in this way has Thomas Carlyle acted as a prophet in our times, and if it be said that he therefore is in no way separated and set apart from other teachers of truths, it may be admitted that he is only set apart from them in the same way in which a whole orchestral Schubert-Mendelssohn melody is set apart from a child's penny tin trumpet ; they are both the creators and creatures of sound, but there *is* a difference. It has been said that the mind and the whole material of the work of Carlyle are the result of an early drilling in, and a faithful believing in old Puritan dogmas ; these are the really vertebrated skeleton underlying all Carlyle's teachings, rhapsodies, dissonancies, and denunciations, or whatever you like to call them ; how far he would pass muster with the manufacturers of Creeds and Confessions of Faith, Augsburg or other Articles, or Westminster Assembly Catechisms, the present writer does not know or very much care. Perhaps also those other old Hebrew Prophets would be, in the same manner, either rapped on the knuckles or cast into

outer darkness. The great thing legible throughout Carlyle's writings seems to be that grand old creed of Calvinism, that this universe is not a mere happening, that it is a theatre of moral transactions, that there is really a Lord God Almighty, and that God really has a Will of His own ; that in this universe the righteous thing in the long run is the strongest thing, and that in the end the evil thing, the bad thing, as being the weakest thing, will get the worst of it. Such it seems is the burden of the Word of the Lord, which the Prophet Carlyle has carried in these days, and strangely indeed have we misread him, if his works do not flame all through with these things ; things it seems most essential to be taught and announced, in a time when the prophets of "light and sweetness" are standing in the chief places of the synagogues, and there seems to be a universal playing at fast and loose with righteousness ; when men think nothing evil in being set apart to preach one thing while they preach quite another, and when, in how many instances, a man may deliver the Apostles' Creed from the reading desk, and then, ascending the pulpit, put on an aspect of philosophic virtue, while exclaiming, "Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

It may be said that the chief attribute of a Prophet should be profound faith in the reality and absoluteness of moral law. Is this faith becoming fainter and feebler in the age in which we live ? It would seem so.

So much the worse then for this age and the ages immediately following. Are the only real things Laws of Nature? these indeed it is believed are inviolable; but moral law, what of this? Does it announce no distinctions, and affirm no principles which are at the root of all well-being and happiness, both of individuals and nations? The French Revolution is thus an immense prophecy; all that tremendous reign of terror, all those wild actors, "sea-green, incorruptible Robespierres," Philippe Égalités, "pert, scald-headed crows," and the rest, these were all a result from a long wild reign of unrighteousness. "Follow the Devil," says our altogether too forcible prophet, "and you will infallibly go to the Devil." And again: "Given, —a world of knaves to produce honesty from their united action, it is a distillation once for all not possible." We have already quoted elsewhere those great words, "Properly, as many men as there are in a nation who can withal see Heaven's invisible justice, and know it to be on earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a nation and perdition, so many and no more." Hence with true prophet-like contempt, he hurls about his sarcasm and his scorn upon those to whom, as he says, "The universe is a great unintelligible PERHAPS, an extensive cattle-fold and workhouse, with extensive kitchen-ranges and dining-tables, whereat he is wise who can find a place; all the truth of the universe uncertain,

only the pudding and the praise of it remaining visible to the practical man ; the heavens a butt for Herschel telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at." Which is also still most literally true although written in "Past and Present," now beyond thirty years since. Has not the great Professor Tyndall told us that the human blue-eye is only a turbid medium like soap and water, and that as for the heavens of this firmament, the matter composing that which excites an infinite thought within us might all be packed away in a portmanteau or a snuff-box ; and all this said without one word of awe or wonder at the infinite mystery, or that infinite *regulative* power which has so marshalled into order the forces, and which directs and gives number to the whole ?

Very appropriate to such Atheistic thought seems to be the following

CURIOUS PARABLE OF MOSES AND THE DWELLERS
BY THE DEAD SEA.

"Perhaps few narratives in History or Mythology are more significant than that Moslem one, of Moses and the Dwellers by the Dead Sea. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that Asphaltic Lake ; and having forgotten, as we are all to prone to do, the inner facts of Nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions,—verging indeed towards a certain far

deeper Lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses, with an instructive word of warning, out of which might have sprung 'remedial measures' not a few. But no ; the men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet-species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses ; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic sniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn ; and signified, in short, that they found him a humbug and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphaltic Lake formed to themselves of Moses, that probably he was a humbug, that certainly he was a bore.

"Moses withdrew ; but Nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all 'changed into Apes ;' sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most *unaffected* manner ; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense ; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug !

■ The Universe has *become* a Humbug to these Apes who thought it one. There they sit and chatter, to this hour ; only, I believe, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half reminiscence ; and they sit, with their wizzened smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tragicality as Apes may ; looking out through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfulest universal

smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dusk of Things ; wholly an Uncertainty, Unintelligibility, they and it ; and for commentary thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew ;—truest, tragicallest Humbug conceivable by the mind of man or ape ! They made no use of their souls ; and so have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches, and half remember that they had souls.

“Didst thou never, O Traveller, fall in with parties of this Tribe ? Me-seems they have grown somewhat numerous in our day.”

The prophet perceives and announces the Eternal Truths of Righteousness and Justice ; but still the loud cry against Carlyle is, What has he done ? What has he said which has taken effect ? It is very true that still over his works there are strewn the great principles, aphorisms, and illustrations which must be realised if there is to be any national salvation ; but let the reader farther remember that he has been preaching now distinctly in the ears of men for the last thirty years, and many of the things which he prescribed have really been acted upon and have taken some effect amongst us. The vast retinue of admirable appliances and attempts to heal and help society a little from the terrible embrogia caused by unrighteousness and laziness all

around, were, when he began to preach, very much unknown ; for instance, he was one of the first who lifted up a loud voice in favour of baths and wash-houses for the poor. So also in the same work, written so long since, the questions occur of the righteous remuneration of labour, and the giving to the labourer a more real and personal interest in his own industry, as he says, "A question arises here whether in some ulterior, perhaps some not far distant stage of this chivalry of labour, your master worker may not find it possible and needful to grant his workers permanent interest in his enterprise and theirs." This prophecy has now taken effect, and the following letter from Carlyle is addressed to Sir J. Whitworth, regarding the announcement made of the latter's intention to supplement the savings of his workpeople by a bonus upon them, and was read by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttleton, at a meeting of the Stourbridge School of Art :—

"I have heard of your offer on behalf of the thrifty workpeople of Darley, and of the thankful acceptance of it by the district authorities of the place. I cannot resist the highly unwonted desire that has risen in me to say that I highly approve and applaud the ideas you have on the subject, and to declare in words that in my opinion nothing wiser, more beneficent, or worthy of your distinguished place as

a master of workers has come before me for many a year. Would to heaven that all, or many of the Captains of Industry in England had a soul in them such as yours, and could do as you have done, or could still further co-operate with you in works and plans to the like effect. The look of England is to me at this moment abundantly ominous. The question of capital and labour growing ever more anarchic, insoluble altogether by the notions hitherto applied to it, is pretty certain to issue in petroleum one day, unless some other gospel than that of the 'Dismal Science' come to illuminate it. Two things are pretty sure to me. The first is, that capital and labour never can and will agree together till they both first of all decide on doing their work faithfully throughout, and like men of conscience and honour, whose highest aim is to behave like faithful citizens of this universe, and obey the eternal commandment of Almighty God, who made them. The second thing is, that a sadder object than either that of the coal strike, or any conceivable strike, is the fact that, loosely speaking, *all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly, and mendaciously.* What a contrast between now and, say, only a hundred years ago! At that latter day, or still more conspicuously for ages before that, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's

labour, and help them to do it well. Now all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing labourers awaken, as if with an unspoken, but heartfeit prayer to Beelzebub, 'Oh, help us, thou great lord of Shoddy, adulteration, and malfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slimness, swift-ness, profit, and mendacity, for the Devil's sake. Amen!'"

But this great principle, so eulogised by Carlyle, is now in some, it is to be feared we may not say in many instances, greatly acted upon. Carlyle in his "Past and Present" satirised Plugson of Undershot going forth like a buccaneer into the realms of commerce, or like a Red Indian hanging fortunes like scalps at his girdle. The noble master workers, the Crossleys of Halifax, are not the only ones who have with their own eyes seen the righteousness of that which our writer announced in his prophecy, as one of the assured means of conferring dignity and respectability on the labourer, and so refreshing the whole atmosphere of Society.

To lift up a warning voice is surely the great business of the Prophet; from of old he has been quarrelled with by his auditors because he has not "prophesied smooth things;" and of Mr. Carlyle it has been said, that like the Scotchman in Dean

Ramsay's Reminiscences, "He goes out into the middle of the road, and swears at things in general." We shall grant that there is very little *savoir faire* about him, or his style of addressing himself to the wrong-doers amongst us ; as when he

EXPOSTULATES WITH MERE RELIGIOUS
PROFESSORS.

"Man of Genius? Thou hast small notion, me-seems, O Mecænas Twiddledee, of what a Man of Genius is. Read in thy New Testament and elsewhere—if with floods of mealy-mouthed inanity, with miserable froth-vortices of cant, now several centuries old, thy New Testament is not all bedimmed for thee. *Canst* thou read in thy New Testament at all? The Highest Man of Genius, knowest thou Him; Godlike and a God to this hour? His crown a Crown of Thorns? Thou fool, with *thy* empty godhoods, Apotheosis *edge-gilt*; the Crown of Thorns made into a poor jewel-room crown, fit for the head of block-heads; the bearing of the Cross changed to a riding in Long-Acre Gig! Pause in thy mass-chantings, in thy litanyings, and Calmuck prayings by machinery; and pray, if noisily, at least in a more human manner. How with thy rubrics and dalmatics, and clothwebs and cobwebs, and with thy stupidities and grovelling base-heartedness, hast thou hidden the Holiest into all but invisibility."

Again, the following is a very curious reading to a certain wild Hebrew melody, often heard in our streets, chanted by the children of Jacob, Caiaphus, Ananias, and Levi :—

“NOT THIS MAN BUT BARABBAS,”—“OU’ CLO.”

“Did you ever hear, with the mind’s ear as well, that fateful Hebrew Prophecy, I think the fatefulest of all, which sounds daily through the streets, ‘Ou’ clo ! Ou’ clo !’ A certain People, once upon a time, clamorously voted by overwhelming majority, ‘Not *He* ; Barabbas, not *He* ! *Him*, and what *He* is, and what *He* deserves, we know well enough ; a reviler of the Chief Priests and sacred Chancery Wigs ; a seditious Heretic, physical-force Chartist, and enemy of His country and mankind ; to the gallows and the cross with *Him* ! Barabbas is our man ; Barabbas, we are for Barabbas !’ They got Barabbas ;—have you well considered what a fund of purblind obduracy, of opaque *flunkeyism* grown truculent and transcendent ; what an eye for the phylacteries, and want of eye for the eternal noblenesses ; sordid loyalty to the prosperous Semblances, and high-treason against the Supreme Fact, such a vote betokens in these natures ? For it was the consummation of a long series of such ; they and their fathers had long kept voting so. A singular People ; who could both produce such divine men, and then could so stone and

crucify them ; a People terrible from the beginning ! Well, they got Barabbas ; and they got, of course, such guidance as Barabbas and the like of him could give them ; and, of course, they stumbled ever downwards and devilwards, in their truculent stiff-necked way ; and—and, at this hour, after eighteen centuries of sad fortune, they prophetically sing ‘Ou’ clo !’ in all the cities of the world. Might the world, at this late hour, but take note of them, and understand their song a little ! ”

Not to dwell at any great length vindicating Mr. Carlyle’s claim to the prophetic character in its attribute of seership, briefly it may be said, he many long years since foresaw the consequences of the drift and force of the stream of pressure upon Society ; one notable prophecy in which he indulged in “Chartism,” was treated with remarkable contempt by the *Quarterly Review* in the exhaustive paper to which we have already referred. He said : “Is it not as if this swelling, simmering, never resting Europe of ours stood once more upon the verge of an expansion without parallel, struggling, struggling like a mighty tree, again about to burst into the embrace of summer, and shoot forth broad frondent boughs which would fill the whole earth ; a disease, but the noblest of all, as of her who is in pain and sore travail, but travails that she may be a mother, and

say, 'Behold! there is a new man born!'" "No, Mr. Carlyle," exclaims the *Quarterly Review*, "it is no such travail, it is the bursting of a *wen*!" And then it proceeds to ridicule the idea that we should dare to think that they can generate a nation, the people who go to America or Australia without control or bond of union, or stern moral sanction, or political obedience, and nothing but the animal craving for food and money. But which of these two was the prophet, let New Zealand, and Australia, our reconstructed power in India, and our settlement in China, reply.

We are still desirous to attempt to present Carlyle's estimate of some of those great, vexed, social questions, upon which he is thought usually to be heretical. Among all questions, that of Society at present is the most perplexing to us, as, we may suppose, it ever has been; but in this day especially perplexing from its far greater complexity. Society has ever been a great mystery, but usually it has been united, simultaneous, and one. Past ages, we doubt not, are much more mysterious and perplexing to us than to those who had to live in them. But we are now a mystery to ourselves. Good and evil seem to be brought into a closer strife together. It would seem that the greater tendencies to darkness and mental despair, of which we are conscious, really do arise from the more favourable circumstances in

which our age is placed. But whatever may be the cause, beyond all question we are smitten with a dumb wonder. There is not a question which, to thoughtful minds, does not terminate in a mountain chain, and we cannot see our way out. There is no pathway among the black hills, and the night is coming on—nay, is here. And, certainly, Mr. Carlyle is especially among the number of those who have impressed us with the difficulty of the way and the solemnity of the night. Many persons have strangely misconceived that Mr. Carlyle is opposed to, and has not aided any of the great remedial measures of the age; in fact, there is scarcely one of our more excellent modern movements of which we might not find an anticipation, and commendation, in his pages. And have our readers noticed the following eulogistic letter on Ragged Schools?

The Secretary of the Ragged School at Dumfries, the native district of Mr. Carlyle, received this truly characteristic epistle:—

“Chelsea.

“DEAR Sir,—I readily contribute my mite to your Samaritan project, and wish it good speed with my whole heart. In your locality, I believe, it is much called for, as, indeed, in most other localities in these miserable times. Ragged-schools are not known to me, except by public rumour, nor that scheme of visiting which you propose; but the very definition is

a recommendation for such attempts, and awakens in every bystander the wish to see them everywhere faithfully tried. For it is very certain man can teach and guide another; men possessed of some knowledge and virtue can impart thereof to others possessing little or none. And if they never come in contact—in practical, constant communication with another—they cannot even have a chance to accomplish this, which is the summary of all social duties, everlastingly binding, whether it be done or not; and the greatest benefit, properly the one benefit, that man can do to man in our world. Ragged-schools, with good, effectual schoolmaster, who did not stand by his horn-books, and slates, and copy-books alone, but could frankly lay open a wise, hearty, healthy human soul to ignorant, dirty, encumbered little human soul—such an arrangement I could fancy to be the most excellent of devices for your object. And as to that of visiting, I well remember reading Dr. Chalmers's development of that scheme, as practised by him in Edinburgh, and feeling that it was full of really practical sense—that if there was any plan of getting the work done, this, beyond all others, was it. May you prosper well; attract whatever is modest, and willing, and effective, round you to co-operate; and see if slowly, yet certainly, good fruit attend your husbandry. One other wish I will utter—that you may have virtue given you to follow that invaluable pre-

cept, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!'—a precept very difficult to follow in your peculiar circumstances, but one which all men, in all circumstances, can in some manner follow, and which no man departs from without fatal danger to his enterprise, as many low-spouting 'Mechanics, Institutes,' and even Bible Societies, and Exeter Hall 'labours of love,' may, in their present ruinous state, after such assiduous beating the drum, well testify to us.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

To many people who think at all, the problem of the age—the great social problem, especially, of our society—is only beset with shadows. They are ready to exclaim with Abas Musa, in the sedition of Mecca "It is a bad business, and he that meddles least with it has least chance of doing wrong. For what saith the prophet in an affair of the kind? 'He that sleepeth in it is better in it than he that waketh; he that lieth than he that sitteth; he that sitteth than he that standeth; he that standeth than he that walketh; he that walketh than he that rideth!'" But this fine encomium upon sloth would find no favour in the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. He, at any rate, would do his utmost to rouse a sleeping people to a sense of the duty and the danger of the age. Perhaps, to

every age is sent a prophet, to reprove, to rebuke, and to exhort ; and if the age will not hear, then—! Well, listen to Mr. Carlyle and his Parable of the Dead Sea Apes.

It is very true that many inconsiderates have said that Mr. Carlyle ought to be taken as the Moses of England in the nineteenth century. Practical, sagacious—one of the most profoundly religious men of our time—he is also our political teacher. True, we admit it, he has not published a political system of practical benevolence ; but he has scattered abroad over the nation truths reminding us that, as he says, “If we follow the devil, we shall assuredly go to the devil,” and that “Given a whole word of knaves, to produce an honesty from their united action is a distillation once for all not possible !” This is very wrong in our friend, his language is so decidedly forcible—too forcible, thinks our friend, the Rev. Lively Turtle. Just now he cites to us such a passage as that in which he deprecates “the loud, long-eared hallelujahs of laudatory psalmody from the friends of freedom everywhere ;” and this other passage is worse still : “Certainly by any ballot-box Jesus Christ goes just as far as Judas Iscariot, and with reason, according to the new Gospels, Talmuds, and Dismal Sciences of these days, Judas looks Him in the face ; ‘Am I not as good as Thou ? Better, perhaps,’ slapping his breeches pocket, in which is

audible the cheerful jingle of thirty pieces of silver. 'Thirty pieces of them here, thou cowering pauper!' My philanthropic friends, if there be a state of matters under the stars which deserves the name of damnable and damned, this, I perceive, is it." This forcible style of writing is very shocking. "For idleness does in all cases inevitably rot and become putrescent, and, I say, deliberately, the very devil is in it"—far too forcible.

Mr. Carlyle, indeed, has not hesitated to say, in his "Past and Present," that Nature, that terrible, beautiful Sphinx, is standing by our highways, as she did in Thebes of old, proposing her riddles to us, which, if not solved, she will tear us to pieces. It was so—in those wonderful old myths that the Sphinx was represented—there, in the clefts of the high mountains, she made her abode; a creature with the face of a very beautiful woman, the wings of a bird, and the talons of a griffin. But she came to the highways and lay in ambush, springing out upon travellers passing by; and when she had them in her power, she put to them dark and perplexing questions, which, if not answered, she tore in pieces the wretched traveller; but, answer but one, and you became victor over the Sphinx. And at last, when her cruelties became very atrocious, Ædipus, for his city's sake, placed himself before her, answered her riddle, killed her, laid her on his ass, and bore her,

amidst shoutings, into Thebes, of which he became the king. The whole of our land—nay, the whole of the world now—is the same awful mystery. Is not the riddle of existence too much for us? Have we not come to speak of “the burden of the mystery”? We shall not say that Carlyle *is* our *Ædipus*; but we will say that if we can only strike a chord of solemnity in the reader’s soul as he gazes on the great marvels all unsolved in our time, and which are drifting us on—and whither?—if we only speak as to win from the reader the regard of a more serious glance at life’s wonders and duties, our end will, indeed, greatly be answered.

The great circumstance which irritates in many minds, in connection with our writer, is his wrath—the storm and pressure with which he pours out his vials upon the abuses of the age. But here, again, may we not remind you that he has had—as we all have had—sufficient provocation? True, at one time we were intermeddling in all things. Now, what is the great doctrine taught, especially by the political economists? Why, is it not even in the very words, Let things alone? And what things are let alone? Will any one, disinterested, and endowed with common sense, for instance, stand champion for the New Poor-law Act? We do not doubt the necessity for many of its enactments, we do not doubt the practical efficiency of much of its detail; but when we

are told that this is the crowning glory of a Reform ministry, simply doing nothing for the rotting gangrene of pauperism, one would say the glory is somewhat dim. Yet, on the other hand, much is simply monstrous. Let things alone! We know that nations may be governed too much; we know that the one great thing to be aimed at is the development of the *individual* resources of a great people; but in this country the active energies of our governments seem only, for the most part, to plunge us into deeper evil. They are passive when there is need of aid; all that is done is done by the volitions of the people themselves. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since Carlyle published his book entitled "Chartism," written for the express purpose of showing that while what we call Chartism—Democracy—may be possible in America, it is impossible in this country, and can only be with us as a swift transition to something else; and during those years something has been done to amend, and in the especial way in which his work points—namely, education and emigration. But the evils lie all around us, and there they will lie; for to this hour is it not true that the let-alone philosophy still rules?

Perhaps the one great lesson of nearly all Carlyle's writing is *ne quid nimis*—not too much of anything. He would seem to be so constituted as to detect in all things the danger—the weakness. Hence, every-

where you will notice his horror of mere formulary, of mechanism, of routine ; he shudders at the consequences of mere soulless deeds. "My brother, thou must pray," says he, "for *a soul* ; struggle as with life and death energy to get back *thy soul* ! Know that 'religion' is no Morrison's pill from without, but a reawakening of thy own self from within." Long years before our Downing Street proved itself to be the arrant imbecility that it was—and, we believe, as a mere Government pensionary is—he had written his *Latter-day Pamphlets* ; and what did they mean ? This was what they meant : "I know that Downing Street routine ; if you ever want that engine to work, you will find it a mere rusted immovable machine—a machine clogged and tied with red tape ; red-tape binding, hand and foot, all things there." The very term, the Red-Tapist, is his own. Look over his *Latter-day Pamphlets*, and say have not all his prophecies proved true ? Who can tell the extent to which his books have tended to rectify the evils they denounce ? "Past and Present," for instance ; when that book was published, how many things were not that are now ? Baths and washhouses, for instance, were not in existence twenty-five years since. Then, before Liebig even had said, as we know he has said, "that the civilisation of a nation depends on its soap," Carlyle had said :—

CONCERNING BATHS AND WASHHOUSES.

“What worship, for example, is there not in mere washing? Perhaps one of the most moral things a man has it in his power to do, in common cases. Strip thyself, go into the bath, wash and be clean, and thou wilt step out a purer and a better man. It remains a religious duty. Lo! that dingy, fuliginous operative emerging from his soot. Well, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards? That he clean the skin of him. Can he pray by any ascertained method? One knows not entirely; but with soap and water he can wash. The dull English have a saying, ‘Cleanliness is akin to godliness;’ yet never saw I operative men worse washed, and in a climate drenched with softest cloud water, such a scarcity of baths!”

What do we say—social problems—Sphinx riddles? And are they not vital? We blink them. We refuse to see society in any other than a poetical light. Carlyle insists upon our looking upon it as it is. All things may be coloured with rose tints if we look at them through a rose-tint glass. Even the tragic history of *Blue Beard*, that much abused and much maligned individual—ah! think, he staked his all upon the fidelity of his wife, whose fatal curiosity he foresaw? He did but beseech her not to violate the sanctity of

the blue parlour. Doubtless, for the first Mrs. Blue Beard, his affections long slept in the blue chamber with her ; but, impelled by destiny, he loved again, and was again undone. Six times had the fatal sacrifice been exacted from him. At last he gave up all hope, and he found it to be his destiny to go on marrying and murdering to the end. Evidently a man of the finest sensibilities—a noble heart, loving not wisely but too well ; this is the way in which some, and many, deal with all the facts of the age and of history. But there is, indeed, no dealing with them all thus. No ! Blue Beard will be Blue Beard, and the stern facts of society will remain, whatever may be said to evaporate them away beneath the sentimental hues of the self-conceit of the great nineteenth century.

But thus people will insist on calling weeds flowers ; and how can we decide that they are not, but by the fruits they bear ? Our readers remember

A PARABLE IN AN ANECDOTE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

“ My little daughter came running to me one fine winter day with a very pretty weed. Then, with great earnestness, as if fresh from some controversy on the subject, she exclaimed, ‘ Is this a weed, Papa—is this a weed ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, a weed, ’ I replied.

“ With a look of disappointment, she moved off to

the one she loved best among us ; she asked the same question, and received the same answer.

“ ‘ But it has flowers,’ the child replied.

“ ‘ That does not signify ; it is a weed,’ was the inexorable answer.

“ Presently, after a moment’s consideration, the child ran off again, and, meeting the gardener just near my nook—though out of sight from where I sat—she coaxingly addressed him.

“ ‘ Nicholas, dear, is this a weed ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, Miss ; they call it Shepherd’s purse.’

“ A pause ensued ; I thought the child was now fairly convinced by authority, when all at once the little voice began again.

“ ‘ Will you plant it in my garden, Nicholas, dear ? Do plant it in my garden.’ ”

And thus, indeed, is it not that, spite of any amount of warning or authority, society rigidly insists on planting things demonstrated to be weeds in the social garden ? This is one grave source of thought in all our minds. And the vexed questions thus represented to us, they are the same perpetually recurring ones which meet us in all ages. Truly, but we are in the moral tropics, and so swift the mighty forests of evil have sprung up, they have appalled the hearts of all who have thought upon and rightly contemplated the growing mischief.

The evils of the age are none the fewer because a race of teachers has sprung up who insist upon it that *evil is not*. No! only some dread, beautiful necessity—the windrush doctrine. In Mr. Carlyle you will meet with no sympathy with this opinion. Society is evil because society is sinful. Man is wretched because he is unholy. The ignorance of those who identify the teaching of Carlyle with Emerson, is ridiculous. On the contrary, you remember the saying of Sandy Mackaye, in “Alton Locke.” It is almost a literal translation from Carlyle:—“An’ sae the devil’s dead,” said Sandy, as he sat crooning and smoking that night over the fire; “gone at last, and he sae little appreciated. Puir fellow, too—every gowk laying his sins on Nickie’s back! puir Nickie!” Very much like that much misunderstood politician, Mr. John Cade, as Charles Buller called him in the House of Commons. “An’ he to be dead at last! The world seems quite unco without his auld farrant phizog on the streets. Aweel! aweel! aiblins he’s but shamming!

“ ‘When pleasant spring came on apace,
And showers began to fall,
John Barleycorn got up again,
An’ sore surprised them all.’

At ony rate, I’d not bury him till he began to smell a wee strong, like. It’s a grewsome thing that premature interment, Alton laddie.”

The reader has not forgotten the anecdote of the sick man who, while explaining his symptoms to his medical man, was amazed by his exclaiming, "Charming! Ah! Yes!—yes! Delightful! Yes! Pray go on—pray go on;" and when he had finished, said, with the utmost delight, "My dear sir, do you know that you have a complaint that has been for some time supposed to be extinct?" We often think "the rose-water school of philanthropists" does, in its enthusiastic notation of symptoms of moral disease, altogether forget the circumstances of affliction and pain. There is about many of them a perfect heartlessness as to the whole matter, most harrowing and distressing to the heart. And yet, moral surgery needs the cold and daring hand not less than the medical.

The lovers of Carlyle are anxious to vindicate him from the charge that he has written much, said much, and done nothing. A clever writer has said that he keeps a "school in which scolding goes on from morning to night, but certainly no teaching; if his boys move they are lashed, if they sit still they are lashed—they can do nothing right; and what is worse, they never have an inkling of what their cruelly exacting pedagogue thinks right or necessary to be done." Very drolly said, and as false as droll. Such was not quite the estimate of him, expressed in the well-known epigram of Walter Savage Landor:

“Strike with Thor’s hammer ; strike again
The skulking heads of half-formed men,
And every Northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aimed blow, Carlyle !”

“Strike away,” says one writer, “and welcome ; when you have got hold of a real sin or flagrant sinner, pound him, contuse him, take the daylight and breath out of him, as fast and freely as you will or can ; but don’t growl and show fight at all the world and his wife ; have *some* respect of persons—

“ ‘ Pray, Thomas, learn to moderate
The fury of your tongue ! ’ ”

Before Mr. Carlyle had attained to be what he unquestionably is, a force in public opinion, this was the sort of charge urged against him, especially in ably written papers in the *Times*, and in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. He is anything, such writers were fond of asserting, but a man of practical ability. Even in reviewing his *Latter-day Pamphlets*, it was said that he had never in the course of his life thrown out a single hint which might be useful to his own generation or profitable to the generations to come ; he never stirs an inch beyond vague generalities. It was said that, if he were a doctor, and you came to him with a cut finger, he would regale you with a dythrambic on the heroical qualities of Avcenna, or commence by proving that Abernethy was a phantasm leech, instead of whipping [out his pocket-

book and applying a plaster to the wound ; or, that if you sent him into the House of Commons—which we believe was at one time seriously contemplated—not by himself—and he rose to make a speech on the Budget, he would go on maundering about Teufelsdröckh, Sauerteig, Dryasdust; Sir Jabesh Windbag, Fire Horses, Marsh Jotuns, and Choctaw Indians, until he was well coughed down. It was said, that he has never brought out of his treasures things new or old, but only re-cooked crambo, served up in piquant, biting sauce, the last dish always a little stronger than the preceding, however strong that might have been ; he has nothing to tell the world but to be in earnest, to hate shams, and not to be a flunkey, and to worship heroes. The world, says the *Times*, in the essay we refer to, will be very grateful to Mr. Carlyle if he will just put his shoulder to the wheel, and help it to repair a crying evil ; but putting a shoulder, or even a finger to the wheel, is just what this writer will not do ; it suits him better to make mouths at a machine temporarily embedded in the mud, and to swear that it is dropping to pieces, while others are bravely attempting to lift it out of the rut. This is all very funnily put, and no doubt sets our old prophet in a very satisfactorily laughable light to the race of the Podsnaps ; but as an exposition of Carlyle's social philosophy, it is as false as such flippant summaries usually are. One earnest

voice Mr. Carlyle has consistently lifted up throughout all his great social sermons, his "Past and Present," "Chartism," and Latter-day Pamphlets, against the *laissez faire* philosophy, which when he began to write was even more intolerably popular than it is now. I will advise you, good people, he said, or seemed to say, not to adopt that philosophy ; I would advise you not to let bad things alone. There is a huge muck-midden right underneath your window, by your very door ; it is pestilence, and stench, and disease, if your nostrils are pleasantly regaled by the flavour of it. So ! I cannot compel you to remove it, I cannot remove it myself, I am not the overseer of your own property ; but I tell you, it is a Social Vampire, there is Death in it, the very Devil is in it ! And you—you preach that it be let alone—that is your Gospel ! I advise quite another kind of Gospel, I advise spade and pitchfork, and that it be carted away, and turned into a social utility rather than a curse and a deformity ! Oh, my incapable, and altogether too thoughtless brethren, your behaviour concerning this thing is by no means comic to me, it is even tragic, and I see what will be the end of it !

This is the kind of word which Carlyle has applied to innumerable evils quite ominous in activity about us ; our growing pauperism, our festering crime, our huge coiling feudal system of government. The sermons he has preached have had very practical

applications; that they have not produced conversions is not the fault of the preacher surely; he has assailed builders of houses, and makers of bricks, and with what amount of truth dwellers in London streets do certainly very well know. Yet does it seem to us that his sermons have been altogether preached in vain.

This is the doctrine through innumerable pages of our author's writings, that there are some in all our great cities, and over the whole land, who need to be treated as children, and not for their own sakes only, for the sake of society. Singular in how many particulars the let-alone theory has been given up; houses, footpaths, gas lamps, are all now subjects of police, affairs of square and rule; but just as singular is it what things are still let alone, or even if not let alone they are dealt with in such a manner that the principal thing which becomes obvious is our own inefficiency, and especially Pauperism and Crime are two tremendous Cancers threatening to eat out the heart of the nation; tremendous evils come of letting things alone; no idea seems to unite us; suggest it, and it shivers upon some rocky crotchet, we lose sight of the main thought, and the good remains undone, because we are seized upon by some hysterical notion of our own, to which we expect perfect and universal conformity, while we have not the slightest concession to make to the notion of any

one else. Nothing unites us ; so squalor and crime stride terrific or sprawl headlong in our midst, and fill the air with the fetid breath, as of some corpse-house. What we want is no more books to prove the fact, calculations, or statistics, but some doing on a gigantic scale ; nothing short of a gigantic scale can touch the immense manure heap of wretchedness. And therefore the image employed just now ; look at the immense manure heap, the huge accumulating dung-heap of the neighbourhood. You do not admire the image, still, let us use it. See what comes about if it is permitted to every house, to every stable, to add to the pestilential accumulation ; the hot steams spread contagion all around, it is a loathsome spectacle, the fruitful parent of fevers which, like hybernating snakes or vipers, are ready to spring forth and strike, and sting, and slay. If ten thousand hands have contributed to its growth, and if it has accumulated through ages of neglect, one hand cannot remove it ; but suppose a thousand hands attack the mountain, and scatter abroad the unsightly and pestilential reeking abomination over a thousand fields ; why, that which was death turns into life, and that which fostered disease ministers to health and vigour. We may behold the parable in every great city, find it, for instance, in the East End of London, find it on that spot which has been called Tiger Island ; no rose-water benevolence, no sentimental philanthropy can deal with such a

growth ; Devilish is the accumulation ; Celestial, strong seraphic light, sword-bearing, but beautiful no less than strong, must be the remedy ; by palaver-ing Parliaments the abomination is not to be touched. Despair says, Good Heavens ! how is the thing to be touched ? With the generous achievements of a competitive commercial life in an immensely crowded population, buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, fulfilling its Divine and fruitful errand on every hand ; tens of thousands of little children from three years old and upwards, tied to their chairs, toiling by night and day ; women working through twenty-four hours, and unable still to win what may keep poor body and soul together, until it is discovered that sin seems to pay better than honest labour ! Beset with difficulties the matter is ; and he who, like Carlyle, dares to tell the truth upon such matters, may expect as his reward the clamour and the scorn of all the money markets against him. Carlyle has continued to repeat his warnings, offering his Sybil leaves through many long years ; thirty years since he must have had his eye on the East End of London when satirising the mighty millionaire, Bobus, of Houndsditch, the sausage maker. So he illustrates his principle, " national suffering has ever had its beginning in national crime ; " so of civil suffering, " the rotten will hold together a long time if you do not

handle it too roughly, but at last the moment of dissolution comes."

For instance, we are in London; take London near the Minories, or, if you like, near Shoreditch, either will read us the same lesson. Here is a splendid Tailor's establishment, it is a palace, what a magnificent array of brass!—always plenty of brass!—it blazes with magic lustres and lights; what an illumination, it is as if some great festivity in which the world was interested was going on. Let us enter! Things are marvellously cheap, and are we not in the establishment of a most honest tradesman? He can afford to sell it to us at this amazing reduction! Honest man, he has not stolen the cloth! Does he not pay his rent? Be sure his landlord looks after him there! not a penny beneath the real value of rents. Does he not pay his taxes? Be sure Government will look after him there; he may contrive to dodge a little bit, but Income-tax Collectors are sharp, and always contrive to put on rather more than be satisfied with the tale of rather less than his apparent income. Does he not pay twenty shillings in the pound? Honest man, of course he does; be sure that his tradespeople look after him! What is the secret of it all? How does he contrive to maintain this monster establishment? How is all this glitter and glare paid for? Does he not pay his workmen? Of course he does! Come along with me, and we shall see. Come

down this dirty court, let us mount these creaking stairs, come into this horrid garret. Ah, look here ! Here are men, or women, perhaps, who know nothing of labour but its curse, and nothing of life but its misery ; here are haggard faces, faces upon which already you see stamped the imprint of death ! Here in this polluted atmosphere men work for two shillings a day, and women for, oh ! how much less than that ! They have no golden air, no sunshine, no Sabbath ! And you must believe the present writer when he tells you that he has talked with men in Whitechapel and Spitalfields who never saw a blade of grass grow, never saw a field or a wild flower in their lives ! And out of these and such as these, out of their sweat and sinew, their blood, their dead and cavernous and almost idiotic brain, the profit is made. Oh, the miserable chambers of honest, hardworking poverty, without fire, without food, without furniture, without clothes, "stitching in poverty, hunger, and dirt," only to prolong life and misery ! Now go back to your splendid shop, dazzling window, and gorgeous pile. It is a Golgotha, a place of skulls. But often the fever of that wretched garret infiltrates all the attire and strikes right and left, and slays. Meantime, be it remembered that even for such splendid and costly buildings, and the fortunes they represent, you at last have to pay ; it all comes back at last into the dread-

ful Poor Law and its inequitability of taxation. "Oh," says Carlyle, in a passage already quoted; "oh, it is frightful when a nation has forgotten God, and remembers only Mammon and what Mammon leads to." And there is no more universal illustration that the nation has forgotten God than in the lesson to be read on every hand of the immorality of cheapness—the insult offered to justice in the worship of Mammon.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONDITION OF ENGLAND QUESTION.

BUT the things we cannot do surely are not to stand as interdicts upon the things we can do ; and, moreover, if we can do few good things, this is no reason why we should do manifold evil things. We have already said that like to these Latter-day Pamphlets we have nothing in our literature. The whole race and family of the Barnacles have gone rabid upon them ; and almost all leaders of all parties have taken a retainer against them. And, even as we might conceive some five hundred little cockle-boats setting sail from Weymouth, or from Edinburgh, with trim, genteelly dressed, little captains or lieutenants, saying, "Go to ! Let us pull up Portland Island, or the Bass Rock ; let us fire our guns upon it, and show the sinfulness of it, and destroy it ;" even so, five hundred little reviewers have sent off their twopenny-halfpenny craft. "Go to ! Let us utterly expurgate and destroy from the face of the earth these Latter-day Pamphlets, and with them the heretic Carlyle." And there still is the Portland Rock ; and there still, rooted, we believe, and

grounded in the same veracities on which the Portland Rocks and Bass Rocks are founded, there are the Latter-day Pamphlets, true as the Gospel of nature, and terrible as true. Terrible as true. For these Pamphlets seem to us only the amplification of the words of the Prophet: "Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength; therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips. In the day shalt thou make thy plant to grow, and in the morning shalt thou make thy seed to flourish; but the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow."

And, therefore, all honour to Mr. Carlyle, that he has consecrated his powers to this vast Condition-of-England question. Compare his writings with those of most other great men in this particular—with Lord Macaulay, for instance—and the fact is this: here is a man, the grandeur of whose gifts and attainments is something truly immeasurable. Not contenting himself with mere literary dignities, but really taking up and handling practically all the great questions of the age. Practically he sees, depend upon it, he sees and knows well all that you can allege upon the theory, whatever that may be; is learned in all your Blue-Book literature, whatever that may be worth, and puts his finger on the beating heart, the real mainspring of every question he

touches or determines to express an opinion on. - He see its relation to every form of humanity. Strange, the misconception of these Pamphlets, arising from the simple, trivial circumstance that people will talk about and pass opinions on what they will not read. Hence, they have been called Socialistic! Yes; then was old Rhadamanthus a Socialist. No! nonsense of that kind, believe us, is far removed from the mind of Carlyle. No Communist is he! He would join heartily in the Chant of Ebenezer Elliot:—

“ What is a Communist?—One who has yearnings
For an equal division of unequal earnings ;
Idler or bungler !—He is one who is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.”

No! to be well governed, this is the grand business to which these Latter-day Pamphlets and Prophecies address themselves. Albeit they do ring and re-echo again and again with things not palatable to many ears.

No pamphlet has been more misconceived than that on “Model Prisons.” For poor unhappy ignorance our writer has expressed abundant sympathy; for British Bankism, for Robsonism, Redpathism, and Dean Paulism, he has none. For all these magnificent Cagliostros, simply playing a high game, and doing their best to destroy all confidence in man, and to loosen the very hinges of society, our writer has nothing to say;—by ragged schools, baths, emigrations,

save the ignorant and the poor. But for these, he says :—

MR. CARLYLE ON THE DEVIL'S REGIMENTS OF THE
LINE.

“ If I had a commonwealth to reform or to govern, certainly it should not be the Devil's regiments of the line that I should first of all concentrate my attention on ! With them I should be apt to make rather brief work ; to them one would apply the besom, try to sweep *them* with some rapidity into the dust-bin, as well out of one's road, I should rather say. . . . Away, you ; begone swiftly, ye regiments of the line. In the name of God and of His poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live in these bad days ; I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity. To feed you in palaces, to hire captains and schoolmasters, and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industries on you ! I have quite other work for that class of artists. Seven-and-twenty millions of neglected mortals who have not yet declared for the Devil. Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of *you*, collars round the necks of *you* ; and will teach *you*, after the example of the gods, that this world is *not* your inheritance, or glad to see you in it. *You*, ye diabolic canaille, what has a governor much to do with you ? *You*, I think, he will rather swiftly dismiss

from his thoughts,—which have the whole celestial and terrestrial for their scope, and not the subterranean of scoundrelism alone. You, I consider, he will sweep pretty rapidly into some Norfolk Island, into some special convict colony or remote domestic moorland ; in some stone-walled silent-system, under hard drill sergeants, just as Rhadamanthus, and inflexible as he, and there leave you to reap what you have sown ; he meanwhile turning his endeavours to the thousand-fold immeasurable interests of men and gods,—dismissing the one extremely contemptible interest of scoundrels ; sweeping that into the cesspool, tumbling that over London-bridge, in a very brief manner if needful.”

It is nearly thirty years since those two mysterious papers, “Count Cagliostro,” and the “Diamond Necklace,” appeared from the pen of our author. Slight has been the reference to them, but surely they are the foreshadowings of a new era in the history of Crime. Who has not heard of the immortal Cagliostro?—the first illustrious He who reduced the floating elements of scoundrelism to a science—distinguished individual ! Arch Cophte, Quacksalver and Great High Priest of the Order of Black Sheep. But, surely, in a very eminent degree he has had followers. Always the world has had the “children of the wicked one” in it. But in our day, surely, if the

seeds of good have developed themselves, have not the seeds of evil? nay, has not evil become scientific? and, in London, are there not schools of vice, at which, indeed, one must graduate before he can play for a high game? Nay, not only so, does not society at large tempt its children to become vicious, with its respectabilities, and gigs, and appearances? Thus, at any rate, is it not true that there has indeed been developed a new order of criminals in our day, most painful to consider? Men, even of rank, of education, members of all the learned professions, men who played a high game and lost, and now lie there useless lumber, with thousands besides. Stuff, that society has thrown into its iron safe, worthless, useless; stuff, that society cannot in any way use, and is glad to get rid of on any terms—is only too glad to emancipate from prison, if it will only go and not try to work the desperate problem again of making the way of transgressors *not* hard. It is beyond a doubt one of the most important questions of the age, What shall we do with the criminals? Society is posed and stunned with that Sphinx riddle. While here, without a doubt, is a matter on which a Government competent to do something, might employ some measure of its powers. But Government, so far from seeking to solve that question, simply builds model prisons for them, expends upon them its reckless thousands, mindless of others who are fast pressing into those places of torment.

To Mr. Carlyle certainly, at present, society presents the grand death-struggle of *cosmos* against *chaos*; and he evidently thinks that for the present chaos is likely to get the best of it. Not that he does not believe in God, but that he fears the perversity and self-will of man. If chaos got the best of it in Paris, in France, in Rome, in Naples, it may here. We dare to say the reader has noticed that there is a side to *Calvinism* which looks out to *Pantheism*; and it is this which has given currency to the thought that Carlyle is a Pantheist. These extremes meet. Calvinism looks out to Pantheism, as Arminianism, legitimately carried forward, looks on to Socinianism, Deism, Atheism, and meets Pantheism by a more circuitous route. Without doubt Mr. Carlyle believes there is a God, and always that in forgetfulness of God lies all misery. The world now is regarded as "a great extensive cattle-fold and workhouse, with most extensive kitchen-ranges and dining-tables. There is no longer any God for us! God's laws are become only a greatest-happiness principle; a Parliamentary expediency. The heavens overarch us only as an astronomical time-keeper, a butt for Herschel telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at. Man has lost his soul, and now in due time, begins to find out the want of it." Here is the misery of the world. There is no religion, there is no God. "Man has lost his soul, and vainly

seeks instead of it an anti-septic salt ;" vainly, for in killing kings, in passing reform bills, in French revolutions, Manchester insurrections, is found no remedy ; for actually this is *not* the real fact of the world ; the world is not made so, but otherwise. "Truly, any society setting out from this no-God hypothesis will arrive at a result or two." This is Mr. Carlyle's absolute conviction. The only possibility of cosmos is in obedience to God. And if we are near to chaos, it is because we forget God.

Thus in his paper "Shooting Niagara." It is, in truth, another Latter-day Pamphlet ; wrung out of Mr. Carlyle, it would seem, by the last feats of saltimbandic democracy in our Commons and Lords ; upon this text Mr. Carlyle proceeds to deliver himself, after his accustomed fashion and in his well-known notes, upon our social sins in general ; he is a poet of the highest order, we believe, made out of the same stuff as that which has produced Homers and Dantes. It was to be expected, therefore, that much of his language would soar away through strong trope and figure, not always most comprehensible to blockheads and ordinary mortals ; but that any man preaching with intense earnestness to his age, reproving, rebuking, and exhorting, should receive the polite bows, and grimacing gratitude of the men whose vices he lashes, was not to be expected ; this has not ordinarily been the case. Ahab got up no

testimonial for Elijah, except the threat of his life ; nor Manasseh for Isaiah, except, so tradition tells us, that altogether unpleasant testimonial of sawing him in sunder ; the Master told some terrible truths to the chief priests, and scribes, and Pharisees, and they called Him Beelzebub, and did something also with nails, and scourge, and crown of thorns to show their sense of His value. Stones and imprisonment greeted Paul. And John Tetzels, we are sure, did not feel grateful to Martin Luther for putting a stop to the sale of indulgences—"So persecuted they the prophets which were before you," and so Thomas Carlyle comes off pretty well ; newspaper leaders break no bones ; we, however, are desirous of expressing our sense that this sermon, by our venerable and veteran preacher, is equal to any he has addressed to us, and that substantially it is as true as the words of inspired prophets, for it grows out of their truth ; to speak after Mr. Carlyle's language—"It is a genuine voice out of the eternal verities." The prophecy, certainly contains no smooth things, it is pretty much one strong, withering, and unbroken curse from beginning to end ; the mischief of the matter is, that common-sense and righteousness cannot make out the curse to be causeless. That every reader, and thoughtful and reverencing lover of Mr. Carlyle will go along with him through all the particulars of his denunciation is not to be expected, but it is not merely in the main

but for the most part, one feels amidst the swing and toll of these tremendous anathemas, that they wake up in the soul a response of their common-sense and justice. Being an original man, what we call a poet, or creator, Mr. Carlyle can, and will, only express his sense in his own way, after the fashion of his own most marvellously elliptical and electrical speech ; we are not aware that he needs any allowance, as it is called, to be made for him, passion and infinite earnestness and vehemence are the characteristics of his mind and style, they are well known ; the fact is, there is nothing at all new in the paper ; it is old eternal truth ; you value your preacher as he possesses that conscience-searching power, that way of using his words like nimble lightnings, darting into the consciousness, and setting forth all the sins, and saying "here we are," as the lightnings say, in their revealing terror. The *Saturday Review*, in one of its sneers upon the paper, inquires "if Mr. Carlyle expects the State to be saved by politeness !" We apprehend that that is exactly what he does not expect, and assuredly it is a condiment he does not keep in his cruet ; he is not one to approach swindlers or rascals with elegant expressions, such as, "Now let me beg you to consider ;" "Now, really don't you think ;" "My dear friend, let us look quietly at this matter ;" this is not quite Mr. Carlyle's style, nor do we ourselves quite perceive that it is likely to be very effective with

those who, perhaps, have moral natures as hard and insensible as a garotter's, or, if not so bad as this, intelligences as obtuse and perverted as a long course of sad-doing and wrong-doing could render them.

"For," exclaims he, "we are a people drowned in Hypocrisy ; saturated with it to the bone :—alas, it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still ;—and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it ! It has lasted long, that unblessed process ; process of 'lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle,' for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate return of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got) ; process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing ; finis on any terms whatever ! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

"My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time,—with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and mumbling, spiritually in soak 'in the Devil's

Pickle' (choicest elixir the Devil brews,—is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-believe* of yourself and others, strictly that?) for above two hundred years: that was the infinitely dismal condition, all others are but finitely so."

Running through a tolerable length, the writer recapitulates the items of national turpitude, mendacity, and folly, which assuredly are not particularly new to any of our knowledges, and assuredly are not to be disbelieved. Nay, are we not so happy as to possess in our midst very many good men, who are the salt of the earth, the ten righteous in Sodom, who have long, in a certain mild, weak way recited, deplored, and attempted to expose, exactly the same thing. Who doubts, for instance, the amazing hollowness of society in the attempt everywhere made to colour over deformities, sins, and shames, to hold together things which have no cohesion, to make rottenness beautiful and insolvency respectable; but Mr. Carlyle speaks of it in the following vehement manner, and who will say, as he reads, "I have looked through society and the testimony is not true"?—

"And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious, and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest

carpentry, of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs ! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years. Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier 'reign of Christ' under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method ; varnish ; varnish ; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it,—bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty ; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish ; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on handsomely. Varnish alone is cheap and is safe ; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing, and hammering on the old quiet House ;—dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep ; don't disturb the old beams and junctures : varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men ! This is called the Constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names ; and this at last has its fruits, such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe ; all men become unconsciously or half or wholly-consciously,—*liars* to their own souls and to other men's ; grimacing,

finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future misperformance of *thing*:—clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and in industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pecus* is safe from all that; essentially torpid and *ignavum*, on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.”

And the curing of national shortcomings in the doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, by what are called Reform Bills, manhood suffrages, and so on, seems to Mr. Carlyle of all receipts the most absurd, and the proclamation of a glorious liberty to the sons of the devil. This he ridicules in his usual manner of utter scorn, “the equality of man, all men alike equal, Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakespeare, Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ, and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem”—

“Ask yourself about ‘Liberty,’ for example; what do you really mean by it, what in any just and

rational soul is that Divine quality of Liberty? That a good man be 'free,' as we call it, be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable;—to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be 'free,'—permitted to unfold himself in his particular way, is contrariwise, the fatallest curse you could inflict on him; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing,—then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one 'blessing' left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quam primum*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner? Expecting a Millennium from 'extension of the suffrage,' laterally, vertically, or in whatever way?

"All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a 'chaining of the Devil for a thousand years,'—laying *him* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You, too, have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction: a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you

might find them ; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters, and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for the most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, ‘Glory, glory, another strap is gone!’—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became ‘Reform Parliament ;’ victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum, or tatter of rope or leather left upon it :—there needs almost superhuman heroism in you, to ‘whip’ a Garotter ; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled with, under penalties ; hardly a murderer, never so detestable and hideous, but you find him ‘insane,’ and ‘board him at the public expense,’ a very peculiar *British Prytaneum* of these days ! And in fact, the Devil (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman ; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve’s time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a Millennium, such as never was before,—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the *way*, my poor friends ;—a little less of buzzing, hum-

ming, swarming (*i.e.*, tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little, each for himself, what kind of 'way' it is! But indeed your 'Reform' movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me; everybody meaning by it, not 'Reformation,' practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour's, no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at;—but meaning simply Extension of the Suffrage! Bring in more voting; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and puddle of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say."

For evidently the writer has no faith in high rectitude presiding over trade transactions; it seems to him a free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of "cheap and nasty, universal shoddy, and devil's dust cunningly varnished over, and presented in all places invitingly cheap, free trade with the devil in the belly of it." And he takes this instance:—

"One small example only! London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. Bricks, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will

stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannons, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick,—we have them here, at the head of this garden (wall once of a Manor Park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth's time, I was told), and still perfect in every particular.

“Truly the state of London houses and London house-building, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of thing! England needs to be rebuilt once every seventy years. Build it once rightly, the expense will be say fifty per cent. more; but it will stand till the day of judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things): and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the

saving possible to you ; lying under your nose there ; soliciting you to pick it up,—by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

"Here is a thrift of money, if you want money ! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short time) pay your National Debt for you, bridge the ocean for you ; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again ;—and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls,—now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled then to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth instead of Pay-day and Meux and Co.'s Entire. Oh, my bewildered Brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum ! I declare I had rather die.

"One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high, about faith, works, grace, preventive grace, the Arches Court and 'Essays and Reviews ;'—into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing I will remind you of, That the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds, and liturgies whatsoever is, to do

one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caitiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments,—operating upon Devil's dust, and endeavouring to reap where you have not sown ?”

Such is the temper and spirit of this extraordinary piece. We are not surprised that it has not pleased its readers in general. As to our Reform Bill, it seems to Carlyle only a truly ominous affair somewhat resembling that bet of the Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, “Two to one I can saw this plank in so many minutes”—and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous, wins success. Government, by blindman's-buff, was never a faith with our writer. Satire upon this meets us in some of the first pages of his “French Revolution,” and it is reiterated here. Nay, this seems to him only the calling in of new supplies of “blockheadism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash by way of amending the woes we have had already from our previous supplies of that bad article,” and he thinks, in a limited time, “say fifty years hence, likely to bring about such a pleasant end, as that the Church, all churches, and so-called religions, Christian religion itself, shall have deliquessed into liberty of conscience, progress of opinion, progress of intellect, philanthropic move-

ment, and other aqueous residues, of a vapid, badly-scented character, and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably henceforth, but evaporate at its leisure." Upon some points, severe as is Mr. Carlyle's language, we yet suppose there are multitudes who will, in the main, perhaps, agree with him, and yet, perhaps, these are the matters upon which we should be most likely to venture to have an independent opinion. The nigger seems to us far away from being so irremediable a beast as to Mr. Carlyle—"a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with a turn for nigger melodies, and the like"—and without any disposition to enter into, especially to espouse, extreme opinions just now, we assuredly cannot twine a laurel wreath for Ex-Governor Eyre, although we should not like to pass muster as merely "rabid nigger philanthropists," nor can we sum up the question of the American War exactly in the same rapid way in which Mr. Carlyle has disposed of it; no, his generalisations are sometimes very rapid, vehement, and bold, yet we think he says nothing which has not a strong force at the back of it. The chief feature, however, noticeable, is this, that while throughout his paper, and especially at its close, he proclaims the absolute and indispensable necessity of drill or organisation as the one want of society in this day—a want, on account of which all our colonies are weltering and likely to

welter still more in hopeless chaos, and which through the action of the new Reform Bill seems still more likely than ever to embarrass the movements of our modern society—it will not therefore follow that Mr. Carlyle is really indisposed to do honour to truest and highest spiritual influences. His homage to the aristocracy, we fear, cannot be deserved nearly to the extent to which he gives it. Common-sense asks, What have we to thank it for in our day in comparison with the great merchant princes of our time, in whose ranks we have still to look for the nobles of the Fugger, De Medici, and the Artaveldt order. On the other hand, if he seeks to limit political power to the deserving, it is no answer to inquire with a sneer, as one of his critics does, “Was it then an aristocracy which established the Christian faith, or purified it when it had rotted, and believes it now?” The Christian religion has been established and purified instrumentally by poor men, perhaps it does not therefore follow that we should look with much complacency upon the surrender of political privileges and responsibilities to men who would have no objection to join the “Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited),” or to look, possibly, upon Broadhead and his very eminent compeers as the worthy representatives and holders of political principles and rights.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAPPINESS THEORY.

ONE of the grand social canons of Carlyle's writings is even one we should all be expected to recoil from with most timidity. And although it is so true in the way in which he has put it, and it strikes us as so new, and seems so questionable, it speaks instantly to the experience and knowledge we have of our own life. Evil and good men alike calculate on something higher than happiness, or rather they do not calculate at all. On the mere pleasure-seekers of life therefore, Mr. Carlyle looks with scornful pity very edifying, and also very silencing. Did you ever read his reflections upon the Opera, or Haymarket Theatre, to which place once upon a time he permitted himself to be beguiled? The extract is almost too lengthy, but we will find a place for it:—

CARLYLE AT THE OPERA !

“Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well ; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here

below. To 'sing the praise of God,' that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him ?

"David, King of Judah, a soul inspired by Divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song ; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human ; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries ; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine ? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time ; only know that it was once sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear with unspeakable reflections what things men now sing.

"Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this : Lustres, candelabras, painting ; gilding at discretion ; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp ; a hall, as if fitted-up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regard-

less likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius*, as we term it; stamped by nature as far capable of other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport.

“The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were, perhaps, little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees,—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad, restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest with open blades, and stand still, in the Devil’s name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or

Taglioni the second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of India-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling ; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully. . . .

“Nay, certain old improper females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment ; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face ; this and the other Marquis Chatabagues, Prince Mahogany, or the little foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and Macassar oil graciousity, and then tripping out again ; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

“But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself ; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour’s flirtation of Chatabagues, Mahogany, and these improper persons ! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before ! O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged, to ‘the Melodies Eternal,’ might have valiantly weeded-out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God’s crea-

tion more melodious—they have purchased you away from that ; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a Macassar Chatabagues and his improper females past the prime of life ! Wretched spiritual Nigger ! oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot ? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light ; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini—oh, Heavens ! when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me ! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death ; through it, too, I look not 'up into the Divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye-socket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. . . .

" Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now ? I will answer you : It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait

for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. 'Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen, and the like, the Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. . . .

"Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion: do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter, also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a population abhorring phantasms—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your 'amusements,' which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all." . . .

A doctrine which surely a thoughtful and tender experience makes tolerably legible, and which, if not always apprehended in experience, is yet now very frequently preached, is that which underlies all we have just said and cited from the writings of our

author. Even the very Scriptural doctrine, as our author puts it, "there is in man a higher than love of happiness ; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." It is, indeed, a very great finding, perhaps more frequently spoken of by all of us than found, yet surely it is the highest life of Revelation and Scripture, it is the Divine Life, the Blessed Life, an ineffable Life. Surely the life of great saints, martyrs, of all highest ideal men, the earthly environment has been very poor, uncomfortable, unhappy, but it was sustained by ineffable principles, and expressed itself in actions, melodies, and heroisms of ineffable sweetness. It is a great canon with Carlyle—Love not pleasure, love God ; this is the Everlasting Yea, here all contradiction is solved. To know the Blessed Life is to walk in the Light. It is nothing to the purpose to say that very few even of those who are really Christians have attained to it. It is an infinitely beautiful and ineffably glorious possibility ; and to those of us who know it not the sweetest utterances of the Divine Book must be darkness. It is the spirit of all the Gospels, and he who knows it has no occasion for stumbling. What a difference between living for this and living to accumulate a fortune or a fame. Were this not the faith, truly, says Carlyle, "if happiness be our end we are all astray ; not on morality, but on cookery, let us build our stronghold."

Slight, then, is the extent to which happiness is, as the poet calls it, "our being's end and aim." Truly it is one of those matters in which we need to be careful as to the language we employ. But *is* happiness, in our ordinary comprehension of that term, our being's end and aim? Of the millions—conscious millions—alive now, how many follow happiness as the grand impulse, the guiding angel of their being—Carlyle resolutely and cynically laughs to scorn the desire for happiness as the grand incentive of life, or the sentiment of misery as the great source of our elegy, and our sorrow. We ought to deal justly, however, with the storm of sorrow in which some unhappy souls rush out; at the same time feeling that the secret of all unhappiness is, that the heart has not found its true, real, proper home. The thought itself is enough to fill one with profound feeling, that man, even here, is capable of the ecstasy of happiness, and the ecstasy of despair. The noblest grief unquestionably, is the stern, deep sorrow of a man like Carlyle—where, uncomplainingly, the soul—a mysterious tenant—goes wandering and wondering up and down its cage. The next affecting spectacle to this is that of the poor suicide, or the lunatic, in whom all the walls of the soul seem to have broken down, and the spirit, determined to get out, bursts, in its surplus energy of life, through the frail bars that would confine it. But characters like Byron do seem

to awaken our writer's strongest contempt. For the harp hung everlastingly on the willows, because of some dark shadow resting on the boughs of our own linden tree, he has only a kind of wild elf laughter. Misery! Misery! Yes; but what right hast thou to be happy? Or, art thou like that iron-hearted misanthrope in Scotland?

A SINGULAR TRANSLATION OF 'A MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

"The inmates of some town mansion were thrown into the most fearful alarm by indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even the partition wall. Ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnarling, growling, and screeching, which attended as a kind of running bass, there began in a horrid, semi-articulate, unearthly voice, this song—'Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *meeserable*! Clack, clack, clack, guar 'r 'r, whuz 'z. Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I am *meeserable*,' and so on. The perturbed spirit would not rest. The neighbours became quite bored, fretted, and affrighted by him, and had to go and examine the haunted chamber. In this haunted chamber they found the perturbed spirit to be an unfortunate imitator of Byron; but in the shape of a rusty meat-jack, gnarling and creaking with rust and work. And thus in *its* Byronian

musical life philosophy, sung according to *its* ability."

And truly this is a very fair commentary upon the measures and metres, and sentiment, and philosophy of Byron. "And why should a living man complain—a man for the punishment of his sins?" The secret, surely, of all moral misery should be consolatory, since it proves that we are in an ill-adjusted world; there is no misery which does not assure us of our absence from our true home. The philanthropic school, as all other schools, has its simulators and imitators, and the simulation of philanthropy is the most detestable of all simulations. Philanthropy has now become in many cases simply the expression of utilitarianism—the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Then let the smallest number go and hang; comfortable creed to the aristocracy, and the intelligence of a country!

CHAPTER XIX.

CARLYLE AND SOME OF HIS CRITICS.

WE had at first thought of closing this volume with a catena of critical opinion on our author; it would exhibit a curious variety of blessing and cursing. Thomas Carlyle has not been fortunate in his critics; there has been much talking and writing about him, but it may with truth be said that most of those who have set themselves to the exposition of his tenets have possessed neither the moral nor mental breadth or culture requisite to the formation of an estimate of his mind or its intentions. A lengthy review of his writings, their style, teaching, and influence, appeared in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* in 1853; it was thought so admirable that it was subsequently published in the Travellers' Series.* This miserable little thing would not be worth a notice were it not for its representative character. Like so many of Mr. Carlyle's critics, the jaunty author pleasantly disports himself, talking of Mr. Carlyle's style as "disconnected, light, and irreverent," and of "Sartor Resartus"

* Thomas Carlyle: a Critical Essay. Whitaker and Co.

as "a compound of profanity and jargon," "giving, however, a fair specimen of his ethical and literary merits." The writer then goes on pleasantly to remark that the "two great principles of his audacious system will be found to be an idolatry essentially Pagan, and a pantheism virtually godless." This writer never supposes that his own ignorance and dogmatic narrowness may be the real defects; or if it were possible to believe that such a writer had read the works of our author, then might he add to all that goes before as *his* peroration also, "And is there not a lie in my right hand?" It is not to be doubted there are critics who have essayed to handle Mr. Carlyle who are altogether unequal to the task: very good people—too good, in a fixed idea sort of fashion—men wedded to some pretty little morality—unequal to the apprehension of great moral ideas or actions or passions. It is often the misery of the worlds of letters and of men to be guided by such:—the men of little sects; the men who are bred in the vice of some fixed idea or form of thought, from which they proceed to argue as if it were a fact, although only some tyrant fancy—dealing with an hypothesis as if it were a demonstration, although having no real or absolute existence whatever. Many of Mr. Carlyle's critics remind us of his portrait of Robespierre: "The sea-green incorruptible;" "A poor atrabiliar *formula* of a man; meant by nature

for a Methodist of the stricter sort, to devour men who departed from the written profession ;” “A strict-minded, strait-laced man, of a small soul, transparent looking as small ale.” But people do not take the trouble to think ; they are perhaps unable to think, unable to feel. Their opinions are the product of the atmosphere of the latitude or society in which they live ; they compress eternal meanings into the most insignificant words ; and woe be to the writer who looks beyond the bars of the iron cage of expression, the rigid environment they set up and build, not as a home, but as a prison for the soul. In this manner, however, our writer has been judged.

There was one whom he knew and loved in his college days, and who knew and loved him, who might have been best able to estimate and understand, and to give some happy presentation of his friend's genius and character ; but he was removed before our writer had with any distinctness spoken to the world. Edward Irving began his career of fame early, and early it closed. He had a fine philosophic mind and intelligence, not only large enough to hold great generalisations, but keen enough to enter upon fine analysis ; the radiant exuberance of his imagination it is almost idle to indicate. How all these qualities come out in that most noble although too unregarded piece, his great work on the Incarnation. He who could do high honour to Coleridge, when Coleridge

was comparatively unregarded, would have been well able to estimate the work of his illustrious fellow student and friend. It was not to be. Their lives opened together in a singularly pleasant manner. Probably most of our readers will remember the account of the Haddington Doctor's little daughter given in Mrs. Oliphant's pleasant *Life of Irving*. Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, had a charming little girl ; indeed, she appears to have been a perfectly unique little creature. She was an only child, her father a great and famous man, the medical man of his district ; but it was a sore grief to the worthy Doctor that this girl was not a boy ; and so a great ambition came over the young creature's mind that she would be educated like a boy, and first she kept her secret to herself, and divining that Latin was an essential point of distinction between the sexes, she silently and secretly set to work upon the rudiments ; in due time she prepared herself for a dramatic revelation, and one evening when dinner had softened all the harsh aspects of the day, and the Doctor sat in luxurious leisure in his dressing-gown and slippers, and all the cheerful accessories of the fireside picture complete, the little heroine had arranged herself under the table, under the crimson folds of the cover which concealed her small person ; all was still, the moment arrived "*Penna, pennæ, pennam*" burst forth from the little voice in breathless steadiness. It scarcely need be

said that the astonished Doctor covered his little one with kisses ; and now it was necessary to procure a tutor, and Sir John Leslie recommended his friend, the Doctor, to secure the services of Edward Irving. Their times of study were from six to eight in the morning, winter and summer. But we may quote Mrs. Oliphant's words :—"When the young tutor arrived in the dark of the winter mornings, and found his little pupil scarcely dressed, peeping out of her room, he used to snatch her up in his arms, and carry her to the door, to name to her the stars shining in the cold firmament, hours before dawn ; and when the lessons were over, he set the child up on the table at which they had been pursuing their studies, and taught her logic, to the great tribulation of the household, in which the little philosopher pushed her inquiries into the puzzling metaphysics of life. The greatest affection sprang up, as was natural, between the child and her young teacher, whose heart at all times of his life was always open to children. After the lapse of these years their companionship looks pathetic and amusing. A life-long friendship sprang out of that early connection." By-and-by, as the years passed along, into this attractive little circle came Thomas Carlyle, and the little woman, the subject of this beautiful little idyllic picture, became that honoured and worthy wife in whose company he spent the early romantic student days he describes so

vividly to Goethe, at Craigenputtock, who was in such an affecting manner snatched from him, and whom, as we have seen, he took to repose in the old vault by the side of her father, the Doctor of Haddington. The items of the story are a little mingled, but putting these by the side of those circumstances mentioned in the earlier pages of this volume it is easy to perceive that there were many circumstances which would have especially qualified Irving to be the loving expounder of the doctrines of his early friend.*

America first called distinct attention to our writer with that open-hearted generosity of opinion for which the United States are so remarkable in almost all estimates of English writers. In October, 1835—the year following the appearance of “Sartor Resartus”—there appeared in the *North American Review* a paper on Thomas Carlyle. We have already referred to it in the earlier pages of this volume. This Review was the first which really attempted to pierce the design of the author. It analysed the etymology of the queer names employed—in some particulars it presented not only the first but the most interesting clue to the purpose of the book. It says, “Though professing in general a great deal of respect for his author, he at times deals pretty freely with him. ‘Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh,’ and even, ‘thou Rogue,’ are among the titles occa-

* See Life of Edward Irving, by Mrs. Oliphant.

sionally bestowed on him. For ourselves, we incline to the opinion that the only rogue in the company is 'the present Editor.' We have said that the volume came before the public under rather suspicious circumstances, and, after a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschreckhe ever existed," &c., &c. ; "in short, that the whole account of the origin of the book before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is, in plain English,—*a hum.*" The *Review* then proceeds with its grave opening-up of reasons for suspecting the veracity of the alleged authorship of the book ; but, in closing, uttered its prophecy that it was introducing to the American public a writer who, although unknown, "is destined, we think, to occupy a large space in the literary world." It invited him to take up his abode in the Far West. "We have little doubt that he may find in some one of the hundred universities of our country a *Weissnichtwo*, at which he may profess his favourite science of Things in General with even more satisfaction and advantage than in the *Edinburgh Review* or *Fraser's Magazine*."*

A much more noble and exhaustive estimate appeared in the *Westminster Review* for 1839, from the pen of John Sterling. It was very lengthy, and written in a strain and tone of high appreciation.

* *North American Review*. Vol. iv., 454—482.

It is not necessary to quote ; but it is remarkable that while on the whole a faithful and able exposition of the central principles of Mr. Carlyle's teachings on their literary and æsthetic side, the writer appears to have failed to see the great intention of the "History of the French Revolution," and in some cases sadly misrendered and misread it. As with most readers, Sterling does not seem to have comprehended its subtle and awful irony.*

The critic sometimes cunningly contrasts or compares one name with another. It is sometimes a luminous method, more frequently it is perhaps a game at Literary See-saw. It has thus been the fashion to speak of Emerson as the American Carlyle—of Carlyle as the English Emerson. But then, says one writer, "I predict that Emerson will be read when Carlyle is comparatively forgotten. That energy which Carlyle lets off in stormy passion, Emerson carefully husbands, and puts into the very substance of his thinking. He never raves like his friend, but is always self-contained, measured in his statements, well poised, and calm."† The two are often mentioned together, but in fact their names only suggest entire contrast. Lowell puts the matter very happily

* This essay is reprinted in the *Essays and Tales of John Sterling*, edited, with a memoir, by Julius Charles Hare. We may be permitted to express surprise that the poems and many other good things of Sterling have never, in England, been collected from *Blackwood* and other quarters.

† Manning: "Half-Truths and the Truth."

when he speaks of Emerson as "A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders," and proceeds:—

"There are persons more blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer.
He sees fewer objects, but clearer, trulier.
If C.'s an original, E.'s more peculiar;
That he's more of the man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson.
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,
E.'s the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other's half Greek,
When the one's most abounding the other's to seek.
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass,
E.'s specialities gain if enlarged by the glass.
C. gives Nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things round with mystical hues.
E. sits in a mystery calm and intense
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense.
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night;
While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matter of plain every-day.
C. draws all his characters quite *à la Fuseli*;
He don't sketch their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
But he paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews.
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines straight and severe,
And a colourless outline, but full, round, and clear;
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words.
C. labours to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from these of his actions and men.
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And given himself has whatever is wanted."

There is, indeed, no more resemblance between Carlyle and Emerson than between Homer and Plato, Shakespeare and David Hume, or between a Hindoo and a Christian. The writings of Emerson are conceived as from the faith of Brahminism ; those of Carlyle from our own Holy Scriptures. Emerson is therefore a Pagan, Carlyle a Puritan. Emerson is wholly inobjective ; his writings are really like the clear vision of one who dreams and talks in sleep of things seen. Carlyle is a man ; awake he sees and enters into a world of action, and his writings are as intensely objective and realistic, while yet they are projected from the chamber of his own intense nature. Emerson's essays are wholly unrelated to order or plan ; you may as well begin to read one of them at the end or the middle as at the beginning, and you might almost as well put the title of one essay as the heading of another. Carlyle's essays or pieces are full of rivets ; all the parts are related to each other, they are bony and vertebral ; while Emerson's are altogether invertebrate and detached. Emerson's page is often like a colourless disc ; Carlyle's is full of colour and form. Emerson is indifferent ; he is on good terms with everything ; he hates nothing. Carlyle is earnest ; he is on bad terms with all evil things, and hates evil-doing like a Hebrew prophet ; he seems to dash like another Moses the tables of the law against the transgressors.

Emerson, therefore, is no reformer ; he does not seek to change ; transmutation goes on by a necessity without his intervention. Carlyle, on the contrary, believes and asserts the power of the individual, and all his words are battle-cries for freedom, truth, and holiness : thus Emerson is a Quietist, but Carlyle is a Realist. Why pursue the points of contrast ? True, they are both mystics, transcendentalists, but that says little for their resemblance, for Emerson's is a mysticism pervaded by no wonder, no awe, no terror ; it folds him round like light ; it flows through him like the quiet air. Carlyle's is as when the prophet stood with his mantle wrapt round him by the cave, and saw the fire and the earthquake, and heard the voices, and he seeks to translate and understand, that he may bear them to the crowded cities and kingdoms to rouse the hearts of men.

Emerson is his own Brahma as he sings in words, happily descriptive of his Hindoo creed.

- “ If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.
- “ Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
The vanquished gods to me appear.
And one to me are shame and fame.
- “ They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly, I am the wings ;
I am the doubter, and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

“ The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.”

Who could fetch a creed from the words or works of Emerson ? On the other hand, as we have shown throughout, the works of Carlyle are full of the words of Faith ; as in Schiller, again and again we have uttered and taught the freedom of man ; and virtue, difficult perhaps as a science, but easy of comprehension as a practice ; and especially God, as will, thought, and purpose, the changeless and immutable Soul. On the whole, we may say, frequently as the names are mentioned together, no two can be more unlike in the characteristics of their mental labour.

Among the Essays with which a certain Mr. McNicholl favoured the wondering reader was one on Thomas Carlyle. One might suppose that this author fancied himself ordained and set apart to obliterate Mr. Carlyle. The little thing was published as a review, then published as a shilling pamphlet, and then it makes its appearance in a volume of Essays, so various are the ways in which it solicited our love. Alas, for us ! we were blind to the merits of the performance. As with the rest of the papers in this dainty volume, it contained nothing new. A critic who expresses his belief that “ Rogers and Campbell have, of all modern poets, made surest work for immortality,” and that, “ excepting some of

his sonnets and odes, there is nothing in the volumes of Wordsworth the world could not well spare,"—such a critic need not detain us long, and such verdicts at once pronounce his own inability even to comprehend the work of Carlyle. Those works are to Mr. McNicholl "a pitiable exhibition of weakness;" "his thoughts are successfully disguised and mummified;" "they are pyramids of hard words, the inexplicable monument of their builder's folly;" "effrontery and inconsistency are stamped in brazen characters on every page of the grossly libellous Latter-day Pamphlets;" these writings are "a mad, prophetic rant," &c., &c. Some idea of Mr. McNicholl's fitness for forming any opinion at all may be gathered from the fact that he has unnumbered expletives of praise in reserve for Hume. We might not, perhaps, demur to the eulogy upon his "infinite persuasiveness of style;" but to be told of his history, "that so apt, consistent, and harmonious are the conditions of his great work, and so lucid, pure, and varied the expression, that it may henceforth defy the multiplied competition of ages; that no fruitful research will suffice to discredit it, and no novelty of thought avail to supersede it; that it is immortal by the conditions of its birth, for it assumed the body of truth when it received the soul of genius;"—it is impossible to read this without feeling that it is one of those fine pieces of writing which

must not be spoiled by the insertion in any of its sentences of some awkward angularity of truth. Immediately after this, Mr. Carlyle has to take his place among "slovenly and eccentric writers." Mr. McNicholl was an eminently indiscriminating critic ; he insisted perpetually upon trying a writer rather by what he is not than by what he is ; but he need not detain any mortal long, and will not.

Learned editors not gifted, so far as our poor perceptions go, with any superfluity of faith, find fault with this teacher because his teaching is negative. Well, be it so. Let us give honour to such a man, who, in such a day as this, has distinctly and audibly, and most articulately said, *I will not disbelieve*. And we fancy, if these words are read *with eyes*, it will be seen that the things asserted by far in number outweigh the things denied. He helps men to Believe ; he aids the heart in the great Life and Walk and Battle and Triumph of Faith ; and some critics quarrel with him because they miss in his writings the technicalities of theology, because his writings are not a body of scientific opinion. The charge would be as just urged against Sir William Hamilton, or Tennyson, or Browning.

There is a custom, we are told, in Abyssinia, when factions are ready to tear each other in pieces, to make a camel the representative of their mutual animosities. It is agreed on all hands that nobody has been

to blame on either side, but the whole mischief is the work of the camel. The camel set the town on fire ; the camel threatened to burn the Aga's house and cattle ; the camel cursed the Grand Seignior and Sheriff of Mecca ; in short, whatever evil was done, was done by the camel. Some such a scape-camel as this is usually needed in our society, and the scape-camel now has for some time been Mr. Carlyle. He is the author of all the infidelity of the age : all the looseness of thought, all the wildness of political dreaming, dates from him. The mode of settling the poor camel is for every man to transfix him with a javelin, while the murderer of the camel goes his way in peace. So it is with the maligners of Mr. Carlyle, while not one of his accusers has the honesty, perhaps, to inquire whether, for all his infidelity, looseness and wildness, he is not more responsible than Mr. Carlyle ; and whether the poor Camel of Chelsea, on the contrary, has not rather attempted his best to stay the wild influences which are the fault of the age and the philosophy of preceding ages.*

It is quite interesting to notice the extent to which many minds, of no ordinary calibre, have received

* In a course of lectures entitled, "Half Truths and the Truth," by Rev. J. R. Manning, D.D., of Boston, we have a lengthy article on Carlyle, in which the writer speaks of "the political ravings of Carlyle, who knows no God and no government, human or Divine, save what he finds in great men."

incentive and strength from the works of Carlyle. Charles Dickens confesses that his "Tale of Two Cities" grew out of the hope to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding the terrible times of the French Revolution, though, he says, No one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book. Our recently departed and lamented Charles Kingsley sprang first before the world as the exponent of Carlyle in Fiction; "Yeast," which also appeared in *Fraser*, is a translation of that "Sartor Resartus" which had appeared in the same magazine many years before. Of "Yeast" it may be said that those who profess to admire *it* while they depreciate Carlyle really understand neither. In "Yeast" Lancelot is the embodiment of the "Everlasting No," Tregarva the "Everlasting Yea," Luke the "Centre of Indifference;" while the central idea of the book is, that all things are in a transition state, nothing is perfect, nothing formed, a Yeast. But still more remarkably exemplifying the power of Carlyle's teaching is the "Alton Locke" of the same writer; strongly impressed he must have been by the utterances of Carlyle. This fiction is a vigorous sermon on the condition of England question; quotations from Carlyle abound throughout the book, although in the Scotch dialect, from the lips of that grand old reformer, Sandy Mackay, who has completely fastened his faith on

"Master Thomas." Indeed, Sandy Mackay is in some sense Carlyle dramatised, and no unworthy representative of the social philosophy which abounds throughout Mr. Carlyle's writings. Something of the same remarks we have made are also true of "*Hypatia*," another, and perhaps the most admirable, work by the same author. Thus it is very singularly the case that few writers have felt the power of Mr. Carlyle's mind without exhibiting it very visibly in their writings. It would be not uninteresting to gather up the various instances of the many strong men of letters to whom he has been a singular incentive and strength. One of the most curious illustrations of this is in a paper by Patrick Proctor Alexander, M.A., "*On Mill and Carlyle*," in which we have what he calls "an Occasional Discourse on *Sauerteig*, by *Smelfungus*." He says: "In the little extravaganza I need not formally disclaim an offensive intention to Mr. Carlyle, a man whom I entirely honour, and, though with only a modified belief in him as a prophet, consider him simply our greatest man of letters now living." Upon which we should remark, Beautiful way to show honour, to pillory a man, or to make him dance in a Jack-o'-the-Green!

One of the most singular of recent criticisms upon the mind and writings of Mr. Carlyle is in the following little excerpt, from the pen of Mr. John Morley. It needs no comment, it shows such an entire inability

to appreciate the foundations of moral sympathy, that it derives from this a certain interest sufficient to shake our faith in any verdict on any subject Mr. Morley may venture to give us. Let the reader remember Rousseau, his "Confessions," a debased compound of beastliness and blasphemy; his character weak, puling, hysterical, incapable of honour, incapable of gratitude; whose chief attribute is that he was able to utter in profusion pretty sentiments, noble sentiments from a nasty nature. Let this be remembered. Let it be remembered that he had no foundation of education, and very little of reverence in his character at all, and then we may read Mr. Morley's comparison between Rousseau and Carlyle, with such respect as we may. Emotions! Yes, no doubt, but there is some difference between the emotions of a wild, self-torturing sophist, and those of a large-hearted, reverent-souled believer. On the whole, the estimate of Mr. Morley may take its place by the side of that we quoted first, from the *Methodist Magazine*; both alike exhibiting the shallow estimates of narrow natures, and interesting as showing how Atheism and Low Church may shake hands in an evangelical alliance of narrowness.

"Rousseau was the great type of this triumphant and dangerous sophistry of the emotions. The Rousseau of these times for English-speaking nations

is Thomas Carlyle. An apology is perhaps needed for mentioning one of such simple, veracious, disinterested, and wholly high-minded life in the same breath with one of the least sane men that ever lived. Community of method, like misery, makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows. Two men of very different degrees of moral worth may notoriously both preach the same faith, and both pursue the same method; and the method of Rousseau is the method of Mr. Carlyle. With each of them thought is an aspiration, and justice a sentiment, and society a retrogression. Each bids us look within our own bosoms for truth and right, postpones reason for feeling, and refers to introspection and a factitious something called Nature questions only to be truly solved by external observation and history. In connection with each of them has been exemplified the cruelty inherent in sentimentalism, when circumstance draws away the mask. Not the least conspicuous of the disciples of Rousseau was Robespierre. His works lay on the table of the Committee of Public Safety. The theory of the Reign of Terror was invented and mercilessly reduced to practice by men whom the visions of Rousseau had fired, and who were not afraid nor ashamed to wade through oceans of blood to the promised land of humanity and fine feeling. We in our days have seen the same result of sentimental doctrine in the

barbarous love of the battle-field, the retrograde passion for methods of repression, the contempt for human life, the impatience of orderly and peaceful solution. We begin with introspection and the eternities, and end in blood and iron. Again, Rousseau's first piece was an anathema upon the science and art of his time, and a denunciation of books and speech. Mr. Carlyle, in exactly the same spirit, has denounced logic-mills, warned us all away from literature, and habitually subordinated discipline of the intelligence to the passionate assertion of the will. There are passages in which he speaks respectfully of intellect, but he is always careful to show that he is using the term in a special sense of his own, and confounding it with the exact summary of human *worth*, as in one place he defines it. Thus, instead of co-ordinating moral worthiness with intellectual energy, virtue with intelligence, right action of the will with scientific processes of the understanding, he has either placed one immeasurably below the other, or else has mischievously insisted upon treating them as identical. The dictates of a kind heart are of superior force to the maxims of political economy; swift and peremptory resolution is a safer guide than a balancing judgment. If the will works easily and surely, we may assume the rectitude of the moving impulse. All this is no caricature of a system which sets sentiment, sometimes

hard sentiment and sometimes soft sentiment, above reason and method."

But Carlyle, like Shakespeare or Dante, is not to be exhausted in a review so called, but which is in reality a review from only one point of view, which is merely a contradiction in terms. Tieck, the great German humourist, is said to have greatly admired the writings of Carlyle, only they are so "*ganz Englisch*;" and most critics in England have objected to them that they are so *ganz Deutsch*. He is like Shakespeare in this—every order of political and religious faith has condemned him and his writings; and yet it is true that every order of thoughtful, political, and religious faith has found not merely some interest in his opinions; but something from his pages to quote to confirm its own. Quite reversing an opinion of a critic just quoted, we might ask with some confidence the name of the great English writer who, since Shakespeare, has made such sure work for immortality as Thomas Carlyle?

Nor is it unworthy of notice that the most eminent reviewers, like those of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*, revise their impressions of these writings. Take as an instance the estimate of his powers as a military historian. "A man who can in a science so eminently practical, and which has, for the most part, been so pedantically treated as the science of war,

discard the pedantry, arrive at common-sense conclusions, and describe military operations with unusual spirit and lucidity, must possess faculties of whose existence there was little sign in his former works. Exuberance of imagination, fertility of allusion, occasional passages of vigorous eloquence in painting a scene or a character, these we should expect from the author of 'Sartor Resartus' and 'Hero Worship,' but *not* a plain account of the manœuvres of hostile armies ; " * but this surprise surely only results from a superficial acquaintance with the mind and writings of our author, and it is now confessed that Napier is the only military historian who can be mentioned in comparison with him.

Thus then, bearing his prodigious burden, our wondrous Sindbad comes up to us from the Valley of Diamonds, into which it may truly be said no one had ventured before—although, indeed, a stray bird or two brought a precious stone in the beak to show to us the wonders of that gorgeous pavement below. It is, indeed, a style huge and unwieldy, for it is like a mountain chain, as we have said, and many styles abound in it. The finest pieces of condensed biography are here, the noblest and most lucid excursions in Philosophy. Here the genius of History hovers like a Nemesis over the whole stage of Human affairs, and shows how order and justice, in the

* *Blackwood*. Vol. xcvi., p. 39. Review of Frederick.

midst of all disorders, rule the globe. It is no mere pretty exercise of the Antiquarian faculty, but it reads like the very penmanship of the Prophet of the Lord. Certainly, you may take exception to some things in Carlyle's teaching, yet not doubt him ; you need not miss your own way with him, yet his books, it must be confessed, are frequently strangely phantasmal, not less than real. While we read them, we seem to be surrounded by ghosts, the books are haunted, the shapes go flitting up and down, but we are prone to say to the weird apparition, "Appear!"

After a humorous fashion one of these empirical critics writes : "When he sits down to write, his peaceful study is thronged by spectres of the most terrific description, invoked by the flourish of his pen. While he is with due incantation casting the magic bullets that are to hit and slay the Unveracities and Ineptitudes, the charmed circle in which he works is surrounded by a horrible panoramic phantasmagory, where all ages and nations are jumbled as in a Christmas pantomime, or rather, where all the tinsel monstrosities of many old pantomimes are brought up all battered and defaced with the wear and tear of the former season, and whacks of the facetious clown and irreverent harlequin, and play over again their time-worn parts in a manner suggestive rather of managerial thrift than panoramic

art. The difficulties and obstructions of life appear to him as Frost Giants, some familiar evils figure in the singular disguise of Mud Demons, others gibber as Dead Sea Apeisms, while the background is made up of Foam Oceans and Stygian Quagmires, and the whole scene is surrounded by an atmosphere of Silences and Sphere Harmonies. What you thought was a simple folly, the Magician tells you is an Ineptitude, and a weak, ordinary, official personage turns out to be a Phantasm Captain." This is all this intelligent writer sees in Thomas Carlyle. His writing appears to be, as Sir Hugh Evans says, "pribbles and prabbles. It is affectations." *

We may sympathise with those who call his teaching negative, so far that it is the habit of Mr. Carlyle to speak in hints and dashes of speech. Why, say some, why does he not prescribe a plan? why does he so incessantly pour upon us the torrent and the storm, and yet not tell us the great mysterious How? We suspect that Mr. Carlyle might answer that the learning to do well becomes tolerably easy to those who cease to do evil. Still, we believe this negativeness is not so real as it appears to be; for eminently true is it of these books that we not only have to bring them to us, but especially to take ourselves to them. Plain! you say. Easy! Negative! Remember Johnson's reply in such a case—"Sir, it is my business to

* *Blackwood*. Vol. lxxv., p. 140.

find you in arguments, not to find you in brains." Still, there is over these books the majesty of night. We read everything in them by the light of the stars. They are all night views ; but it is surely a "night that showeth the knowledge." Night Thoughts you may call "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present," although of quite another order to those of Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts." For is it not a night age? All of these books we read as a History from twilight to twilight, from the closing eve to the opening dawn! The clear, dark Night! Night! the time of solitude and self-communion, that reveals so much. Night! the whole earth lying still beneath the dark; save yonder, see the crimson heavens! the flames of the French Revolution, also beheld beneath the Night! We have figured this man Carlyle to ourselves sitting on the craggy Hill, with keen eyes looking out upon the darkening West, and surveying with bodeful eyes the phantom shapes stealing along the landscape—the night dreams that go wandering up and down. How keenly and bodingly his eye rests on the spot where the sun shone yesterday! and there as he sits, to him, through the dreamy, wizard hours, what spectres appear!—what noises, mysterious and yet oracular! Yet does it seem that he, because he sits through the night, he also beholds what some do not yet see—the gleam of light in the awakening East.

And how especially religious critics have assailed

his teaching. The *Christian Remembrancer* was one of the most able of Quarterly Reviews. It dared to write of Mr. Carlyle that "his assumption is that no man of sense or honesty believes the Christian Religion. It is on this lying assumption that he is now writing. Mr. Carlyle talks much of lies. He has not told us in so many words what he ventures to disbelieve. Voltaire attacked religion, not by contradicting it (?), but by mocking it. Mr. Carlyle does not contradict in words, he only browbeats. It has outlived Voltaire. In a score of years Mr. Carlyle will not be thought as formidable as Voltaire."* A score of years have passed, and more, since these words were penned ; Voltaire's star is not in the ascendant ; the *Christian Remembrancer* is dead, and its pages safely entombed in the dust-bin and the butter-tub ; but the books of Carlyle are more potent than ever.

Other broader and nobler Christian critics and spirits have estimated these works more wisely. We have already referred to Archdeacon Hare.† This amiable and very admirable writer adopts indeed the common notion and reproves Mr. Carlyle's Idolatry of Power—his Titanolatry ; while he speaks of him as "one of the chief writers through whom living truth has been revealed, and of his works as most noble in the

* *Christian Remembrancer*. Vol. xxiii. 1852.

† "The Mission of the Comforter." Note *T* on the Excessive Admiration of Power.

good they have effected and may effect." To most of the words in the Archdeacon's exceptions, replies might be found in the works of Carlyle; and the sum of this objection simply appears chiefly to be that Carlyle, really in opposition to the fatalistic school of historians, deals with all the actors, however vile or however holy, as souls—not mere dynamical material forces; as would probably seem to be the conclusion from such a historian as Thiers. Men are living souls, with force, and will, and character. Truly, says one writer, there is no such thing as accident in Mr. Carlyle's phraseology. A worthy English officer, desirous of introducing English usages into a Mussulman Society in Ceylon, empannelled a jury of twelve honest Mahommedans to inquire into the cause of the death of one of their countrymen found drowned. He naturally, according to proper English precedent, suggested the verdict "Accidental Death." Not a bit of it! the jury returned *their* verdict "that the time of the deceased was come, and his fate accomplished." Truly, it is exceedingly like the manner in which our writer sums up the story, not merely of the most illustrious, but even the most inconsiderable of mankind.

But the political reviewers have had yet more to say upon these works, perhaps, than the religious; and yet here again look attentively into this man's sayings and things, and you will find how true they are.

Hence his wrath and maledictions upon the representative system, government by mechanism, government by "lumber-log governors, and Godfrey's cordial constitutions." We are certain that a wise suffrage Mr. Carlyle would advocate as heartily as any man ; but let it be remembered that this is the day for speaking, and Mr. Carlyle's is a mission to speak words, not for the democratic, but the conservative side of things. Always he may be considered an honest man, and his words will well deserve pondering by those who wisely reason with the prevailing tendencies of public opinion. One thing is certain to Mr. Carlyle, as the lesson taught by the whole of universal history, that the "few wise will have, by one method or other, to take command of the innumerable foolish." He thinks that we need quite a reformed Downing Street even more than a reformed Parliament. And, referring to the representative theory of government, he exclaims :—

NAVIGATION BY UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

"Your ship cannot double Cape Horn by its excellent plans of voting. The ship may vote this way and that, above decks and below, in the most harmonious, exquisitely constitutional manner : the ship to get round Cape Horn will find a set of conditions already voted for, and fixed with adamant rigour, by the ancient elemental powers, who are entirely

careless how you vote. If you can, by voting, or without voting, ascertain these conditions, and valiantly conform to them, you will get round the Cape ; if you cannot, the ruffian winds will blow you ever back again ; the inexorable icebergs, dumb privy-councillors from chaos, will nudge you with most chaotic 'admonition ;' you will be flung half-frozen on the Patagonian cliffs, or admonished into shivers by your iceberg councillors, and sent sheer down to Davy Jones, and will never get round Cape Horn at all. . . . Ships, accordingly, do not use the ballot-box at all ; and they reject the phantasm species of captains ; one wishes much some other entities—since all entities lie under the same rigorous set of laws—could be brought to show as much wisdom, and sense at least of self-preservation, the *first* command of Nature."

Unfortunately, there is little government at all anywhere. Red tape, red tape, red tape, winds its huge reel over the whole land ; the spirit of the Government offices animates, or, say rather, paralyses, almost all our public offices. Here and there we meet a noble exception, because an *individual* has compelled the exception ; but to the greater extent this red tape has cramped the energies of all men and things. *Let them alone.* Look at pauperism, for instance. Is there no refuge at all from the grievous affliction of

pauperism to which we are exposed everywhere?
 "*We may depend upon it,*" says Mr. Carlyle:—

"*Where there is a pauper there is a sin*; to make one pauper there go many sins. Pauperism is our social sin grown manifest. Pauperism is the poisonous dripping from all our sins, and putrid unveracities and God-forgetting greedinesses, and devil-serving cant and Jesuitisms that exist amongst us. Not one idle sham, lounging about creation upon false pretences, upon means which he has not earned, upon theories which he does not practise, but yields his share of pauperism somewhere or other. His sham work oozes down, finds, at last, its issue as human pauperism. Pauperism is the general leakage through every joint of the ship that is rotten. Were all men doing their duty, or even trying to do it, there would be no paupers."

He illustrates by the two Chelsea Cobblers:—

THE PARABLE OF THE TWO COBBLERS.

"Incompetent Duncan M'Pastehorn, the hapless, incompetent mortal to whom I give the cobblings of my boots, and cannot find in my heart to refuse it, the poor drunken wretch having a wife and ten children; he, *withdraws* the job from sober; plainly competent, and meritorious Mr. Sparrowbill, generally

short of work, too ; discourages Sparrowbill ; teaches him that he too may as well drink, and loiter, and bungle : that this is not a scene for merit and demerit at all, but for dupery, and whining flattery, and incompetent cobbling of every description ; clearly tending to the ruin of poor Sparrowbill ! What harm had Sparrowbill done me that I should so help to ruin him ? And I couldn't save the insalvable M'Pastehorn : I merely yielded him, for insufficient work, here and there a half-crown, which he oftenest drank. And now Sparrowbill is also drinking."

Very singularly, honest reviewers have again found the poor Chelsea Camel in the wrong, because he has estimated the well-being of a State by the contented condition of the stomach of the multitude. "He seems," says the *Edinburgh Review*,* "to believe in the power of Government to raise the poor classes by legislation. Had Louis the Well-beloved been as pious as Louis the Saint, as popular as the Good, as chaste as the thirteenth of his name, would the condition of the rye-bread and chestnut-consuming multitudes of central France have been much better ?" Well, perhaps not ; but this is poor reasoning, it should be carried farther back. What would have been the condition of France in the reign of Louis

* *Edinburgh Review*. Vol. lxxi. 1840.

XV., or the XVI., had not her nobles been decimated by Richelieu, had she not been drained of all her industrial life by the enormous mendacity of Mazarin, by the taxations of Louis XIV., by the expatriation of almost all nobility and truth, and industry and piety, in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Governments may not, perhaps, be called upon to provide bread for the people; but certainly it is the policy of a wise government to be careful that it does not become the evil genius of a Nation. The governments of France for ages were this; wherefore, upon the age of Louis XVI., came the consequences of all the righteous blood shed between the throne and altar through ages of misrule.

One of the great grounds of complaint Carlyle would allege against us is, that socially we do indeed "that which we ought not to have done;" that we spend our time in attempting to kill "extinct devils," while we leave on every hand real, living devils untouched; and truly the way in which, in this world, men will spend their time, is right sorrowful; to think of men spending heart and soul, and life and enterprise, for instance, in Parliamentary reform. Why, the truth for all of us is, that we have more freedom than we can use; and far more than we can use well. On every hand we find that the questions the Sphinx proposes to men, are of much more interest than "whether I shall speak my little speech in a House of

Commons or not?" And why desire uniformity? Why not, instead of a uniformity, a *universe* which is quite the opposite of *uniform*? Is it not by antagonism that the world has advanced? In one age antagonism of nations, and, if we may cherish such a dream, with a new race rising in the heart of Europe to terrify the future, then let us hope that the antagonism of nations may expire, and the progress be by the peaceful antagonism of opinion. May not this be, too, one of our great social problems?

But, as we have said already, it is a complex age, it is an age that will have *uniformity*. We must all keep Greenwich time—in Edinburgh or in Truro, Folkestone or Milford Haven—we must keep Greenwich time. It is most extraordinary when we think of it—quite remarkable;—Uniformity is the hobby of the age. It may be well for us who live at Greenwich; but, under other circumstances, not so well. Is it not an illustration of the torpid, creeping power of benumbing centralisation over the whole system of things? And is it not an illustration of the manner in which a great convenience may become a great social wrong or nuisance? The poor clocks are plainly not to blame. The sun gives to us a right time. And if, like ourselves, you have been at Plymouth, spectator to the quarrel of the clocks, and victimised by the uniformity of Greenwich centralisation, we think you may have a hint as to the way in which moral collisions grow.

Again, the sternness with which he has looked at things repels ; even as almost all persons give him up to the hardness of his own heart when they read his exposition of the September massacres. And there we would join issue even with his great apologist, John Sterling, and adopt Carlyle's reading of the whole tragedy. Grieve as we may, pain and death are the undoubted facts of life. Horror ! we exclaim ; yet, while we shriek, they are here ; and those who expect a sentimental expositor of life, or history, or society, had better never begin to read Carlyle.

Again, no person will dare to tell us that we have discovered the true law of society yet. If we have discovered it, let us apply it, and cure the ills of society. Do we know the law of population ? Is Malthus right ? Are vice and misery the necessary consequences of the Divine Government ? We need not keep our readers with any speculation on this question. Yet we may, perhaps, find that the social truth will be found in a theory exactly the reverse of that of Malthus. Again, the law of the currency—will any one say we have ascertained that, suspensions of the Bank Charter having occurred in the course of a few years ? Vain to discuss these ; but they will discuss themselves, and fearful will be the discussion. Meantime, what shall we say of *Plugson*, the master manufacturer of *Undershot*, the modern buccaneer ? The ancient buccaneer struck down his man, a hundred

men; and the Choctaw Indian will strike down his man, and scalping him, will suspend his scalp at his girdle. What, then, is Plugson better than either, if his hundred thousand pounds are only as the scalps adorning a Choctaw wigwam? What if the cotton fibre be conquered, only that those who conquered be privileged to wend their way into workhouses with bare backs? And what if Plugson, with his neighbour, Sir Jabesh Windbag, are doing their best to push unfortunate Choctaw manufacturers into townships more populated, so that they may escape the consequences which their poverty and the criminality of Plugson's carelessness may create,—and this interesting question we must also leave. Meantime, listen to the

EXPOSTULATION WITH POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

“Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science, soft you a little. Alas, I know what you would say. For my sins, I have read much in those inimitable volumes of yours,—really, I should think, some barrowfuls of them in my time,—and, in these last forty years of theory and practice, have pretty well seized what of Divine Message you were sent with to me. Perhaps as small a message, give me leave to say, as ever there was such a noise made about before. Trust me, I have not forgotten it; shall never forget it. *Those laws of the Shop-till are indisputable*

to me; and practically useful in certain departments of the Universe, as the multiplication-table itself. Once I even tried to sail through the immensities with them, and to front the big coming Eternities with them; but I found it would not do. As the Supreme Rule of Statesmanship, or Government of Men,—since this Universe is not wholly a Shop,—No! You rejoice in my improved tariffs, free-trade movements, and the like, on every hand; for which be thankful, and even sing litanies if you choose. But here at last, in the Idle-Workhouse movement,—unexampled yet on Earth, or in the waters under the Earth,—I am fairly brought to a stand, and have had to make reflections, of the most alarming, and indeed awful, and, as it were, religious nature! Professors of the Dismal Science, I perceive that the length of your tether is now pretty well run, and that I must request you to talk a little lower in future. By the side of the shop-till,—see, your small ‘Law of God’ is hung up, along with the multiplication-table itself. But beyond and above the shop-till, allow me to say, you shall as good as hold your peace. Respectable Professors, I perceive it is not now the Gigantic Hucksters, but it is the Immortal Gods, yes, they, in their terror and their beauty, in their wrath and their beneficence, that are coming into play in the affairs of this world! Soft you a little. Do not you interrupt me, but try to understand and help me!

“Work, was I saying? My indigent unguided friends, I should think some work might be discoverable for you. Enlist, stand drill; become, from a nomadic Banditti of Idleness, Soldiers of Industry! I will lead you to the Irish Bogs, to the vacant desolations of Connaught now falling into Cannibalism; to mistilled Connaught, to ditto Munster, Leinster, Ulster, I will lead you: to the English Fox-covers, furze-grown Commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains: likewise to the Scotch Hill-sides, and bare, rushy slopes, which as yet feed only sheep,—moist uplands, thousands of square miles in extent, which are destined yet to grow green crops, and fresh butter and milk and beef without limit (wherein no ‘Foreigner can compete with us’), were the Glasgow sewers once opened on them, and you with your Colonels carried thither. In the Three Kingdoms, or in the Forty Colonies, depend upon it, you shall be led to your work!

“To each of you I will then say: Here is work for you; strike into it with manlike, soldier-like obedience and heartiness, according to the methods here prescribed,—wages follow for you without difficulty; all manner of just remuneration, and at length emancipation itself follows. Refuse to strike into it; shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules,—I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain, I will flog you; if still in vain, I will at last

shoot you,—and make God's Earth, and the forlorn hope in God's Battle, free of you. Understand it, I advise you! The Organisation of Labour—(*left speaking*, says our reporter)."

Again, in his own remarkable manner Mr. Carlyle proclaims the

PERPETUAL OBLIGATION OF DIVINE LAWS.

"Here are two excerpts from the celebrated Gathercoal, a Yankee friend of mine; which flash strangely a kind of torch-gleam into the hidden depths; and indicate to us the grave and womb of Jesuitism, and several other things:—

"'Moses and the Jews did not *make* God's Laws,' exclaims he; 'no, by no means; they did not even read them in a way that has been final, or is satisfactory to me! In several important respects I find said reading decidedly bad, and will not in any wise think of adopting it. How dare I, think you? And yet, alas, if we forget to read these Laws at all! if we go along as if they were not there!

"'My enlightened friends of this present supreme age, what shall I say to you? That Time does rest on Eternity; that he who has no vision of Eternity will never get a true hold of Time, or its affairs. Time is so constructed; that is the *fact* of the construction of this world. And no class of mortals who have not,—through Nazareth or otherwise,—

come to get heartily acquainted with such fact, perpetually familiar with it in all the outs and ins of their existence, have ever found this universe habitable long. Alas, no; their fraternities, equalities, free-trade philosophies, greatest-happiness principles, soon came to a conclusion, and the poor creatures had to go,—to the Devil, I fear! Generations such as ours play a curious part in World-History.

“‘They sit as Apes do round a fire in the woods, but know not how to feed it with fresh sticks. They have to quit it soon, and march—into chaos, as I conjecture; into that land of which Bèdlam is the Mount Zion. The world turns out *not* to be made of mere eatables and drinkables, of newspaper puffs, gilt carriages, conspicuous flunkeys; no, but of something other than these! Old Suetonius Romans, corrupt babbling Greeks of the Lower Empire, examples more than one: consider them; be taught by them, add not to the number of them. Heroism, not the apery and traditions of Heroism; the feeling, spoken or silent, that in man’s life there did lie a Godlike, and that his Time-History was verily but an emblem of some Eternal; without this there had been no Rome either; it was that had made old Rome, old Greece, and old Judea. Apes, with their wretched blinking eyes, squatted round a fire which they cannot feed with new wood; which they say will last for ever without new wood,—or,

alas, which they say is going out for ever : it is a sad sight !’

“ Elsewhere, my eccentric friend, as some call him, —whose *centre*, however, I think I have got into,—has this passage :—

“ ‘ Church, do you say ? Look eighteen hundred years ago, in the stable at Bethlehem : an infant laid in a manger ! Look, thou ass, and behold it ; it is a fact,—the most indubitable of facts : thou wilt thereby learn innumerable things. Jesus of Nazareth and the life He led, and the death He died, does it teach thee nothing ? Through this as through a miraculous window, the Heaven of Martyr Heroism, the “divine depths of Sorrow,” of noble Labour, and the unspeakable silent expanses of Eternity, first in man’s history disclose themselves. The admiration of all nobleness, divine *worship* of godlike nobleness, how universal it is in the history of man !

“ ‘ But mankind, that singular entity mankind, is like the fertilest, fluiddest, most wondrous element, an element in which the strangest things crystallise themselves, and spread out in the most astounding growths. The event of Bethlehem was of the Year One ; but all years since that, eighteen hundred of them now, have been contributing new growth to it,—and see, there it stands : the Church ! Touching the earth with one small point ; springing out of one small seed-grain, rising out therefrom, ever higher,

ever broader, high as the Heaven itself, broad till it overshadow the whole visible Heaven and Earth, and no star can be seen through *it*. From such a seed-grain so has it grown ; planted in the reverences and sacred opulences of the souls of mankind ; fed continually by all the noblenesses of some forty generations of men. The world-tree of the Nations for so long !

“ ‘ Alas, if its roots are now dead, and it have lost hold of the firm earth, or clear belief of mankind,—what, great as it is, can by possibility become of it ? Shaken to and fro, in Jesuitisms, Gorham Controversies, and the storms of inevitable Fate, it must sway hither and thither ; nod ever farther from the perpendicular ; nod at last too far ; and,—sweeping the Eternal Heavens clear of its old brown foliage and multitudinous rooks'-nests,—come to the ground with much confused crashing, and *disclose* the diurnal and nocturnal Upper Lights again ! The dead world-tree will have declared itself dead. It will lie there an imbroglio of torn boughs and ruined fragments, of bewildered splittings and wide-spread shivers ; out of which the poor inhabitants must make what they can ! ’—Enough now of Gathercoal and his torch-gleams.”

But, as we have already intimated, one of the strong exceptions taken to Mr. Carlyle is founded on

this great Heresy. He seems to believe in legislation, in the power of governments ; and there are those in our day who seem on the other hand to believe that governments are powerless to effect any real good for a people. It is none the less true that they have effected apparently real harm ; few are they which have saved, many are they, on the contrary, who have destroyed. Mr. Carlyle lifts up his voice in warning. Is there no cause, no foundation for fear in the story of states whose opulence has passed away like a dream ; and is it a less ominous sign that Patriotism is no longer a passion among us, that most people are now not especially desirous of the welfare of their country but their own, and that may be as well secured in some other country,—nay, better there than here ?

It would be worth while to attempt to understand and get a clear insight of Mr. Carlyle's idea of legislation, for it has been variously interpreted, and perhaps usually misinterpreted ; hence, to some unfriendly critics it seems the Palingenesia of despotism, to others, the coronation of communism. In the *Spectator* some years since appeared a paper, entitled, "Mr. Carlyle's Singing Peers ;"* it really was not wanting in a tolerably clear insight as to our great writer's meaning ; and the writer well points out that his admiration has never been, as

* *Spectator*, October 12, 1867.

has been so often and so ignorantly asserted, an admiration of mere force ; what he has admired, eulogised, and even invoked, has been that rhythmic drill, that organisation of society, resulting from "some one strong, organising, ordering mind, whether soldier, priest, peer, or king ; some one who strikes a moral and social tuning-fork with such effect that the whole inferior body politic should be more or less drawn into the hymn of social duty." Hence, Mr. Carlyle called upon the young Aristoi to leave reformed Parliaments, and such like babblements, to go their own way, chattering and palavering, but to betake themselves to the nobler course of drilling and organising, bringing even into a rhythmic and melodious concord their own department. Mr. Carlyle encourages such persons, "whose lips God has touched with His own hallowed fire, to write the history of England as a kind of Bible, or in parts and snatches to sing it, if you could, this were work for the highest Aristos or series of Aristoi in sacred literature ; really a sacred kind this." His imaginative and elliptical modes of expression often lead to a misconception of his meaning ; yet we might suppose that no great difficulty presents itself here ; it is his way of saying, reduce your own household into order, to the measure of your influence ; whether you be the husband of a household, great master manufacturer, large landholder,

or duke, let your life, your thought, your will, penetrate and govern all like a tone, like a chord ; give the key-note in your own brave, noble, and beautiful self-denying thought, and act so that all shall follow it, and thus your subjects and dependants be as a beautifully harmonious choir ; and, indeed, is not this in many instances very pleasantly realised ? there are such masters and such landlords, the nation needs more of them, and as the number of noble masters increase it may be hoped noble labourers will increase also. This assuredly is Mr. Carlyle's idea of the organisation of Society, which thus seems to partake of the nature of rhythm and melody.

The history of English statesmanship reminds us of the several epochs through which it has passed. There was the age of Pennon-Feudalism, the statesmanship of the Banner, the ages of the war knights ; to this soon succeeded the Silken Feudalism, the ages of the Pleasure Lords ; to these again succeeded the Parchment Feudalism ; and now we live in a day when Trade is rapidly pushing aside the parchments and establishing a new system in our chambers of Legislation. Such and so various are the schemes by which the populations of nations have been held and ruled—war rulers, pleasure rulers, and policy rulers with their crotchets of balance of power, and integrity of Empire, and

balance of trade, and protection to trade and agriculture. We may not dwell upon all these methods, we must only notice how power, how freedom have grown in our midst, how in a word we have become—

“A land of settled government ;
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.”

But surely it is not beside the mark to notice that it is by statesmanship that nations rise and nations fall. Look along the borders of the Persian Gulf, and the shores of the Baltic Sea ; survey Babylon, and Palmyra, and Egypt, and Greece, and Italy, and Spain, and Portugal—the circle once filled by the Hanseatic League—and see the peoples, where once wealth accumulated and commerce flourished, now all degraded and desolated. Poverty, indolence, and ignorance proclaim the mutability of nations ; they are like halls where was spread a sumptuous banquet ; but the banquet is over, and beggars and banditti prowl around the fragments and remains. It is of more importance to any nation to preserve than to extend, and nations have perished because they bent all their energies to the increasing the circumference, and weakened the centre in order to do it. “We have seen,” says Mr. Burke, “how some States have spent their vigour at their com-

mencement, some have blazed out in their glory a little before their extinction ; the meridian of others has been more splendid, others have fluctuated and have experienced at different periods of their existence a great variety of fortune. The death of a man at a critical juncture, his disgust, his retreat, his disgrace have brought innumerable calamities on a whole nation ; a common soldier, a child, a girl at the door of an inn have changed the face of fortune, almost the face of nature." But these are the accidental causes, and we ought to separate the accidental from the permanent laws. "There is no physical cause for the decline of nations, nature remains the same."* Discoveries, the single and unforeseen causes which overwhelm a man and a family in the midst of prosperity, never ruin a nation unless it be ripe for ruin ; accident only appears to accomplish what in reality was nearly accomplished. There is no hypothesis here ; wealth has left the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Tiber, for the Thames and the Irwell. But does not the sun rise as of old, and the seasons do they not return as of old to the plains of Egypt and the deserts of Syria, the same as three thousand years ago ? Inanimate nature is the same ; the

* See that most important and entertaining discussion, "An Inquiry into the Permanent Causes of the Decline and Fall of Powerful and Wealthy Nations." By William Playfair. 1807.

principles of legislation, are they altered? No, nature is not less beautiful, and man has more knowledge and more power than at any former period; but the man of Syria and of Egypt has not more knowledge or more power; there the race has decayed, and his works have degenerated. When those countries were peopled with men who were wise, prudent, industrious, and brave, their fields were fertile, their cities magnificent; and wherever mankind have carried the same vigour, the same virtues, and the same character, nature has been found bountiful and obedient. We have thought over these things as we have wandered through the streets of Venice, glad to think we noticed the signs of regeneration and revival. We thought of the time when she was Mistress of the Seas, when she held Empires within the reins of her dominion, when the Barbarossa crouched before her, when the very Papacy obeyed her, when her trade was her royalty—and that extended through the far Indies and touched every European coast, and she fell because her manhood fell. Venice fell, not because of the New Era in navigation, born of the discovery of the passage to Asia by the Cape of Good Hope, and to America by sailing straight out into the Atlantic Ocean.

“ ’Twere long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from splendour to disgrace.

Enough—no foreign foe could quell
The soul till from itself it fell.
'Twas self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway."

And even while these sheets are passing through the press, the venerable old prophet attempts to turn the legends of the old Norsemen to account for the warning and instruction of modern society, and the following paragraph, extracted in several newspapers, may perhaps be not unacceptably quoted here, as very appropriately following on those remarks we have just made as to the causes of national decay and ruin being principally traceable to the decline of national manhood ; as Mr. Carlyle would say, the pre-eminence of the *worst* man, rather than the best, in the social scale :—*

"The history of these Haarfags has awakened in me many thoughts of despotism and democracy, arbitrary government by one, and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all ; of dictatorship, with many faults, and universal suffrage, with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Tryggveson and a universal suffrage parliament or an Imperial copper captain has in these nine centuries grown to be very great ; and the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike these entities with their epochs, is not its

* *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1875.

course still through the great deep? Does not it still speak to us if we have ears? Here, clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of human order, regulation, and real government; there, clothed in a highly different but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of order, regulation, and government—very dismal to the same on-looker for the time being, not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast. But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre one looks with interest on the first transformations, so mysterious and abstruse, of human chaos into something of articulate cosmos; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of human society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now) no cosmos of human society ever was got into existence nor can ever again be.

“The violences, fightings, crimes—ah, yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations there was one saving element, the now want of which, especially the unlamented want, transcends all lamentation. Here is one of these strange piercing words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come.

“My friends, the follies of modern Liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed up in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes and spherical benevolences—theology of universal indulgence and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues—mean one and all of them in the root incapacity of discerning or refusal to discern worth and unworth in anything, and least of all in man ; whereas nature and heaven command you at your peril to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, “Who is best man,” and the fates forgive much—forgive the mildest, fiercest, cruellest experiments—if fairly made for the determination of that. Theft and blood-guiltiness are not pleasing in their sight, yet the favouring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaving have been in fair arbitrament of that question. “Who is best man ?” But if you refuse such inquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbour’s match—if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile—the powers of those spiritual and material worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upwards ; and

your robbing and slaying must be done then to find out "Who is *worst* man?" which in so wide an order of merit is indeed not easy; but 'a complete Tammany ring and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst you are sure to find and to be governed by.'"

CHAPTER XX.

NEW ERAS.

THE wonder at Carlyle's alienation from much of the exciting, showy, and sensational turbulence of our times, ceases when we become aware of the exceeding simplicity of his own character and habitual tastes and habits; and these seem to be well illustrated in the following letter to Sir George Sinclair, and which appears in the published memoirs of that admirable and interesting man :—

“ Chelsea, July 24, 1860.

“ There is something so truly hospitable in the tone of your letter, something so human-looking and salutary in the adventure proposed me, that I decide on attempting it; and mean actually to embark in the Aberdeen steamer on Wednesday, August 1 (that is to-morrow week), sea voyaging being much more supportable at all times than the horrors of railwaying, vainly attempting to sleep in inns, &c., &c.; and shall hope to be at Wick, and thence under your roof, at some time on the Saturday following, if all

prosper. There ! Most likely I shall write again before sailing ; in the meantime, I have only to bid you thank the beneficent Lady in my name, and say that I have good hope her angelic intentions will succeed upon me in some measure, and thus it will be a welcome help indeed. That, for the rest, my domestic habits are all for simplicity and composure (*simplex munditiis* the motto in all things), that I live, with clear preference where possible, on rustic farm produce—‘milk and meal,’ eggs, chickens, moor-mutton ; white fish (salmon, veal, lamb, three things tabooed to me) ; reckon an innocent bread-pudding the very acme of culinary art ; am accustomed to say, ‘Can all the tides in Nature, with all the King’s treasures to back them, *make* anything so *good* as good cream?’—and likewise that ‘the Cow is the friend of man, and the French cook his enemy,’—and not one day in ten drink beyond a single glass of wine. Sufficient on that head. For company I want none but yours and hers. The great song of the everlasting sea, and the silences of earth and sky, will be better ‘conversation’ to me than the kind I have long had. On the whole, I am quite gay, with the hope of becoming a ‘*König in Thule*’ (though without the misfortunes and bibacities of that old gentleman). There in my *Schloss am Meer*, for awhile, I promise to become a much more human animal, were sleep restored to me, in that grand lullaby,

and the rough hair smoothed down again a little. Adieu, in the hope of soon meeting."

But it has been well said, and our writer has said, that *we* have come, in our day, to a New Era ; we have so, but not for the first time in the history of the world, for a new era is always a change of intrinsic conditions, and every new era brings with it new difficulties to adjust, as it brings or finds new circumstances ; and, as we look over the past eras of our country, we find very much to remind us that our fathers, too, had their times of severe difficulty and trial, not less than we have ourselves. But they answered their questions, and killed the Sphinx. If the time should ever come when we, as a nation, are unable to answer the riddle—and there are those who prophesy that time will come—when we shall cease to be a true, simple, religious people—then we, in our turn, shall be rent in pieces by the Sphinx. True, in our history all things have aided us. We have in ancient times been rent by the Sphinx. Was it not so in the day of the Saxon invasion ?—in the day of the Norman invasion ? Then how often, as era on era has crowded along, the Sphinx stood in the highway and proposed her riddle ! The individual, indeed, was often rent, but the social remained. Behold ! how incessantly—again, and yet again—the question was answered, and the

people saved. The riddle was proposed to France, as we saw ; and we have seen that France has never been well able to answer and to solve the parable. She could not, as we have recently seen, and she was rent in pieces. See, in our land, in the rise of the constitution, by the concession of power to the Barons ; in the rise of the people, in the first Civil Wars of the Roses ; in the rise of the Reformation ; in the battles of the people and priest ; in the rise of political power, when the monarchy was driven to the wilderness ; in the reassertion of its political power, when the constitution became consolidated ; through the years of foreign war, from age to age, destroying the aristocracy of the feudal pennon, of the silken doublet, of the sheepskin titles, down to this moment which beholds the rise of the trader among us to the same post and place of influence once held by lords and courtiers—through all, England has so answered the questions of every age and era that the difficulty has only asserted her strength, and from the prostration she has sprung up to power.

But, surely, every age has increased the difficulty. It was a much more difficult thing—the work of Cromwell than that of De Montfort ; and to win Marston was more fearful than to win Runnymede. All that has gone before our age is light and trivial in comparison with ours, when, instead of Barons and their villeins, we have to manage men and editors,

and mighty and unwieldy masses, and a mighty public opinion, which, if it is not always enlightened, certainly always thinks it is. Thus, the question truly of to-day is, What shall we do with democracy? It is here. Terrible as a mad beast we know it can be. Beautiful and bright it has never presented itself to us as being yet. It may be that; but in order that it may be that, let us know how to receive it, and how to treat it. It seems we have reached the pleasant Era when the Government of the *best*,—whatever that best may be—an *Aristocracy*, is no longer to be thought of as desirable, but instead thereof a government by *Democracy*, or of the *most*! What a delicious ideal army, navy, war ship, merchant ship, factory, and family conducted upon a principle of *Democracy* and universal suffrage! what a beautiful Idyllic dream worthy of opium or absynthe. We should say, beyond all things, let this *demos* be well fed, also let it be well guided. Above all things, it will be terrible for us, and for *demos* too, if it should ever suspect itself to be the only strength in the world. Even horses, from time immemorial, to the days of Mr. Rarey, have been best managed by concealing from them your own weakness. Ah! the horse that finds his own strength, behold how he kicks and plunges and throws his rider, and breaks his own legs—as in the French Revolution, for instance. And it behoves us well to

inquire whether our opinions and our actions, political and social, are likely to tell for the conservation of the great social state. We may take it for granted that all citizens care for power, only as a means to good. But we dare not think so; power is valued for its own sake, for the sake of its distinction. The great questions of our age, so far as we behold them, have they tended to our national strength or weakness? There is no decay yet, the Sphinx may be answered. Only let us take care of crime, red tape, and pauperism, and scout as a lie, whole and entire, that the duty of man can ever be in doing nothing; and so may we pass safely over the new era.

We have before alluded to the surprise frequently expressed, that such a man as Carlyle should find so much to admire in such a man as Goethe. Akin to that surprise is this other, the wonder at his paradoxical faith in the old ages, his constant reverence for the past. He is what in Germany is called a "romancist"—one, the texture of whose ideas is woven entirely from the past. But why should there be surprise at this? The same reason meets us here, in his admiration of the ages, which met us before in his admiration of the individual; it is the calm, the unbroken calm, of that great graveyard, the past. This is what makes the whole of that scenery so beautiful and so dear—it is a great "court of peace." And, in truth, is it not so with all of us?

Do not the graves affect us—even as the stars do—by unbroken calm and silent grandeur, so deep and so near to eternity? Nor do we for a moment doubt that those ancient old world ages had this about them, that their peoples lived a long way from those keen cross-questionings which cause such strife in our hearts and days. The spirit of speculation is not, indeed, we know, of modern birth; and it has raised its questions alike beneath the skies of Palestine and in the groves of Greece, and, no doubt, amidst the monastic seclusions of the England of the Middle Ages; but it seems impossible that to the same extent perplexing questions could have agitated the bosoms of men in those ages as in ours.

Political science in those ages was despotism, dashed occasionally by the red flame of democracy, soon to be extinguished in blood. The political economy of those ages seems to us easy; there were no vexed questions touching population and over production; the questions of currency and of trade lay in a very small compass. Occasionally, famine and fever stalked through the land, but superstition solved the question of their appearance very summarily. We can sympathise with Carlyle's veneration for the past. We all have loved to step from the crowded city, and its fevered population, into the cemetery with its still graves. "There," says Carlyle—as we can conceive him, although the words do not come—

"there," pointing over the centuries, "there are the still people who did what I cannot do; they believed, and asked no questions; their instincts of love, and faith, and awe, and wonder had not been crushed, and beaten, and trampled." He looks out to those times when religion lay over the people like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life element. Wonderfully has he brought, with singular clearness, before the eye, "those singular two-legged animals, monks, with their rosaries, and breviaries, and shaven crowns, and hair cilices, and vows of poverty," masquerading strangely through the fancy; strange that extinct species of the human family; how grandly solemn is that "Past and Present" of his, in which he narrates the story of Jocelyn of Edmundsbury, or Brakelond; and we, to whom nights and days in ruins and cathedrals are among precious and treasured memories, know of no book which so pours over us the spirit of the past as that book; "the antique heart" beats more audibly in this than in any book we know of. If we attempted to describe this book we would speak of it as Tintern Abbey restored. We pace the mighty aisles, and as we read become clairvoyant; and while the night breezes sweep by, and rustle amidst the ivy boughs, we become conscious of a change, and that to us the past has stepped out of the tomb, and is restored—an

Eve-embodied spirit. We behold the ancient shrine, glittering with diamond flowerages, and with wrought gold. "Ah! this is it," we say; "these stately masonries, these long-drawn arches, these cloisters and resounding aisles. A living monastery is around us. Not a dream, surely, but a reality;" and human beings moving to and fro, over the waste; and through the engirdling forest, the shrine shines, ever burning, illuminating the night; and matins, and nones, and vespers, we can hear, if we hearken; that is the great bell, sounding through the horn-gate of dreams, and we see the processions and preachings, festivals and Christmas plays, and mysteries, in the churchyard. As we linger still there, for the first time, we see clearly the election of an abbot, and the order of it in "that old osseous fragment—that blackened bone of the dead ages." We see the generations sweep by; all looked at by earth, by heaven, and by hell, working out there their life afresh; there is the old Abbot Hugo; the field husbandry; the looms dimly going; the women around the monastery, in their grey woollen attire, spinning yarn. By no means, merely as in a dream, but with all the actualities of life about it, with its river and hills, and the winding ways through the surrounding forests, and the tenantry flying for shelter to its doors. How graphic are those touches by which, as is ever his wont, he gives in one word or two—a scene

of old England. But we are not surprised that he loves to turn thither. If it be true that love is the best painter,—sympathy, deep-heartedness, which is ever also clear eyesightedness,—then how deep must that heart and vision be which reveals the picture to us so life-like and real, of the monachism of those days—fruitful then, before as now, it had all rolled into peat—a feeble bog-grass of dilettanteism ; “those monastic cloisters, before loose four-footed cattle and Henry the Eighth had been turned into them ; those days when the country was still dark with woods, shaggy and leafy, like an American’ forest, with cleared spots and spaces here and there.” Feudalism is all alive as yet, “and Robin Hood and William Scarlet living in some universal-suffrage manner under the green-wood tree ;” “when the wild fowl screamed among the ancient silences, and the wild cattle roamed the ancient solitudes, and the iron and the coal slept side by side, and the Ribble, and the Aire, and the Irwell, rolled down all unstained by dyers’ chemistry, and over the moors, and the hills only traversed by the sunbeam, and the wind ; and the iron-horse, and the steam demon had not risen into being, and James Watt and George Stephenson were yet in the deep, far-off ages ; and Manchester spun no cotton ; and the creek of the Mersey only was clamorous with sea-fowl—a *lither* pool—that is, a lazy or sullen pool.”

Oh, do but think of all the calm that broods now to our hearts along that old world ; and yet from that most unpromising, bleak soil, all that our England is, has come, and then forgive our writer if he turns wonderingly back to the silent past. But let no reader foolishly suppose, therefore, that our writer would return to that past ; surely, no !

But to mend this present ; how Society may hope to escape from the miserable entanglement of evils and falsehoods which encompass us, which embarrass all movement ; how to escape from the pressure of the grim nightmare which weighs so heavily upon us—here is the fearful difficulty ; and while, no doubt, there are crowds of faithful labourers who are seeking to rectify the wrong-doings, the labourers are few, and their influence is as nothing in an over-crowded population like ours, where Giant Competition strides along preaching his beneficent gospel of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest ! a little observation shows what *that* precious doctrine is bringing us to. And then the easier thing is for us all to quarrel with each other ; the Plymouth Brother curses the Puseyite, and tells us all to leave off working, and to sit with folded arms watching with fish-like sleepy eyes the approach of the devouring tide ; and the Puseyite curses the Plymouth Brother, and all workers except the Priest and the woman in black ; and the Papist curses all

alike ; the cry of how many conflicting sects is, " We saw one casting out devils, and he followed not with us, and we forbade him, and called down fire from heaven because he followed not with us ;" and so the mischief grows. Good doing must be all of one pattern or order, or it is bad doing, and there had better be no doing at all. Amidst these sectary squabbles, these geese cacklings, in which the story of Ancient Rome is reversed, and the city perishes and is *not* saved while the geese cackle—the evil things go on. We have often applied to our Society and civilisation a droll story, told by Mr. Drummond Hay in his entertaining book on Morocco.

"The clock of the '*Jamaa Kebeer*,' the great mosque at Tangier, being much out of order, needed some skilful craftsman to repair it. None, however, of the 'Faithful' were competent to the task, nor could they even discover what part of the machinery was deranged, though many put forth their opinions with great pomp and authority ; among the rest, one man gravely declared that a *gin*, or evil genius, had in all probability taken up its abode within the clock. Various exorcisms were accordingly essayed, sufficient, as every true believer supposed, to have expelled a legion of devils—yet all in vain, the clock continued dumb. A Christian clockmaker 'a cursed Nazarene,' was now their sole resource

and such a one fortunately was sojourning in Tangier—‘the city protected of the Lord.’ He was from Genoa, and of course a most pious Christian ; how then were they, the faithful followers of the Prophet, to manage to employ him? The clock was fixed in the wall of the tower, and it was, of course, a thing impossible to allow the Kaffer to defile God’s house of prayer by his sacrilegious steps. The time-keeper *Moakkeed* reported the difficulty to the Kady, and so perplexed the grey-bearded dealer in law and justice by the intricacy of the case, that, after several hours of deep thought, the judge confessed that he could not come to a decision, and proposed to report upon the subject to the Kaid, advising that a meeting of the local authorities should be called. ‘For, in truth,’ said the Kady, ‘I perceive that the urgency of this matter is great. Yes! I myself will expound our dilemma to the Kaid.’

“The Kaid entered feelingly into all the difficulty of the case, and forthwith summoned the other authorities to his porch, where various propositions were put forward by the learned members of the Council. One proposed to abandon the clock altogether ; another would lay down boards over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor ; but this was held not to be a sufficient safeguard, and it was finally decided to pull up that

part of the pavement on which the Kaffer trod, and whitewash the walls near which he passed.

“The Christian was now sent for, and told what was required of him, and he was expressly commanded to take off his shoes and stockings on entering the Jamaa. ‘That I won’t,’ said the stout little watchmaker; ‘I never took them off when I entered the Chapel of the most Holy Virgin,’—and here he crossed himself devoutly—‘and I won’t take them off in the House of your Prophet.’ They cursed in their hearts the watchmaker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The wise Oolama had met early in the morning; it was already noon, and yet, so far from having got over their difficulty, they were, in fact, exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a grey-bearded Mueddin, who had hitherto been silent, craved permission to speak. The Kaid and the Kady nodded their assent.

“‘If,’ said the venerable priest, ‘the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads, and do they not enter with their shoes on?’

“‘You speak truly,’ was the general reply.

“‘And does the donkey,’ resumed the Mueddin, ‘believe in the one God or in Mahomed, the Prophet of God?’

“‘No, in truth,’ all replied.

“‘Then,’ said the Mueddin, ‘let the Christian go in shod as a donkey would do, and come out like a donkey.’

“The argument of Mueddin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the Mahomedan temple, mended the clock—not, indeed, at all like a donkey, but as such, in the opinion of ‘the Faithful,’—came out again; and the great mosque of Tangier has never since needed another visit of the donkey to its clock.”

Now we know those who have all the intolerance and not the practical wisdom revealed in this little anecdote; for they would have the very clock of Society stand still rather than they would have its works touched by what they would consider unhallowed hands.

Perhaps we need not charge Mr. Carlyle, in his perpetual homage paid to the Past, “Say not in thy heart the former times were better than these.” It is Mr. Carlyle’s necessity, that he sees clearly all that he sees, and feels strongly all that he feels; moreover, it is no doubt true, that it is possible to look on certain aspects of the Past and to feel them to be greatly superior to the Present. For we have advanced, and our Teacher does firmly believe in Progression, in

the development of man—and it is not possible that man can advance in any direction without losing something from the ground he has traversed—we cannot be that which we were, and that which we are—“*the child and the man cannot well put their heads into one hat.*” We have forfeited something in the Past which we could have wished to keep. But then we have gained, and we have gained that which we have lost too—we have lost its individuality and we have gained its essence. The Past is indeed with us no more. The quaint old gables have gone, the weird large old chambers have gone ; cities new and strange have sprung up ; villages have almost died out, in that old form of perfect isolation in which the village stood in the old Time. Monasteries have gone ; they served the country, and were no doubt a step in the advancement of our nation ; when there were yet no large capitalists, no large farmers, then they were the grand centres of the civilisation of that remote age. And the Feudal Baron has gone—a tough, rude monster *He*—but the men around him were rough and rude too. All that looks sentimental to our eyes has gone, and belongs to Artists and Poets by exclusive right. The Past shrouds and covers up all the old nooks, and History but poorly tells how men worked and suffered in those days.

Well, it seems an intoxicating thing to stand here,

from this Headland, and glance over to the valley yonder to the life of the days of Henry II. But it is profoundly interesting to us because it was human. Or to look over the valley on the other side to the days of Queen Bess ; or yet nearer to the times of the Civil Wars ; or yet nearer to the days of the First Georges. Sentiment says, let me get there ; I should like to know the old squire ; I should like to walk through the old village fair ; I should like to stand on the village Green, and see the innocent country dance on the summer eve, in those old Times ; I should like to walk through the old Halls, and see how they lived and fared, and know what they thought and felt ; I should like to sit with them on the village Heath, by the farmer's ingle—in the village Hostel—real old days ; I wish I could step back but once and see them. Be sure of this—you would soon wish yourself back again to the nineteenth century. But, on the other hand, we need not suppose that our dead old ancestors would especially desire to keep us company here. No ! they had their ways and we have ours ; let us not libel *them*, nor let us be unfaithful to ourselves. As happy as we can be, we may be sure they were ; and so far we go with Carlyle, inasmuch as their life was more simple, less exacting, more self-contained ; it was happier than ours, most likely. That life can never be a very happy one where the brain is

so severely taxed that it does not leave time for the heart to grow. But every state in this world has its own means of comfort, and some means of happiness. If we visit the Past we certainly will not visit merely with pragmatistical conceit to boast ourselves so much wiser and better. True, the means of our happiness have multiplied; but who does not know that happiness decays with a multitude of means?

Meantime we will stand by our Age. We cannot see the Past; we see one magnanimity, we cannot see the innumerable meannesses. In this age we see the innumerable meannesses; we are too much disposed to shut our eyes to the one—even to the many magnanimities. When time shall have done for the Victorian Age what it has done for the Elizabethan, our own will shine brighter on the whole, even by comparison with that. The Age of great Cities will not be without its painful aspects. But are there no shades to the Age of the Virgin Queen? If that Age beheld the mighty sea kings Drake, and Frobisher, and Hawkins, go forth roaming and desolating along the seas, what will the children of the future think as they see in History as we have seen in Fact, the Sea Horse ploughing the paths of the deep, or the great iron ship like a very bridge of boats, binding nations into one—the one to its Prow the other to its Keel? What will be the emotions of that future as it shall behold, at the Prospero hand of

Science, the whole material world subdued to Human purposes and Human progress, while the Telegraphic wires seem to touch the last possible extremes of material agencies, and to throw their mysterious wires as if inviting the lowest reach of spiritual being to carry its secrets to us? Will the Empire of Literature in that distant age pale before the Age of Elizabeth? Will it not be admitted that new worlds of thought have been opened, new regions of emotion touched; and in the prose of De Quincey, and in the vague wild shadowy half-tones of Browning, and in the melody of Tennyson, in the art of Macaulay, and in the everything of Carlyle, in the sublime reach of Wordsworth, will it not be admitted that Prophets have been among us? Will it be possible to review the Age and not be amazed at the Statesmanship; even if in that epoch there should be a pleasant surprise to find the people had no statesman, and that apparently for all purposes of good government they scarcely needed what are ordinarily called statesmen; when it will be noticed that in every town there were men who carried into their business relations the sagacity and policy of a Burleigh, or a Walpole; when it shall be noticed how simultaneously over the whole land the genius of Education diffused itself, using its instrumentality like a sacred web-work of voluntary and self-denying Piety; when it shall be

seen what exchequers of wealth have been lavished on the consecrating works of benevolence, and that Hospitals and Houses of Hopeful Labour for Christian Faith and Enterprise are everywhere rising even in every town? Thus this Age will stand forth among the ages, Royal and Beautiful. What does Mr. Carlyle himself say?—"You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom; your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopt straw, barn sweepings, dust, and all imaginable rubbish; no matter, you cast it into the kind just Earth; she grows the wheat; the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, throwing it in, and says nothing of the rubbish; the yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest, has silently turned all the rest to some benefit too, and makes no complaint about it." Folly, and Sin, and Shame; of course, these are the Bitumen, alas, which will adhere to all ages, and it is only a lapse of ages and generations which can give to these the brilliancy as of silver, and this is only the effect of peculiar vision. But when we behold how amazingly Power everywhere develops itself, and Piety by the side of Power; then when we take down Thucydides, or Gibbon, and try to discover the weakening and mortifying spot of corruption in our nation by the dissecting knife of history, we are unable to find it. Much we may see over which we grieve—our Great Cities, the practical

operation of our Poor Laws, the state of our Government offices. But when we look abroad, everywhere flames up the grandeur and presence of the people. Nor do we doubt that three hundred years hence the writings of Mr. Carlyle, which then shall be read as illustrations of the grandeur and genius of our Day, may provoke the rhapsodies of some similar prophet, who shall in that advanced age contrast his degenerate times with ours.

It is chiefly, almost only, in our false metaphysics we are able to discover a shame and a folly in our New Era.

Many of our readers who have read those wise little stories of Grimm will remember the tale of the Fisherman and his wife. The Fisherman, engaged one day in his work, drew out a flounder from the water—a magic flounder, a fairy flounder, who could speak, and therefore possessed wonderful potency. So he asked the fish to give to his wife a happy Cottage instead of a Hovel, and the request was granted, and as it rose before their eyes, beautiful, well-furnished, and surrounded with garden and fruit-trees, the Fisherman's wife said, "Is not this charming?" "Yes," said he, "if you can only be content with it." But she could not be content with it, and soon wanted to live in a Palace. So the Fisherman went again, and cried over the waves clouded, and thick, and black,—

“ Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me ;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell.”

However, they got the Palace. But the Palace did not long satisfy, and then the Fairy fish was hooked again, for the Fisherman's wife wanted to be Queen of the whole country, and she became Queen. Again the spirit of discontent came over her, and she would be Pope! and even now her husband did not seek in vain. But when the spirit of dissatisfaction came again and she demanded to be able to make the sun rise, to interrupt the course of Nature itself, in fact to be ruler of the Universe, the reply was, “Return, and find her back in her hovel.” This is precisely the course of modern metaphysics. Standing by the infinite deeps of the Human Soul, man has made that strange Fairy Fish, his own intuitional nature, do strange things with him and for him ; but the end of modern metaphysics has been to desire to arrest the very order of Nature, to prescribe Laws and Conditions to the Infinite ; and how can the amazing madness end but in shame and confusion of face? Man would rule the Universe, but he is compelled to feel that he resides in a Hovel.

Finally, as a matter of justice, the author of whom we have been saying so much ought to have the last word ; and what more truly representative words can we quote than those which so nobly

represent the mind and the spirit of almost all his writings ?

ALL BLESSEDNESS HAS ITS SPRING IN HEALTHFUL
WORK.

“Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one’s existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows ; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself ; let the stream and *its* value be great or small ! Labour is Life. From the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God, from his inmost awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, ‘self-knowledge,’ and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge ? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature itself accredits that—says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working ; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools ; a thing

floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. '*Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.*' "

But we must close ; and now, as the writer runs his eye along the goodly range of volumes which have emanated from this heroic mind and pen, of course, the chief impression is of the entire inadequacy of this little volume to its great subject ; so many other things seem to demand allusion and exposition which yet have found, and can find, no place here. What then ? the end will be answered if the reader shall be induced to gird himself for a right earnest and hearty study of the noble works themselves. Every expositor who has essayed his fainter or more forcible word on Shakespeare has only shown the inexhaustibleness of that deep well, but perhaps has done something to show the freshness and depth of the ever-flowing fountain ; we have before expressed the conviction that no mind since Shakespeare has exhibited our language in such marvellous fertility and variety, or presented incident and character in such an affluence of deep human suggestiveness. As for the man, he appears to realise in a truly wonderful manner Coleridge's great definition of genius, the carrying into latest life the freshness, the wonder, the awe and reverence of childhood ; all that we can hear of him seems to represent only the picture of

the Apostolic description, an outward man perishing, an inner man renewed day by day. The sense of mystery, the reverence for truth, and virtue, and goodness, the wrath and anger over all evil doing, the pity for all evil doers, seem to be as fresh in him as when the wondrous faculties of his mind chimed and tolled out their first astonishing peals of ineffable melody. He appears to stand by his ancient faiths, and to live in his most youthful hopes; perhaps his future looks to him too beautiful, too benign and divine to please, if nicely analysed, our straiter orthodoxy, even as when he speaks concerning the great doctrine of future rewards and punishments, while he announces his sense of the tremendous consequences of right and wrong in man; and at this moment it cannot be uninteresting, whatever the reader's opinion, to quote Carlyle's solemnly expressed conviction here:—

CONCERNING THE INFINITE CONSEQUENCES OF
FINITE ACTS.

“‘There are two things,’ says the German Philosopher, ‘that strike me dumb: the starry firmament (*palpably* infinite), and the sense of right and wrong in man.’ Whoever follows out that ‘dumb’ thought will come upon the origin of our conceptions of heaven or hell—of an infinitude of merited happiness, and an infinitude of merited woe—and have much to

reflect upon under an aspect considerably changed. Consequences, good and evil, blessed and accursed, it is very clear, do follow from all our actions here below, and prolong, and propagate, and spread themselves into the infinite, or beyond our calculation and conception ; but whether the notion of *reward* and *penalty* be not, on the whole, rather a *human* one, transferred to that immense divine fact, has been doubtful to many. Add this consideration, which the best philosophy teaches us, 'that the very *consequences* (not to speak of the *penalties* at all) of *evil* actions die away and become abolished long before eternity ends ; and it is only the consequences of *good* actions that are *eternal*—for these are in harmony with the laws of this universe, and add themselves to it, and co-operate with it for ever ; while all that is in *disharmony* with it must necessarily be without continuance, and soon fall dead'—as perhaps you have heard in the sound of a Scottish psalm amid the mountains, the true notes alone *support* one another, and the psalm which was discordant enough near at hand, is a perfect melody when heard from afar."

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